

# **THE ANATOMIST**

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

THE BEST OF HAZLITT

THE BEST OF CARLYLE

SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW

ARNOLD'S POETRY

SELECTIONS FROM MATTHEW

ARNOLD'S PROSE

# THE ANATOMIST

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE "ANATOMY  
OF MELANCHOLY" CHOSEN TO INTEREST  
THE PSYCHOLOGIST IN EVERY MAN

EDITED BY

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WITH A PREFACE BY

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"Who labours not of this disease?"

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## PREFACE

THE "Anatomy of Melancholy" is one of those books which are oftener named than read. Indeed, like so many of our old books, in its early editions it takes for granted a serious mood in the reader; who will be standing up before one of those monkish lecterns, like that noble one in the Yarmouth parish church, which gives ample rest for more than one folio. And yet there is no author, not even Montaigne, who is so entertaining in a casual five minutes. You may open him anywhere, and find something to arrest the attention, and something moreover which will lure you to read further. As there is no author so easy to take up, there is none so difficult to set down. With all that, the work is composed on a rigid scheme, which is set forth in all its ramifications before the text. In this seeming casual collection, every paragraph stands in its apposite place. No Puritan divine was ever more careful of his firstly, secondly, and thirdly than Burton is. It is a real Anatomy, dissecting every limb, muscle, and sinew of an organic whole: first, Diseases in general, of which one is Melancholy; next, the definition of Melancholy, its seat in body and soul, its kinds, its causes, its symptoms, its cures; each of which is then anatomised and dis-

cussed, subdivided, and followed out into the smallest detail. And the body of the work is a vast omnigatherum of quotations collected in a lifetime of study, and drawn from so many sources that large numbers of them have never been traced. For our author's references are vague, as was the custom of his day; he often quotes from memory, giving the substance rather than the words, rendering Greek by Latin, and sometimes even giving his own thoughts in Latin, as if they were another's. He had indeed intended at first to write his whole work in Latin, and it is clear that he thought and expressed himself naturally in that language. Long passages of this description are to be found in Part I, Section ii, Member iii, subsection 15: "Study, a Cause"; and quotations from Plautus (I, ii, ii, 6) and Horace (II, iii, ii) are evidence that he quoted largely from memory. He often works the quotations into his text, varying the constructions to suit the context (II, i, i). It is rare indeed to find his learning at fault, as when he calls Lake Leman the Lemnian Lake. We can hardly say that the author wore all his weight of learning like a flower; but he does emerge now and then, like a diver putting his head above the waves of the sea, and gives us a glimpse of himself and the world he lived in. If these glimpses are not enough to place him by the side of Johnson and Lamb, the best loved figures in literature, or even of Montaigne or Sir Thomas Browne, yet there is enough of gentle simplicity to endear him, and not a little good sense, both moral and political,

which deserves serious attention. If there are notable high places in Jerusalem and elsewhere, "with us those of the best note are Glastonbury Tower, Bever Castle, Rodway Grange, Walsby in Lincolnshire, where I lately received a real kindness, by the munificence of the Right Honourable my noble Lady and Patroness, the Lady Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter : and two amongst the rest which I may not omit for vicinity's sake, Oldbury in the confines of Warwickshire, where I have oft looked about me with great delight, at the foot of which hill I was born ; and Hanbury in Staffordshire, contiguous to which is Falde, a pleasant village, and an ancient patrimony belonging to our family, now in the possession of William Burton, Esquire." At Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire "I was once a grammar scholar." "I was born of worshipful parents myself, in an ancient family, but I am a younger brother, it concerns me not." "What more pleasing studies can there be than the Mathematicks, Theorick or Practick parts ? as to survey land, make Maps, Models, Dials, etc., with which I was ever much delighted myself." But his life was spent mostly in his Oxford rooms, where he spared a moment now and then to regret that the men ate too much, or to contemplate the Botanic Gardens, "now *in fieri*, at the cost and charges of the Right Honourable the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, wherein all exotick plants almost are to be seen, and liberal allowance yearly made for their better maintenance, that young students may be the sooner informed in the

knowledge of them." And in the hundred and fifty pages in which Democritus Junior tells us why he wrote his book, he tells us little indeed of his outward circumstances, but a great deal of his state of mind, with an engaging candour.

And what a vocabulary he has! The book is indeed a treasury of synonyms. "I hear," he says, "new news every day, and these ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, etc., daily musters and preparations and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies, and sea-fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances are daily brought to our ears. New books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, etc. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays: then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, deaths of Princes, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters." Or again: "These are things that give me matter of laughter, by

suffering the pains of your impieties, or your avarice, envy, malice, enormous villainies, mutinies, insatiable desires, conspiracies, and other incurable vices, besides your dissimulation and hypocrisy, bearing deadly hatred one to the other, and yet shadowing it with good face, flying out into all filthy lusts, and transgressions of all laws, both of nature and civility."

But what is Melancholy? It differs from madness only in degree; and when we read of the thousand and one possible causes, we are apt to think that none may escape it, until we learn of the thousand and one possible cures. Among causes, devils are a great host. Devils are corporeal and in their proper shape, round; but they can assume any shapes at will, and transform bodies of others into any shape. Facius Cardan once conjured up seven devils in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale, as he thought; and they gave an account of themselves and their position and powers. They have understanding far beyond men, they can cause and cure diseases, they have excellent skill in all arts and sciences, and "the most illiterate devil is *quovis homine sapientior*." Cardan's father had one of them, an aerial devil, bound to him as a companion for twenty and eight years, as Agrippa's dog had a devil tied to his collar. A bigger kind were called Hobgoblins, "that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work." There is no record of any strike amongst

them. Others are called Folliots, who seem to delight in making various noises. Wars, plagues, and famines are procured by devils. "At Hammel in Saxony, *an.* 1484, 20 *Junii*, the Devil in the likeness of a piper, carried away 130 children, that were never after seen." A nun "did eat a lettuce without grace, or without signing with the sign of the cross, and was instantly possessed." Many other remarkable tales are told of their doings. So many kinds of food do breed melancholy, that it seems dangerous to eat anything: beef and pork are suspect, goat's flesh and all venison; hare is hard of digestion, although some say that "hare is a merry meat, and that it will make one fair," as Martial's epigram testifies to Gellia. Milk and all that is made of it increases melancholy: "some except asses' milk." Most fowl and all fish are discommended, a great number of vegetables (if not all), much bread, and all black wines, and beer is most unwholesome. Seventeen particular cures, mentioned by Aristotle, "for brevity's sake I must omit": the only omission probably in the whole work. But fortunately the cures are not far. Thus "music is a roaring Meg against melancholy." Many herbs are wholesome for it, according to the part in which it is situate; and, besides other things, "all their study should be to make a melancholy man fat, and then the cure is ended." It is difficult to see how he can be made fat, if there must be so many taboos; but this appears to be a well attested opinion. Salvianus would have two or three holes

bored in the head, to let out the noxious vapours. "Or let him that is melancholy calculate spherical triangles, square a circle, cast a nativity," or let him read books of mathematicks, metaphysics, and school divinity "till he understand them"; if that will not do, let him go find the Philosopher's stone. Some might think these remedies worse than the disease! The most encouraging fact is, however, that "entire idiots do best; they are not macerated with cares, tormented with fears and anxiety, as other wise men are; for if folly were a pain, you should hear them howl, and swear, and cry out in very horror, as you go by in the street, but they are most free, jocund, and merry, and in some countries, as amongst the Turks, honoured for saints, and abundantly maintained out of the common stock. They are no dissemblers, liars, or hypocrites, for fools and mad men tell commonly truth."

When he speaks in his own person, the author often has excellent advice to give, which often applies equally well to our own day. "That Prince that will have a rich country, and fair cities, let him get good trades, privileges, painful inhabitants, artificers, and suffer no rude matter unwrought, as tin, iron, wool, lead, etc., to be transported out of his country; a thing in part seriously attempted amongst us, but not effected. And because industry of men, and multitude of trade, avails to the ornament and enriching of a kingdom; those ancient Massilians would admit no man into their city that had not some trade. . . . How many goodly cities could I

reckon up, that thrive wholly by trade, where thousands of inhabitants live singular well by their fingers' ends ! . . . We have the same means, able bodies, pliant wits, matter of all sorts, wool, flax, iron, tin, lead, wood, etc., many excellent subjects to work upon, only industry is wanting. We send our best commodities beyond the seas, which they make good use of to their necessities, set themselves a-work about, and severally improve, sending the same back to us at dear rates, or else make toys and baubles of the tails of them, which they sell to us again, at as great a reckoning as they bought the whole."

He even sketches a model State of his own, set with goodly cities, traversed by roadways ; in each city churches and prisons, market-places, " commodious courts of justice, and public halls for all societies, bourses, meeting-places, armouries, in which shall be kept engines for quenching of fire, artillery gardens, publick walks, theatres, and spacious fields allotted for all gymnicks, sports, and honest recreations, hospitals of all kinds, for children, orphans, old folks, sick men, mad men, soldiers, pest-houses, etc., not built *precario*, or by gouty benefactors, who when by fraud and rapine they have extorted all their lives, oppressed whole provinces, societies, etc., give something to pious uses, build a satisfactory almshouse, school, or bridge, etc., at their last end, or before perhaps, which do no otherwise than to steal a goose, and stick down a feather, rob a thousand to relieve ten : and those



hospitals so built and maintained, not by collections, benevolences, donaries, for a set number (as in ours), just so many and no more at such a rate, but for all those who stand in need, be they more or less, and that *ex publico aerario*, and so still maintained." There shall be good water, granaries, colleges for all manner of learning; "publick schools of all kinds, singing, dancing, fencing, etc., especially of grammars and languages, not to be taught by those tedious precepts ordinarily used, but by use, example, conversation, as travellers learn abroad, and nurses teach their children." The governance and social order of the place are too long to describe, but it is a purified feudal system, in which default in duty is punished by deprivations. Tradesmen shall be arranged so as not to be a nuisance to each other; corn sold at a fixed price, and all trades to be rated as are bakers and brewers; necessary imports to be taxed low, luxuries high.

In such a society there would be no cause for the poor scholar's complaint, which he utters with feeling so deep that it is clear he speaks from experience. "Put case they be studious, industrious, of ripe wits, and perhaps good capacities, then how many diseases of body and mind must they encounter! No labour in the world like unto study! It may be, their temperature will not endure it, but striving to be excellent, to know all, they lose health, wealth, wit, life and all. Let him yet happily escape all these hazards *aereis intestinis*, with a body of brass, and is now consummate and ripe, he hath profited in

his studies, and proceeded with all applause: after many experiences, he is fit for preferment: where shall he have it? He is as far to seek it (after twenty years' standing) as he was at the first day of his coming to the University. For what course shall he take, being now capable and ready? The most parable and easy, and about which many are employed is to teach a school, turn Lecturer or Curate, and for that he shall have Falconer's wages, ten pounds *per annum* and his diet, or some such stipend, so long as he can please his patron or the Parish; if they approve him not (for usually they do but a year or two) . . . serving-man like, he must go and look a new master: if they do, what is his reward?

"Hoc quoque te manet ut pueros elementa docentem occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus."

Like an ass, he wears out his time for provender, and can show a stum rod, *togam tritam et laceram*, saith Haedus, an old torn gown, an ensign of his infelicity, he hath his labour for his pain, a *modicum* to keep him till he be decrepit, and that is all. If he be a teacher chaplain in a gentleman's house, . . . after some seven years' service he may perchance have a living to the halves, or some small Rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman, a crackt chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life. But if he offend his good patron, or displease his Lady Mistress in the meantime, . . . as Hercules did by Cacus, he shall be dragged forth of doors by the heels, away with

him! With good reason he laments in another place the opportunity wasted when the monasteries were suppressed. "Methinks our too zealous innovations were not so well advised, in the general subversion of Abbies and Religious Houses, promiscuously to fling down all. They might have taken away those gross abuses crept in amongst them, rectified such inconveniences, and not so far to have raved and raged against those fair buildings, and everlasting monuments of our forefathers' devotion; consecrated to pious uses. Some Monasteries and Collegiate Cells might have been well spared, and their revenues otherwise employed, here and there one, in good towns and cities at least, for men and women of all sorts and conditions to live in, to sequester themselves from the cares and tumults of this world, that were not desirous or fit to marry, . . . to live apart in, for more conveniency, good education, better company sake, to follow their studies (I say) to the perfection of arts and sciences, common good, and as some truly devoted monks of old had done, freely and truly to serve God."

Our author, although he puts "grammar and languages" at the head of desirable studies, yet, as we have seen, was fond of mathematics and geography; he shows much curiosity also in a great variety of problems. He would like "a convenient place to go down with Orpheus, Ulysses, Hercules, Lucian's Menippus, at St. Patrick's Purgatory, at Trophonius' den, Hecla in Iceland, Ætna in Sicily, to descend and see what is done in the bowels of the

earth ; do stones and metals grow there still ? How came fir trees to be digged out from tops of hills, as in our mosses and marshes all over Europe ? How came they to dig up fish bones, shells, beams, iron-works, many fathoms under ground, and anchors in mountains far remote from all seas ? Anno 1460, at Bern in Switzerland 50 fathom deep, a ship was digged out of a mountain, where they got metal ore, in which were 48 carcasses of men, with other merchandise. . . . What is the Center of the earth ? is it pure element only . . . or is it the place of hell, as Virgil in his *Æneid*, Plato, Lucian, Dante, and others poetically describe it, and as many of our divines think ? ” One Anthony Rusca is stiff in this tenet, “ ’tis a corporeal fire tow ” ; Franciscus Ribera will have hell material and local fire in the centre of the earth, 200 Italian miles in diameter ; but Lessius, a Dutchman, puts its diameter at one Dutch mile, which will hold, he says, eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies (allowing each body six feet square), and that will abundantly suffice. Or else it may be full of wind, which breaking out causes horrible earthquakes. Or take again “ that main paradox, of the Earth’s motion, now so much in question,” lately revived by Copernicus (for it seems to move according to the Book of Job, ix. 6, *qui commovet terram de loco suo*). For if the earth stand still, and the Heavens move, “ what fancy is that, saith Dr. Gilbert, *satis animose* as Cabeus notes, that shall drive the Heavens about with such incomprehensible celerity in 24 hours, when as

every point of the Firmament, and in the Æquator must needs move (so Clavius calculates) 176,660 in one 246th part of an hour : and an arrow out of a bow must go seven times about the earth whilst a man can say an *Ave Maria*, if it keeps the same space, or compass the earth 1,884 times in an hour, which is *supra humanem cogitationem*, beyond human conceit. A man could not ride so much ground, going 40 miles a day, in 2,904 years, as the Firmament goes in 24 hours." Is there a plurality of worlds, and are they inhabited ? Each authority contradicts the other, and "as a tinker stops one hole and makes two, he corrects them, and doth worse himself, reforms some, and mars all. In the meantime the world is tossed in a blanket amongst them, they hoist the Earth up and down like a ball, make it stand and go at their pleasures."

He tells us somewhat of the life of Englishmen in his day. "Our gentry in England live most part in the country (except it be some few castles) building still in bottoms or near woods, *corona arborum virentium* ; you shall know a village by a tuft of trees at or about it, to avoid those strong winds wherewith the island is infested, and cold winter blasts."

Moated houses are not altogether to be commended, nor such as lie near water, but their inconveniences may be made less by good fires, and the fog of the moors qualified by innumerable smokes. Melancholy is rife amongst the gentry, because their badge is idleness ; they are all for pastimes ; all their invention tends alone to drive away time. Therefore

the best remedy for this feral disease is ~~ex~~ercise. Some enjoin to dig so long in the garden, to hold the plough, and the like. Some prescribe frequent and violent labour, as sawing every day so long together ; others various outdoor sports. Hunting recreates both body and mind. Hawking comes near to hunting. "Fowling is more troublesome, but all out as delightful to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting dogs, coy-ducks, etc., or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaff-nets, plovers, partridge, herons, snipe, etc." Fishing again yields out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks. Many gentlemen will "wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that, to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo." Hawking and hunting are often dangerous, "but this is still and quiet : and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams ; he hath good air and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers ; he hears the melodious harmony of birds ; he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-hens, coots, etc., and many other fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make." A picture worthy of Izaak Walton !

There are many other sports, such as ringing, bowling, shooting, the value of which is shown by "our

victories in France." Keelpins (or ninepins), trunks (or pigeon-holes, played on a board with balls), quoits, pitching-bars, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, fencing, mustering, swimming, wasters (or cudgels), foils, football, baloon (a large ball of leather struck by the arm), quintain, are the common recreations of the country folks; greater men use riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse-races, and wild goose chases, by which "many gentlemen gallop quite out of their fortunes." In winter there are cards, tables, and dice, shovel-board, chess-play, the philosopher's game (a kind of chess), "small trunks, shuttle-cock, billiards, music, masks, singing, dancing, Yulegames, frolicks, jests, riddles, catches, purposes, questions and commands, merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheats, witches, fairies, goblins, friars, etc." which some delight to hear, some to tell, all are well pleased with. Many object to "cards, tables, and dice, and such mixt lusurious lots"; which though honest in themselves, are often abused. So also dancing, singing, and mumming may be approved if opportunely and soberly used.

Philip the Good, of Burgundy, used to walk in the evening disguised about the town. "It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunk, snorting on a bulk; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripped him of his old clothes, and attiring him after the court fashion when he waked he and they were

ready to attend upon his excellency, persuading him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all the day long; after supper he saw them dance, heard music, and the rest of those court-like pleasures: but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleep, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did when he returned to himself, all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended." With suchlike merry apologies the author diversifies his learned text.

Or he will give you a list of useful maxims: "Know thyself"; "Be contented with thy lot"; "Beware of Had-I-wist"; "As a fox on the ice, take heed whom you trust"; "Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry." Or he will comfort you on your defects: Homer and Democritus were blind, Hannibal had but one eye; Æsop was crooked; Socrates purblind, long-legged, hairy; Horace a little blear-eyed, contemptible fellow, yet who so sententious and wise? Galba the emperor was crooked-backed; Epictetus lame; that great Alexander a little man of stature; Augustus Cæsar of the same pitch. "Virtue refuseth us stature; and commonly your great vast bodies, and fine features, are sottish,



dull, and leaden spirits. What's in them? *Quid nisi pondus iners, stolidæque ferocia mentis?* What in Otus and Ephialtes (Neptune's sons in Homer) nine acres long?" The best way is—if there be a natural impediment, "as a red nose, squint eyes, crooked legs, or any such imperfection, infirmity, disgrace, reproach, the best way is to speak of it first thyself, and so thou shalt surely take away all occasion from others to jest at, or condemn, that they may perceive thee to be careless of it." Indeed, Cotys King of Thrace went so far in the way of prevention, "that he brake a company of fine glasses presented to him, with his own hands, lest he should be overmuch moved when they were broken by chance." Housewives might thus prevent much breaking of crockery on the servants' part.

Fully one-third of the work deals with the passion of love; which, as so often the cause of madness, could not be neglected. And here our author waxes most eloquent. He seems not the monastic recluse, barricaded with piles of folio tomes, but the plain lover, sensitive to all his mistress's beauties, ardent and frank, but always wholesome. He has gathered a small anthology of love-poems and fragments, which he turns himself into English verse. Potent, however, as natural beauty is to entice, it is made more potent still by artificial adornments: "curious needleworks, varieties of colours, purest dyes, jewels, spangles, pendants, lawns, lace, tiffanies, fair and fine linen, embroideries, calamistrations, ointments, etc."

"A filthy knave, a deformed quean, a crooked carcass, a maukin, a witch, a rotten post, a hedge-stake, may be so set out, and tricked up, that it shall make as fair a show, as much enamour as the rest." Sometimes they go in lax clothes, sometimes they crush their feet and bodies, hurt and crucify themselves. "Now long tails and trains, and then short, up, down, high, low, thick, thin, etc., now little or no bands, then as big as cart wheels ; now loose bodies, then great fardingales and close girt." As for men, they are worse still : "'tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks and an hundred oxen into a suit of apparel, to wear a whole manor on his back." What with shoe-ties, hangers, points, caps and feathers, scarfs, bands, cuffs, etc., in a short space their whole patrimonies are consumed." The lover admires his mistress, all the same, "though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favoured, wrinkled, pimpled, pale, red, yellow, tanned, tallow-faced, have a swollen juggler's platter-face, or a thin lean chitty-face, have cloud in her face, be crooked, dry, bald, goggle-ey'd, blear-ey'd or with staring eyes, she looks like a squis'd cat, hold her head still awry, heavy, dull, hollow-eyed, black or yellow about the eyes, squint-eyed, sparrow-mouthed, Persian hook-nosed, have a sharp fox nose, a red nose, China flat great nose, a nose like a promontory, gubber-tushed, rotten teeth, black, uneven, brown teeth, beetle-browed, a witch's beard, her breath stink all over the room, her nose drop winter and summer, with a Bavarian poke under her chin, a sharp chin, lave-eared, with a

long crane's neck, which stands awry too, bloody-faln fingers, she have filthy long unpared nails, scabbed hands or wrists, a tanned skin, a rotten carkass, and crooked back, she stoops, is lame, splay-footed, as slender in the middle as a cow in the waist, gouty legs, her ankles hang over her shoes, a mere changeling, a very monster, an oaf imperfect, a harsh voice, incondite gestures, vile gait, a vast virago, or an ugly tit, a slug, a fat fustilugs, a truss; a long lean rawbone, a skeleton, a sneaker, . . . ;" but I rove (to quote our author elsewhere), there is no end to this catalogue of incommodities. Yet is love endowed with many good points : it leads the lover to study all manner of civilities, and to make himself worthy of his mistress. So our author, like a discursive judge summing up a case, tells us at length all that the world has ever said about both sides ; as for the verdict, that, gentlemen, is for you. " My words (he says) are like Pauso's picture in Lucian, of whom when a good fellow had bespoke a horse to be painted with his heels upward, tumbling on his back, he made him passant : now when the fellow came for his piece, he was very angry, and said it was quite opposite to his mind ! but Pauso instantly turned the picture upside down, showed him the horse at that site which he requested, and so gave him satisfaction." For in spite of all evil, there are good lovers and good husbands, aye and good wives too ; and his treasury will discover not a few pictures of wedded love. " You know marriage is honourable ; a blessed calling, appointed by God himself in

Paradise, it breeds true peace, tranquillity, content and happiness ; ” as with Rubenius Celer, that would needs have it engraven on his tomb, he had led his life with Ennea, his dear wife, forty-three years eight months, and never fell out. “ There is no pleasure in the world comparable to it. . . . There’s something in a woman beyond all human delight ; a magnetick virtue, a charming quality, an occult and powerful motive. The husband rules her as head, but she again commands his heart, he is her servant, she is his only joy and content : no happiness is like unto it, no love so great as this of man and wife, no such comfort as *placens uxor*, a sweet wife, when they love at last as fresh as they did at first.”

Well may he say, in reviewing his completed work, so full of divertisement and instruction : “ I earnestly request every private man, as Scaliger did Cardan, not to take offence. I will conclude in his lines, If thou knewest my modesty and simplicity, thou wouldst easily pardon and forgive what is here amiss, or by thee misconceived. If hereafter, anatomizing this surly humour, my hand slip, as an unskilful prentice I lance too deep, and cut through skin and all at unawares make it smart, or cut awry, pardon a rude hand, an unskilful knife. . . . But what needs all this ? I hope there will no such cause of offence be given : if there be,

*Nemo aliquid recognoscat, nos mentimur omnia.*  
I’ll deny all (my last refuge), recant all, renounce all I

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have said, if any man except, and with as much facility excuse as he can accuse ; but I presume of thy good favour and gracious acceptance, gentle reader."

W. H. D. ROUSE



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## INTRODUCTION

ROBERT BURTON seldom stirred abroad from the quiet of his Oxford study, and yet his "Anatomy of Melancholy" is the journal of a great traveller. Browsing placidly in his own library or poring over the treasures of the Bodleian he "thought it no labour to send out thoughts upon the vast and more than Indian voyages," and just as the conventional sailor brings home the conventional litter of sharks' teeth, tattoo marks, and green obscene parrots, so did Burton return from his travels with the "rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, and spicery" of scholarship.

This is but the beginning of his labour. In reading the "Anatomy of Melancholy" we are amazed by Burton's assiduity as a collector, but we are silenced by his genius as curator of his own museum. He arranges his curios with a conscious artlessness. Not for them the familiar musty smells and the final degradation of garret or rubbish heap when the master who loved them has answered the summons of the Great Collector. Looking at a case of specimens, at first sight a mere chaos of whimsicalities, we are astounded to find that this haphazardry bears a significance of its own, has a place in the general scheme and a relation to the other exhibits. Burton is no ordinary taxidermist; he can give cosmic

significance to a stuffed owl and mount a varnished pike in a manner fraught with meaning. -

Burton, although for two and a half centuries the friend of the scholar, has never been widely read by the general public. The vast bulk and inaccessibility of his finished work account in some measure for this neglect. The title page of the sixth edition

## THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

WHAT IT IS

WITH

ALL THE KINDS, CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, PROGNOSTICS,

AND SEVERAL CURES OF IT

prepares us for something substantial, and when we turn the pages and find how comprehensive is this "Anatomy" we cease to wonder at the prodigious size of the tome. It is indeed a review of all the human emotions, with a wealth of example and cross-reference. The breadth of scholarship alone commands our respect, and when we remember that this work was described in a recent Harveian oration as the finest medical text-book ever written by a layman, we are forced to acknowledge Burton's capacity for constructive thought.

This is no place to discuss Burton in the light of the so-called "new-psychology." Suffice it to say that he trembles upon the brink of discovery in a way that makes us hold our breath.

"Montanus speaks of one that durst not walk alone from home, for fear he should swoon or die. A second fears every man he meets will rob him, quarrel with him, or kill him. A third dares not venture to walk alone, for fear he should meet the devil, a thief, be sick, fears all old women as witches, and every black dog or cat he sees he suspecteth to be a devil, every person comes near him is malificiated, every creature, all intend to hurt him, seek his ruin; another dares not go over a bridge, come near a pool, rock, steep hill, lie in a chamber where cross beams are, for fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate himself. If he be in a silent auditory, as at a sermon, he is afraid he shall speak aloud at unawares, something indecent, unfit to be said. If he be locked in a close room, he is afraid of being stifled for want of air, and still carries biscuit, aquavitæ, or some strong waters about him, for fear of deliquiums, or being sick; or if he be in a throng, middle of a church, multitude, where he may not well get out, though he sit at ease, he is so misaffected. He will freely promise, undertake any business beforehand, but when it comes to be performed, he dare not adventure, but fears an infinite number of dangers, disasters, etc."

Here indeed is matter for the new-psychologist. The truth is that Burton's treatment is never truly analytical. He is content to collect, to classify, to arrange. He is master of the art of embalming, he knows nothing of dissection. Had he possessed the instinct which fired Descartes and Pascal in their pursuit of first causes, the science of mental thera-

peutics would now be in its maturity, and English literature would have lost a work of genius. The year 1630 found England as yet untouched by the French classical movement: Burton has kinship with Rabelais but none with his own contemporaries in France. Burton is typical of the English genius of his time: diffuse, rough-cast and shaggy, while French genius was already acquiring that precision and analytical clarity from which it derives its force.

The "Anatomy of Melancholy" is rich in the peculiar quaintness and humour and aptness of expression which is generally acclaimed in Fuller and Browne, and which is the attribute of seventeenth-century English prose. There is little of the conscious artistry, the finished rounding and balancing of periods which is the characteristic of the new century. Burton's appeal lies in his eternal freshness, his own ingenuous interest, his boyish delight in a good story, and his vein of irony. We are told of Burton that "his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile," and again that "he composed this book with a view to relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh but going to the bridge foot and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid disorder, he, in the intervals of his vapours, was esteemed one of the most facetious companions in the university." We see him, then, as an academic Jacques, with a passion for observing and recording the infinite variety of human nature. He

possesses all Jacques' capacity for melancholy but his underlying youth saves him from utter disillusionment. "Whatsoever is under the moon," he says, "is subject to corruption, alteration : and so long as thou livest upon earth look not for other." And we may be sure that before the ink was dry upon these words he was back at his post on the bridge, laughing like a boy at the by-play of bargemen.

To quote again from Wood's "Athenae," Burton "was curious calculator of nativities," and when he died at the time which he had some years before foretold, "several of the students did not forbear to whisper that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." There is little evidence to back this suggestion, and yet it is not difficult nor indeed uncharitable to accept it. Burton's pride of scholarship, together with his ironical humour warped by constitutional depression, might well have decided him to die thus punctually among his books at Christ Church, starting out upon the first and last of his travels with a slip about his neck and his tongue bravely in his cheek.



## EDITORS' NOTE

Robert Burton, Scholar and Divine, was born in 1576 at Lindley in Leicestershire, and died in 1639 in his rooms at Christ Church, Oxford, where a life of close study was devoted to the production of his one work, "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Here he ranges at large over the field of human knowledge, and the result is a book infinitely diffuse and unlimited in interest.

From this work of more than 450,000 words, we have made a selection of passages which together amount to about one-sixth of the original. Our object has been to choose passages of psychological and general interest; we have endeavoured to preserve continuity, but not hesitated to eliminate whatever we did not want. Much of the classical quotation and reference has thus disappeared, and we have often been sparing where Burton has been abundant. We have cut away not only chapter and section, but even paragraph and sentence.

Such ruthless treatment can only be justified by the peculiar character of the Book and certain unique qualities of Burton's style. We claim at least that the flavour of the original has not been destroyed.

G. C. F. MEAD

ALDENHAM SCHOOL, 1924

R. C. CLIFT

*The text of this abridgement is based on that of the  
Sixth Edition of the Book.*





# THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

A SATIRICAL PREFACE CONDUCTING  
TO THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR

*To the Reader*

GENTLE Reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antic or personate actor this is, that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre, to the world's view, arrogating another man's name ; whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say ; although I am a free man born, and may choose whether I will tell ; who can compel me ? If I be urged, I will as readily reply as that Egyptian in Plutarch, when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket. " It was therefore covered, because he should not know what was in it." Seek not after that which is hid ; if the contents please thee, " and be for thy use, suppose the Man in the Moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the Author" ; I would not willingly be known. Yet in some sort to give thee satisfaction, which is more than I need, I will show a reason, both of this usurped name, title, and subject. And first of the name of Democritus ; lest any man, by reason of it, should be deceived, expecting a pasquil, a satire, some ridiculous treatise (as I myself should have done), some prodigious tenet, or paradox of the earth's motion, of infinite worlds, in an infinite waste,

so caused by an accidental collision of motes in the sun, all which Democritus held, Epicurus, and their master Lucippus of old maintained, and are lately revived by Copernicus, Brunus, and some others. Besides, it hath been always an ordinary custom, as Gellius observes, "for later writers and imposters, to broach many absurd and insolent fictions, under the name of so noble a philosopher as Democritus, to get themselves credit, and by that means the more to be respected. 'Tis not so with me.

Thou thyself art the subject of my discourse.

My intent is no otherwise to use his name, than Mercurius Gallobelgicus, Mercurius Britannicus, use the name of Mercury, Democritus Christianus, etc. ; although there be some other circumstances for which I have masked myself under this vizard, and some peculiar respect which I cannot so well express, until I have set down a brief character of this our Democritus, what he was, with an Epitome of his life.

Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laertius, was a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness, a famous philosopher in his age, *coævus* with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life : wrote many excellent works, a great divine, according to the divinity of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as Diacosmus and the rest of his works do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith Columella, and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds ; and, as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. In a word, he was a general scholar, a great student ; and to the intent he might better contemplate, I find it related by some, that he put out his eyes, and was in his old age

voluntarily blind, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of every subject. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit; and to attain knowledge the better in his younger years he travelled to Egypt and Athens, to confer with learned men, "admired of some, despised of others." After a wandering life, he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, Recorder, or town-clerk as some will; or as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, "saying that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects, which there he saw."

Thus Democritus esteemed of the world in his time, and good cause he had. Never so much cause of laughter as now, never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days; we have now need of a "Democritus to laugh at Democritus"; one jester to flout at another, one fool to flare at another: a great stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian Colossus. For now the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors, where all the actors are madmen and fools, and every hour change habits, or take that which comes next. He that was a mariner to-day, is an apothecary to-morrow; a smith one while, a philosopher another; a king now with his crown, robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter, etc. If Democritus were alive now, he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whiffers, Cumane asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsides, fantastic shadows, gulls, monsters, giddy-heads, butterflies.

How would our Democritus have been affected to

see a wicked cartiff, or "fool, a very idiot, a runge, a golden ass, a monster of men, to have many good men, wise men, learned men to attend upon him with all submission, as an appendix to his riches, for that respect alone, because he hath more wealth and money, and to honour him with divine titles, and bombast epithets," to smother him with fumes and eulogies, whom they know to be a dizzard, a fool, a covetous wretch, a beast, etc., "because he is rich?" To see a filthy loathsome carcass, a Gorgon's head puffed up by parasites, assume this unto himself, glorious titles, in worth an infant, a Cuman ass, a painted sepulchre, an Egyptian temple? To see a withered face, a diseased, deformed, cankered complexion, a rotten carcass, a viperous mind, and Epicurean soul set out with orient pearls, jewels, diadems, perfumes, curious elaborate works, as proud of his clothes as a child of his new coats; and a goodly person, of an angel-like divine countenance, a saint, an humble mind, a meek spirit clothed in rags, beg, and now ready to be starved? To see a silly contemptible sloven in apparel, ragged in his coat, polite in speech, of a divine spirit, wise? another neat in clothes, spruce, full of courtesy, empty of grace, wit, talk nonsense?

To see a man wear his brains in his belly, his guts in his head, an hundred oaks on his back, to devour a hundred oxen at a meal, nay more, to devour houses and towns, or as those anthropophagi, to eat one another.

To see a man roll himself up like a snowball, from base beggary to right worshipful and right honourable titles, unjustly to screw himself into honours and offices; another to starve his genius, damn his soul to gather wealth, which he shall not enjoy, which his prodigal son melts and consumes in an instant.

To see an hirsute beggar's brat, that lately fed on scraps, crept and whined, crying to all, and for an old

jerkin ran of errands, now ruffle in silk and satin, bravely mounted, jovial and polite, now scorn his old friends and familiars, neglect his kindred, insult over his betters, domineer over all.

To see a scholar crouch and creep to an illiterate peasant for a meal's meat ; a scrivener better paid for an obligation ; a falconer receive greater wages than a student ; a lawyer get more in a day than a philosopher in a year, better reward for an hour, than a scholar for a twelvemonth's study ; him that can paint Thais, play on a fiddle, curl hair, etc., sooner get preferment than a philologer or a poet.

To see a fond mother, like Æsop's ape, hug her child to death, a wittol wink at his wife's honesty, and too perspicuous in all other affairs ; one stumble at a straw, and leap over a block ; rob Peter, and pay Paul ; scrape unjust sums with one hand, purchase great manors by corruption, fraud and cozenage, and liberally to distribute to the poor with the other, give a remnant to pious uses, etc. Penny wise, pound foolish ; blind men judge of colours ; wise men silent, fools talk ; find fault with others, and do worse themselves ; denounce that in public which he doth in secret ; and severely censure that in a third, of which he is most guilty himself.

To see a poor fellow, or an hired servant venture his life for his new master that will scarce give him his wages at year's end ; A country colone toil and moil, till and drudge for a prodigal idle drone, that devours all the gain, or lasciviously consumes with phantastical expenses ; A noble man in a bravado to encounter death, and for a small flash of honour to cast away himself ; A worldling tremble at an executor, and yet not fear hell-fire ; To wish and hope for immortality, desire to be happy, and yet by all means avoid death, a necessary passage to bring him to it.

To see wise men degraded, fools preferred, one

govern towns and cities, and yet a silly woman overrules him at home; Command a province, and yet his own servants or children prescribe laws to him, as Themistocles' son did in Greece; "What I will (said he) my mother will, and what my mother will, my father doth." To see horses ride in a coach, men draw it; dogs devour their masters; towers build masons; children rule; old men go to school; women wear the breeches; sheep demolish towns, devour men, etc. And in a word, the world turned upside downward. *O viveret Democritus!*

How would he have been confounded? Would he, think you, or any man else, say that these men were well in their wits? Can all the hellebore in the Anticyræ cure these men? No sure, "an'acre of hellebore will not do it."

I will now briefly run over some few sorts and conditions of men. The most secure, happy, jovial, and merry in the world's esteem are princes and great men, free from melancholy: but for their cares, miseries, suspicions, jealousies, discontents, folly and madness, I refer you to Xenophon's *Tyrannus*, where king Hieron discourseth at large with Simonides the poet, of this subject. Of all others they are most troubled with perpetual fears, anxieties, insomuch that, as he said in Valerius, if thou knewest with what cares and miseries this robe were stuffed, thou wouldst not stoop to take it up.

Next in place, next in miseries and discontents, in all manner of hair-brain actions, are great men, *procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*, the nearer the worse. If they live in court, they are up and down, ebb and flow with their princes' favours, now aloft, to-morrow down, like so many casting counters, now of gold, to-morrow of silver, that vary in worth as the computant will; now they stand for units, to-morrow for thousands; now before all, and anon behind. Beside, they torment one another with mutual

factions, emulations : one is ambitious, another enamoured, a third in debt, a prodigal, overruns his fortunes, a fourth solicitous with cares, gets nothing, etc.

Of philosophers and scholars I have already spoken in general terms, those superintendents of wit and learning, men above men, those refined men, minions of the muses, these acute and subtle sophisters, so much honoured, have as much need of hellebore as others. You shall find that of Aristotle true, they have a worm as well as others ; you shall find a fantastical strain, a fustian, a bombast, a vain-glorious humour, an affected style, etc., like a prominent thread in an uneven woven cloth, run parallel throughout their works. And they that teach wisdom, patience, meekness, are the veriest dizzards, hairbrains, and most discontent. " In the multitude of wisdom is grief, and he that increaseth wisdom, increaseth sorrow." I need not quote mine author ; they that laugh and condemn others, condemn the world of folly, deserve to be mocked, are as giddy-headed, and lie as open as any other. Democritus, that common flouter of folly, was ridiculous himself, barking Menippus, scoffing Lucian, satirical Lucilius, Petronius, Varro, Persius, etc., may be censured with the rest. Bale, Erasmus, Hospinian, Vives, Kemnisius, explode as a vast ocean of obs and sols, school divinity. A labyrinth of intricate questions, unprofitable contentions. If school divinity be so censured, what shall become of humanity ? What can she plead ? What can her followers say for themselves ? Much learning hath cracked their sconce, and taken such root, that hellebore itself can do no good, nor that renowned lanthorn of Epictetus, by which if any man studied, he should be as wise as he was. But all will not serve ; rhetoricians, out of their volubility of tongue, will talk much to no purpose, orators can persuade other

men what they will, move, pacify, etc., but cannot settle their own brains. Make the best of him, a good orator is a turncoat, an evil man, his tongue is set to sale, he is a mere voice, an hyperbolical liar, a flatterer, a parasite, a corrupting cozenner, one that doth more mischief by his fair speeches, than he that bribes by money ; for a man may with more facility avoid him that circumvents by money, than him that deceives with glozing terms ; which made Socrates so much abhor and explode them. Fracastorius, a famous poet, freely grants all poets to be mad ; so doth Scaliger ; and who doth not ? All poets are mad, a company of bitter satirists, detractors, or else parasitical applauders : and what is poetry itself, but as Austin holds, *Vinum erroris ab ebris doctoribus propinatum* ?

Your supercilious critics, grammatical triflers, note-makers, curious antiquaries, find out all the ruins of wit, amongst the rubbish of old writers ; all fools with them that cannot find fault ; they correct others, and are hot in a cold cause, puzzle themselves to find out how many streets in Rome, houses, gates, towers, Homer's country, Æneas's mother, Niobe's daughters. What clothes the senators did wear in Rome, what shoes, how they sat, where they went to the closetool, how many dishes in a mess, what sauce, which for the present for an historian to relate, is very ridiculous, is to them most precious elaborate stuff, they admired for it, and as proud, as triumphant in the meantime for this discovery, as if they had won a city, or conquered a province ; as rich as if they had found a mine of gold ore. They bewray and daub a company of books and good authors, with their absurd comments, and show their wit in censuring others, a company of foolish note-makers, humble-bees, dors, or beetles, they rake over all those rubbish and dung-hills, and prefer a manuscript many times before the



Gospel itself, before any treasure, and with their annotations, castigations, etc., make books dear, themselves ridiculous, and do nobody good, yet if any man dare oppose or contradict, they are mad, up in arms on a sudden, how many sheets are written in defence, how bitter invectives, what apologies ? But I dare say no more of, for, with, or against them, because I am liable to their lash as well as others. Of these and the rest of our artists and philosophers, I will generally conclude they are a kind of madmen, as Seneca esteems of them, to make doubts and scruples, how to read them truly, to mend old authors, but will not mend their own lives, or teach us to keep our wits in order, or rectify our manners. Is not he mad that draws lines with Archimedes, whilst his house is ransacked, and his city besieged, when the whole world is in combustion, or we whilst our souls are in danger, to spend our time in toys, idle questions, and things of no worth ?

That lovers are mad, I think no man will deny, *Amare simul et sapere, ipsi Jovi non datur*, Jupiter himself cannot intend both at once.

Tully, when he was invited to a second marriage, replied, he could not be wise and love both together. Love is madness, a hell, an incurable disease ; an impotent and raging lust. I shall dilate this subject apart ; in the meantime let lovers sigh out the rest.

Fabatus, an Italian, holds seafaring men all mad ; “ the ship is mad, for it never stands still ; the mariners are mad, to expose themselves to such imminent dangers : the waters are raging mad, in perpetual motion : the winds are as mad as the rest, they know not whence they come, whither they would go : and those men are maddest of all that go to sea ; for one fool at home, they find forty abroad.” He was a madman that said it, and thou peradventure as mad to read it. Fælix Platerus is of opinion all alchemists are mad, out of their wits ; Atheneus

saith as much of fiddlers, musicians; in comes music at one ear, out goes wit at another. Proud and vain-glorious persons are certainly mad; and so are lascivious; I can feel their pulses beat hither; horn-mad some of them, to let others lie with their wives, and wink at it.

Shall I say? Jupiter himself, Apollo, Mars, etc., doated; and monster-conquering Hercules that subdued the world, and helped others, could not relieve himself in this, but mad he was at last. And where shall a man walk, converse with whom, in what province, city, and not meet with Signior Deliro, or Hercules Furens, Mænades, and Corybantes? Their speeches say no less. *E fungis nati homines*, or else they fetched their pedigree from those that were struck by Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass. Or from Deucalion and Pyrrha's stones, for we are stony-hearted, and savour too much of the stock, as if they had all heard that enchanted horn of Astolpho, that English duke in Ariosto, which never sounded but all his auditors were mad, and for fear ready to make away with themselves; or landed in the mad haven in the Euxine sea of *Daphnis insana*, which had a secret quality to dementate; they are a company of giddy-heads, afternoon men, it is Midsummer moon still, and the dog-days last all the year long, they are all mad. Whom shall I then except? Nicholas Nemo, or Monsieur No-body, shall go free. But whom shall I except in the second place? such as are silent; no better way to avoid folly and madness, than by taciturnity. Whom in a third? all senators, magistrates; for all fortunate men are wise, and conquerors valiant, and so are all great men, they are wise by authority, good by their office and place, we must not speak of them, neither is it fit; I will not think amiss of them. Whom next? Stoics? *Sapiens Stoicus*, and he alone is subject to no perturbations, as Plutarch scoffs at him, "he is

not vexed with torments, or burnt with fire, foiled by his adversary, sold of his enemy : though he be wrinkled, sand-blind, toothless, and deformed ; yet he is most beautiful, and like a god, a king in conceit, though not worth a groat." "He never doats, never mad, never sad, drunk, because virtue cannot be taken away," as Zeno holds, "by reason of strong apprehension," but he was mad to say so. He had need to be bored, and so had all his fellows, as wise as they would seem to be. I can say no more than that in particular, but in general terms to the rest, they are all mad, their wits are evaporated, and as Ariosto feigns kept in jars above the moon. Convicted fools they are, madmen upon record ; and I am afraid past cure many of them, *crepunt inguina*, the symptoms are manifest, they are all of Gotam parish ; what remains then but to send for Lorarios, those officers to carry them all together for company to Bedlam, and set Rabelais to be their physician.

If any man shall ask in the meantime, who I am that so boldly censure others ? have I no faults ? Yes ; more than thou hast, whatsoever thou art. I confess it again, I am as foolish, as mad as any one. I do not deny it. My comfort is, I have more fellows, and those of excellent note. And though I be not so right or so discreet as I should be, yet not so mad, so bad neither, as thou perhaps takest me to be.

To conclude, this being granted, that all the world is melancholy, or mad, doats, and every member of it, I have ended my task, and sufficiently illustrated that which I took upon me to demonstrate at first. At this present I have no more to say ; I can but wish myself and them a good physician, and all of us a better mind.

And although for the abovenamed reasons, I had a just cause to undertake this subject, to point at these particular species of dotage, that so men might acknowledge their imperfections, and seek to reform

what is amiss ; yet I have a more serious intent at this time ; and to omit all impertinent digressions, to say no more of such as are improperly melancholy, or metaphorically mad, lightly mad, or in disposition, as stupid, angry, drunken, silly, sottish, sullen, proud, vain-glorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, impudent, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, harebrain, etc., mad, frantic, foolish, heteroclites, which no new hospital can hold, no physic help ; my purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse, to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all its parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically, medicinally, to show the causes, symptoms, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided. Moved thereunto for the generality of it, and to do good, it being a disease so frequent, as Mercurialis observes, in these our days ; “so often happening,” saith Laurentius, “in our miserable times,” as few there are that feel not the smart of it. Of the same mind is Ælian Montalius, Melancthon, and others ; Julius Cæsar Claudinus calls it the “fountain of all other diseases, and so common in this crazed age of ours, that scarce one of a thousand is free from it ;” and that splenetic hypochondriacal wind especially, which proceeds from the spleen and short ribs. Being then a disease so grievous, so common, I know not wherein to do a more general service, and spend my time better, than to prescribe means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemical disease, that so often, so much crucifies the body and mind.

If I have overshot myself in this which hath been hitherto said, or that it is, which I am sure some will object, too fantastical, “too light and comical for a Divine, too satirical for one of my profession,” I will presume to answer with Erasmus, in like case, ’tis not I, but Democritus, Democritus *dixit* : you must consider what it is to speak in one’s own or

another's person, an assumed habit and name ; a difference betwixt him that affects or acts a prince's, a philosopher's, a magistrate's, a fool's part, and him that is so indeed ; and what liberty those old satirists have had ; it is a cento collected from others ; not I, but they that say it.

Take heed, you mistake me not. If I do a little forget myself, I hope you will pardon it. And to say truth, why should any man be offended, or take exceptions at it ? I hate their vices, not their persons. If any be displeased, or take aught unto himself, let him not expostulate or cavil with him that said it. I deny not this which I have said savours a little of Democritus ; one may speak in jest, and yet speak truth. It is somewhat tart, I grant it ; sharp sauces increase appetite. Object then and cavil what thou wilt, I ward all with Democritus's buckler, his medicine shall salve it ; strike where thou wilt, and when : *Democritus dixit*, Democritus will answer it. The time, place, persons, and all circumstances apologise for me, and why may I not then be idle with others ? speak my mind freely ? If you deny me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it : I say again, I will take it. If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not. I owe thee nothing (Reader), I look for no favour at thy hands, I am independent, I fear not.

No, I recant, I will not, I care, I fear, I confess my fault, acknowledge a great offence, I have overshot myself, I have spoken foolishly, rashly, unadvisedly, absurdly, I have anatomized mine own folly. And now methinks upon a sudden I am awaked as it were out of a dream ; I have had a raving fit, a fantastical fit, ranged up and down, in and out, I have insulted over the most kind of men, abused some, offended others, wronged myself ; and now being recovered, and perceiving mine error, cry with Orlando, pardon that which is past, and I will make you amends in

that which is to come ; I promise you a more sober discourse in my following treatise.

If through weakness, folly, passion, discontent, ignorance, I have said amiss, let it be forgotten and forgiven. I acknowledge that of Tacitus to be true, a bitter jest leaves a sting behind it : and as an honourable man observes, " They fear a satirist's wit, he their memories." I may justly suspect the worst ; and though I hope I have wronged no man, yet I will crave pardon. I earnestly request every private man not to take offence. I will conclude in Scaliger's lines, " If thou knewest my modesty and simplicity, thou wouldst easily pardon and forgive what is here amiss, or by thee misconceived." If hereafter anatomizing this surly humour, my hand slip, as an unskilful 'prentice I lance too deep, and cut through skin and all at unawares, make it smart, or cut awry, pardon a rude hand, an unskilful knife, 'tis a most difficult thing to keep an even tone, a perpetual tenor, and not sometimes to lash out ; *difficile est Satyram non scribere*, there be so many objects to divert, inward perturbations to molest, and the very best may sometimes err ; sometimes that excellent Homer takes a nap ; it is impossible not in so much to overshoot. But what needs all this ? I hope there will no such cause of offence be given ; if there be, I'll deny all (my last refuge), recant all, renounce all I have said, if any man except, and with as much facility excuse, as he can accuse ; but I presume of thy good favour, and gracious acceptance (gentle reader). Out of an assured hope and confidence thereof, I will begin.

## THE FIRST PARTITION

### *MELANCHOLY, ITS CAUSES AND SYMPTOMS*

#### I. MELANCHOLY, WHAT IT IS

MELANCHOLY, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition, is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief, passion, or perturbation of the mind, any manner of care, discontent, or thought, which causeth anguish, dullness, heaviness, and vexation of spirit, any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved, or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions, no man living is free, no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed, but more or less, some time or other he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him, but going out, and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befel him," (if we may believe Plato his disciple) was much tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all

happiness, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honourable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children," etc., yet this man was not void of melancholy, he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea, because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after, by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can cure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs, and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers. so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies:" there is a succession of pleasure and pain. "Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow" (as Solomon holds): even as in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as Austin infers in his Com. on the 41st Psalm, there is grief and discontent. For a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. Nothing so prosperous and pleasant, but it hath some bitterness in it, some complaining, some grudging; it is all a mixed passion, and like a chequer table, black and white men, families, cities, have their falls and wanes; now trines, sextiles, then quartiles and oppositions. We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our



course without all offence, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages : but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where with a reciprocalty, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." Get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it ; there is no way to avoid it, but to arm thyself with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ ; as Paul adviseth constantly to bear it. But forasmuch as so few can embrace this good counsel of his, or use it aright, but rather as so many brute beasts give a way to their passion, voluntary subject and precipitate themselves into a labyrinth of cares, woes, miseries, and suffer their souls to be overcome by them, cannot arm themselves with that patience as they ought to do, it falleth out oftentimes that these dispositions become habits, and "many affects contemned (as Seneca notes) make a disease. Even as one distillation, not yet grown to custom, makes a cough ; but continual and inveterate causeth a consumption of the lungs" ; so do these our melancholy provocations : and according as the humour itself is intended, or remitted in men, as their temperature of body, or rational soul is better able to make resistance ; so are they more or less affected. For that which is but a flea-biting to one, causeth insufferable torment to another ; and which one by his singular moderation, and well-composed carriage can happily overcome, a second is no whit able to sustain, but upon every small occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief, disgrace, loss, cross, humour, etc. (if solitary, for idle),

yields so far to passion, that his complexion is altered, his digestion hindered, his sleep gone, his spirits obscured, and his heart heavy, his hypochondries misaffected; wind, crudity, on a sudden overtake him, and he himself overcome with melancholy. As it is with a man imprisoned for debt, if once in the gaol, every creditor will bring his action against him, and there likely hold him. If any discontent seize upon a patient, in an instant all other perturbations will set upon him, and then like a lame dog or broken-winged goose he droops and pines away, and is brought at last to that ill habit or malady of melancholy itself. So that as the philosophers make eight degrees of heat and cold, we may make eighty-eight of melancholy, as the parts affected are diversely seized with it, or have been plunged more or less into this infernal gulph, or waded deeper into it. But all these melancholy fits, howsoever pleasing at first, or displeasing, violent and tyrannizing over those whom they seize on for the time; yet these fits I say, or men affected, are but improperly so called, because they continue not, but come and go, as by some objects they are moved. This melancholy of which we are to treat, is a habit, a chronic or continue disease, a settled humour, as Aurelianus and others call it, not errant, but fixed; and as it was long increasing, so now being (pleasant, or painful) grown to an habit, it will hardly be removed.

## 2. CAUSES NECESSARY

### *Immoderate Exercise a Cause, and How. Solitariness, Idleness*

Nothing so good but it may be abused: nothing better than exercise (if opportunely used) for the preservation of the body: nothing so bad if it be

unseasonable, violent, or overmuch. Fernelius out of Galen saith, "That much exercise and weariness consumes the spirits and substance, refrigerates the body : and such humours which Nature would have otherwise concocted and expelled, it stirs up and makes them rage : which being so enraged, diversely affect and trouble the body and mind." So doth it, if it be unseasonably used, upon a full stomach, or when the body is full of crudities, which Fuchsius so much inveighs against, giving that for a cause why school-boys in Germany are so often scabbed, because they use exercise presently after meats. Bayerus puts in a caveat against such exercise, because "it corrupts the meat in the stomach, and carries the same juice raw, and as yet undigested, into the veins which there putrefies and confounds the animal spirits." Crato protests against all such exercise after meat, as being the greatest enemy to concoction that may be, and cause of corruption of humours, which produce this, and many other diseases.

Opposite to exercise is idleness (the badge of gentry) or want of exercise, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, and a sole cause of this and many other maladies, the devil's cushion, his pillow and chief reposal. For the mind can never rest, but still meditates on one thing or other ; except it be occupied about some honest business, of his own accord it rusheth into melancholy. As too much and violent exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other, it fills the body full of phlegm, gross humours, and all manner of obstructions, rheums, catarrhs. They that are idle are far more subject to melancholy than such as are conversant or employed about any office or business. Plutarch reckons up idleness for a sole cause of the sickness of the soul : "There are they (saith he) troubled

in mind, that have no other cause but this." A disease familiar to all idle persons, an inseparable companion to such as live at ease, a life out of action, and have no calling or ordinary employment to busy themselves about, that have small occasions; and though they have such is their laziness, dulness, they will not compose themselves to do aught; they cannot abide work, though it be necessary; easy as to dress themselves, write a letter or the like; yet as he that is benumbed with cold sits still shaking, that might relieve himself with a little exercise or stirring do they complain, but will not use the facile and ready means to do themselves good; and so are still tormented with melancholy. Especially if they have been formerly brought up to business, or to keep much company, and upon a sudden come to lead a sedentary life; it crucifies their souls, and seizeth on them in an instant; for whilst they are any ways employed, in action, discourse, about any business, sport or recreation, or in company to their liking; they are very well; but if alone or idle, tormented instantly again; one day's solitariness, one hour's sometimes, doth them more harm, than a week's physic, labour, and company can do good. Melancholy seizeth on them forthwith being alone, and is such a torture, that I had rather be sick than idle. This idleness is either of body or mind. As fern grows in untilled grounds, and all manner of weeds, so do gross humours in an idle body. A horse in a stable that never travels, a hawk in a mew that seldom flies, are both subject to diseases; which left unto themselves, are most free from any such incumbrances. An idle dog will be mangy, and how shall an idle person think to escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than this of the body; wit without employment is a disease, the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself. "As in a standing pool, worms and filthy creepers increase (the water itself

putrefies, and air likewise, if it be not continually stirred by the wind), so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person," the soul is contaminated. In a commonwealth, where is no public enemy, there is likely civil wars, and they rage upon themselves: this body of ours, when it is idle, and knows not how to bestow itself, macerates and vexeth itself with cares, griefs, false fears, discontents, and suspicions; it tortures and preys upon his own bowels, and is never at rest. Thus much I dare boldly say, "He or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy, let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment, so long as he or she or they are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body and mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other. And this is the true cause that so many great men, ladies, and gentlewomen, labour of this disease in country and city; for idleness is an appendix to nobility; they count it a disgrace to work, and spend all their days in sports, recreations, and pastimes, and will therefore take no pains; be of no vocation; they feed liberally, fare well, want exercise, action, employment (for to work, I say, they may not abide), and company to their desires and thence their bodies become full of gross humours, wind, crudities; their minds disquieted, dull, heavy, etc., care, jealousy, fear of some diseases, sullen fits, weeping fits seize too familiarly on them. For what will not fear and phantasy work in an idle body? what distempers will they not cause? when the children of Israel murmured against Pharaoh in Egypt, he commanded his officers to double their task, and let them get straw themselves, and yet

make their full number of bricks ; for the sole cause why they mutiny, and are evil at ease, is, " they are idle." When you shall hear and see so many discontented persons in all places where you come, so many several grievances, unnecessary complaints, fear, suspicions, the best means to redress it is to set them awork, so to busy their minds : for the truth is, they are idle. Well they may build castles in the air for a time, and soothe up themselves with phantastical and pleasant humours, but in the end they will prove as bitter as gall, they shall be still I say discontent, suspicious, fearful, jealous, sad, fretting and vexing of themselves : so long as they be idle, it is impossible to please them. He that knows not how to spend his time, hath more business, care, grief, anguish of mind, than he that is most busy in the midst of all his business. An idle person knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would go, he is tired out with everything, displeased with all, weary of his life. A young man is like a fair new house, the carpenter leaves it well built, in good repair of solid stuff ; but a bad tenant lets it rain in, and for want of reparation, fall to decay, etc. Our parents, tutors, friends, spare no cost to bring us up in our youth, in all manner of virtuous education ; but when we are left to ourselves, idleness as a tempest drives all virtuous motions out of our minds, on a sudden, by sloth and such bad ways, we come to nought.

Cousin german to idleness, and a concomitant cause, which goes hand in hand with it, is too much solitariness, by the testimony of all physicians, cause and symptom both ; but as it is here put for a cause it is either coact, enforced, or else voluntarily. Enforced solitariness is commonly seen in students, monks, friars, anchorites, that by their order and course of life must abandon all company, society of other men, and betake themselves to a private

cell : such as are the Carthusians of our time, that eat no flesh (by their order), keep perpetual silence, never go abroad. Such as live in prison, or some desert place, and cannot have company, as many of our country gentlemen do in solitary houses, they must either be alone without companions, or live beyond their means, and entertain all comers as so many hosts, or else converse with their servants and hinds, such as are unequal, inferior to them, and of a contrary disposition : or else as some do, to avoid solitariness, spend their time with lewd fellows in taverns, and in alehouses, and thence addict themselves to some unlawful disports, or dissolute courses. Divers again are cast upon this rock of solitariness for want of means, or out of a strong apprehension of some infirmity, disgrace, or through bashfulness, rudeness, simplicity, they cannot apply themselves to others' company. This enforced solitariness takes place, and produceth his effect soonest in such as have spent their time jovially, peradventure in all honest recreations, in good company, in some great family or populous city, and are upon a sudden confined to a desert country cottage far off, restrained of their liberty, and barred from their ordinary associates ; solitariness is very irksome to such, most tedious, and a sudden cause of great inconvenience.

Voluntary solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on like a syren, a shoeing-horn, or some sphinx to this irrevocable gulf, a primary cause, Piso calls it ; most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most ; *amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error* ; a most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize, and

build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done. So delightsome these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupt, so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment, these fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them, they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a Puck in the night, they run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, and they being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, discontent, cares, and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, the arrow of death still remains in the side, they may not be rid of it, they cannot resist. I may not deny but



that there is some profitable meditation, contemplation, and kind of solitariness to be embraced, which the fathers so highly commended, Hierom, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Austin, in whole tracts, which Petrarch, Erasmus, Stella, and others, so much magnify in their books ; a paradise, a heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body, and better for the soul. Methinks, therefore, our too zealous innovators were not so well advised in that general subversion of abbeys and religious houses, promiscuously to fling down all ; they might have taken away those gross abuses crept in amongst them, rectified such inconveniences, and not so far to have raved and raged against those fair buildings, and everlasting monuments of our forefathers' devotion, consecrated to pious uses ; some monasteries and collegiate cells might have been well spared, and their revenues otherwise employed, here and there one, in good towns or cities at least, for men and women of all sorts and conditions to live in, to sequester themselves from the cares and tumults of the world, that were not desirous, or fit to marry ; or otherwise willing to be troubled with common affairs, and know not well where to bestow themselves, to live apart in, for more conveniency, good education, better company sake, to follow their studies (I say), to the perfection of arts and sciences, common good, and as some truly devoted monks of old had done, freely and truly to serve God. It is reported by Plato in his dialogue *de Amore*, in that prodigious commendation of Socrates, how a deep meditation coming into Socrates' mind by chance, he stood still musing, from morning to noon, and when as then he had not yet finished his meditation, he so continued till the evening, the soldiers (for he then followed the camp) observed him with admiration, and on set purpose watched all night, but he persevered immoveable, till the sun rose in the morning, and then saluting the

sun, went his ways. In what humour constant Socrates did thus, I know not, or how he might be affected, but this would be pernicious to another man ; what intricate business might so really possess him, I cannot easily guess ; but this solitude undoeth us, 'tis a destructive solitariness. A man alone, is either a saint or a devil, and woe be to him that is so alone. These wretches do frequently degenerate from men, and of sociable creatures become beasts, monsters, inhumane, ugly to behold, *Misanthropi* ; they do even loathe themselves, and hate the company of men, as so many Timons, Nebuchadnezzars, by too much indulging to these pleasing humours, and through their own default. *Perditio tua ex te* ; thou hast lost thyself wilfully, cast away thyself, thou thyself art the efficient cause of thine own misery, by not resisting such vain cogitations, but giving way unto them.

### *Of the Force of Imagination*

What imagination is, I have sufficiently declared in my digression of the anatomy of the soul. I will only now point at the wonderful effects and power of it ; which, as it is eminent in all, so most especially it rageth in melancholy persons, in keeping the species of objects so long, mistaking, amplifying them by continual and strong meditation, until at length it produceth in some parties real effects, causeth this and many other maladies. And although this fantasy of ours be a subordinate faculty to reason, and should be ruled by it, yet in many men, through inward or outward distemperatures, defect of organs, which are unapt, or otherwise contaminated, it is likewise unapt, or hindered, and hurt. This we see verified in sleepers, which by reason of humours and concourse of vapours troubling the fantasy, imagine

many times absurd and prodigious things, and in such as are troubled with incubus, or witch-ridden (as we call it), if they lie on their backs, they suppose an old woman rides, and sits so hard upon them, that they are almost stifled for want of breath; when there is nothing offends, but a concourse of bad humours, which trouble the fantasy. This is likewise evident in such as walk in the night in their sleep, and do strange feats: these vapours move the fantasy, the fantasy the appetite, which moving the animal spirits causeth the body to walk up and down as if they were awake. Fracast. *l. 3. de intellect.* refers all ecstasies to this force of imagination such as lie whole days together in a trance: as that priest whom Celsus speaks of, that could separate himself from his senses when he list, and lie like a dead man, void of life and sense. Many times such men when they come to themselves, tell strange things of heaven and hell, what visions they have seen; as that St. Owen, in Matthew Paris, that went into St. Patrick's purgatory, and the monk of Evesham in the same author. Those common apparitions in Bede and Gregory, Saint Bridget's revelations, Cæsar Vanninus, in his Dialogues, reduceth (as I have formerly said), with all those tales of witches' progresses, dancing, riding, transformations, operations, etc., to the force of imagination, and the devil's illusions. The like effects almost are to be seen in such as are awake: how many chimeras, antics, golden mountains and castles in the air do they build unto themselves? I appeal to painters, mechanicians, methemathicians. Some ascribe all vices to a false and corrupt imagination, anger, revenge, lust, ambition, covetousness, which prefers falsehood before that which is right and good, deluding the soul with false shows and suppositions. Bernardus Penottus will have heresy and superstition to proceed from this fountain; as he falsely

imagineth, so he believeth ; and as he conceiveth of it, so it must be, and it shall be, he will have it so. But most especially in passions and affections, it shows strange and evident effects : what will not a fearful man conceive in the dark ? What strange forms of bugbears, devils, witches, goblins ? Lavater imputes the greatest cause of spectrums, and the like apparitions, to fear, which above all other passions begets the strongest imagination and so likewise, love, sorrow, joy, etc. Some die suddenly, as she that saw her son come from the battle at Cannæ, etc. Jacob the patriarch, by force of imagination, made speckled lambs, laying speckled rods before his sheep. Persna that Æthiopian queen in Heliodorus, by seeing the picture of Perseus and Andromeda, instead of a blackamoor, was brought to bed of a fair white child. In imitation of whom belike, a hard-favoured fellow in Greece, because he and his wife were both deformed, to get a good brood of children, hung the fairest pictures he could buy for money in his chamber, " That his wife by frequent sight of them, might conceive and bear such children." And if we may believe Bale, one of Pope Nicholas the Third's concubines by seeing of a bear was brought to bed of a monster. Some will laugh, weep, sigh, groan, blush, tremble, sweat, at such things as are suggested unto them by their imagination. Avicenna speaks of one that could cast himself into a palsy when he list ; and some can imitate the tunes of birds and beasts that they can hardly be discerned. Wierus ascribes all those famous transformations to imagination ; that in hydrophobia they seem to see the picture of a dog, still in their water, that melancholy men and sick men conceive so many fantastical visions, apparitions to themselves, and have such absurd apparitions, as that they are kings, lords, cocks, bears, apes, owls ; that they are heavy, light, transparent, great and little, senseless and dead,

can be imputed to nought else, but to a corrupt, false, and violent imagination. It works not in sick and melancholy men only, but even most forcibly sometimes in such as are sound: it makes them suddenly sick, and alters their temperature in an instant. And sometimes a strong conceit or apprehension will take away diseases: in both kinds it will produce real effects. Men, if they see but another man tremble, giddy or sick of some fearful disease, their apprehension and fear is so strong in this kind, that they will have the same disease. Or if by some soothsayer, wiseman, fortune-teller, or physician, they be told they shall have such a disease, they will so seriously apprehend it, that they will instantly labour of it. A thing familiar in China, "If it be told them they shall be sick on such a day, when that day comes they will surely be sick, and will be so terribly afflicted, that sometimes they die upon it. Dr. Cotta in his discovery of ignorant practitioners of physic, hath two strange stories to this purpose, what fancy is able to do. The one of a parson's wife in Northamptonshire, *An.* 1607, that coming to a physician, and told by him that she was troubled with the sciatica, as he conjectured (a disease she was free from), the same night after her return, upon his words, fell into a grievous fit of a sciatica: and such another example he hath of another good wife, that was so troubled with the cramp, after the same manner she came by it, because her physician did but name it. Sometimes death itself is caused by force of fantasy. I have heard of one that coming by chance in company of him that was thought to be sick of the plague (which was not so) fell down suddenly dead. Another was sick of the plague with conceit. One seeing his fellow let blood falls down in a swoon. Another fell down dead (which is familiar to women at any ghastly sight), seeing but a man hanged. A Jew in France

came by chance over a dangerous passage or plank, that lay over a brook in the dark, without harm, the next day perceiving what danger he was in, fell down dead. Many will not believe such stories to be true, but laugh commonly, and deride when they hear of them; but let these men consider with themselves. If they were set to walk upon a plank on high, they would be giddy, upon which they dare securely walk upon the ground. Many strong-hearted men otherwise, tremble at such sights, dazzle and are sick, if they look but down from a high place, and what moves them but conceit? As some are so molested by fantasy; so some again, by fancy alone, and a good conceit, are as easily recovered. We see commonly the tooth-ache, gout, falling-sickness, biting of a mad dog, and many such maladies, cured by spells, words, characters, and charms, and many green wounds by that now so much used *Unguentum Armarium*, magnetically cured, which Crollius and Goclenius in a book of late hath defended, Libavius in a just tract as stiffly contradicts, and most men controvert. All the world knows there is no virtue in such charms or cures, but a strong conceit and opinion alone, which forceth a motion of the humours, spirits, and blood, which takes away the cause of the malady from the parts affected. The like we may say of our magical effects, superstitious cures, and such as are done by mountebanks and wizards. As by wicked incredulity many men are hurt, we find in our experience, by the same means many are relieved. An empiric oftentimes, and a silly chirurgeon, doth more strange cures than a rational physician. Nymannus gives a reason, because the patient puts his confidence in him, which Avicenna "prefers before art, precepts, and all remedies whatsoever." 'Tis opinion alone that makes or mars physicians, and he doth the best cures, according to Hippocrates, in whom most trust. So diversely doth this fantasy

of ours affect, turn, and wind, so imperiously command our bodies, which as another Proteus, or a chameleon, can take all shapes ; and is of such force that it can work upon others, as well as ourselves. How can otherwise blear eyes in one man cause the like affection in another ? Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn ? Why doth scraping of trenchers offend a third, or hacking of files ? Why doth a carcass bleed when the murderer is brought before it, some weeks after the murder hath been done ? Why do witches and old women fascinate and bewitch children, but as Wierus, Paracelsus, Cardan, Mizaldus, Valleriola, Cæsar Vanninus, Campanella, and many philosophers think, the forcible imagination of the one party moves and alters the spirits of the other ? Nay more, they can cause and cure not only diseases, maladies and several infirmities, by this means in parties remote, but move bodies from their places, cause thunder, lightning, tempests. So that I may certainly conclude this strong conceit or imagination is *astrum hominis*, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but overborne by fantasy cannot manage, and so suffers itself and this whole vessel of ours to be overruled, and often overturned. I have thus far digressed, because this imagination is the *medium deferens* of passions, by whose means they work and produce many times prodigious effects : and as the fantasy is more or less intended or remitted, and their humours disposed, so do perturbations move, more or less, and take deeper impression.

#### *Sorrow and Fear, Causes*

*Sorrow.* In this catalogue of passions, which so much torment the soul of man, and cause this malady (for I will briefly speak of them all and in their order),

the first place in this irascible appetite, may justly be challenged by sorrow. An inseparable companion, "The mother and daughter of melancholy, her epitome, symptom, and chief cause:" as Hippocrates hath it, they beget one another, and tread in a ring, for sorrow is both cause and symptom of this disease. Chrysostom in his seventeenth epistle to Olympia describes it to be a cruel torture of the soul, a most inexplicable grief, poisoned worm consuming body and soul, and gnawing the very heart, a perpetual executioner, continual night, profound darkness, a whirlwind, a tempest, an ague not appearing, heating worse than any fire, and a battle that hath no end. It crucifies worse than any tyrant; no torture, no strappado, no bodily punishment is like unto it. 'Tis the eagle without question "which the poets feigned to gnaw Prometheus' heart, and no heaviness is like unto the heaviness of the heart. Every perturbation is a misery, but grief a cruel torment, a domineering passion: as in old Rome, when the Dictator was created, all inferior magistracies ceased; when grief appears, all other passions vanish. It dries up the bones, makes them hollow-eyed, pale, and lean, furrow-faced, to have dead looks, wrinkled brows, shrivelled cheeks, dry bodies, and quite perverts their temperature that are misaffected with it.

Cousin german to sorrow, is fear, or rather a sister, and continual companion, an assistant and a principal agent in procuring of this mischief; a cause and symptom as the other.

This foul fiend of fear was worshipped heretofore as a god by the Lacedæmonians, and most of those other torturing affections. Many lamentable effects this fear causeth in men, as to be red, pale, tremble, sweat, it makes sudden cold and heat to come over all the body, palpitation of the heart, syncope, etc. It amazeth many men that are to speak, or show



themselves in public assemblies, or before some great personages, as Tully confessed of himself, that he trembled still at the beginning of his speech ; and Demosthenes, that great orator of Greece, before Philippus. It confounds voice and memory, as Lucian wittingly brings in, Jupiter Tragædus, so much afraid of his auditory, when he was to make a speech to the rest of the gods, that he could not utter a ready word, but was compelled to use Mercury's help in prompting. Many men are so amazed and astonished with fear, they know not where they are, what they say, what they do, and that which is worse, it tortures them many days before with continual affrights and suspicion. It hinders most honourable attempts, and makes their hearts ache, sad and heavy, Fear makes our imagination conceive what it list, invites the devil to come to us, and tyrannizeth over our fantasy more than all other affections, especially in the dark. We see this verified in most men ; what they fear they conceive, and feign unto themselves ; they think they see goblins, hags, devils, and many times become melancholy thereby. Cardan hath an example of such an one, so caused to be melancholy (by sight of a bugbear) all his life after. Augustus Cæsar durst not sit in the dark, saith Suetonius, *nisi aliquo assidente*. And 'tis strange what women and children will conceive unto themselves, if they go over a church-yard in the night, lie, or be alone in a dark room, how they sweat and tremble on a sudden.

### *Shame and Disgrace, Causes*

Shame and disgrace cause most violent passions and bitter pangs. It is as forcible a batterer as any of the rest. Many men neglect the tumults of the world, and care not for glory, and yet they are afraid

of infamy, repulse, disgrace, they can severely condemn pleasure, bear grief indifferently, but they are quite battered and broken with reproach and obloquy, and are so dejected many times for some public injury, disgrace, as a box on the ear by their inferior, to be overcome of their adversary, foiled in the field, to be out in a speech, some foul fact committed or disclosed, etc., that they dare not come abroad all their lives after, but melancholize in corners, and keep in holes. The most generous spirits are most subject to it. Antonius the Roman, after he was overcome of his enemy, for three days' space sat solitary in the fore-part of the ship, abstaining from all company, even of Cleopatra herself, and afterwards for very shame butchered himself. Apollonius Rhodius wilfully banished himself, forsaking his country, and all his dear friends, because he was out in reciting his poems. In China 'tis an ordinary thing for such as are excluded in those famous trials of theirs, or should take degrees, for shame and grief to lose their wits. A grave and learned minister, and an ordinary preacher at Alcmarr in Holland, was (one day as he walked in the fields for his recreation) suddenly taken with a lax or looseness, and thereupon compelled to retire to the next ditch; but being surprised at unawares, by some gentlewoman of his parish wandering that way, was so abashed, that he did never after show his head in public, or come into the pulpit, but pined away with melancholy. So shame amongst other passions can play his prize.

I know there be many base, impudent, brazen-faced rogues, that will be moved with nothing, take no infamy or disgrace to heart, laugh at all; let them be proved perjured, stigmatized, convict rogues, thieves, traitors, lose their ears, be whipped, branded, carted, pointed at, hissed, reviled, and derided with Ballio the Bawd in Plautus, they rejoice at it, "babæ

and bombax," what care they? We have too many such in our times.

Yet a modest man, one that hath grace, a generous spirit, tender of his reputation, will be deeply wounded and so grievously affected with it, that he had rather give myriads of crowns, lose his life, than suffer the least defamation of honour, or blot in his good name. And if so be that he cannot avoid it, as a nightingale dies for shame if another bird sing better, he languisheth and pineth away in the anguish of his spirit.

*Emulation, Hatred, Faction, Desire of Revenge, Causes*

Out of the root of envy spring those feral branches of faction, hatred, livor, emulation, which cause the like grievances, and are the saws of the soul, affections full of desperate amazement; or as Cyprian describes emulation, it is "a moth of the soul, a consumption to make another man's happiness his misery to torture, crucify, and execute himself, to eat his own heart. Meat and drink can do such men no good, they do always grieve, sigh, and groan, day and night without intermission, their breast is torn asunder:" and a little after, "Whomsoever he is whom thou dost emulate and envy, he may avoid thee, but thou canst neither avoid him nor thyself; wheresoever thou art he is with thee, thine enemy is ever in thy breast, thy destruction is within thee, thou art a captive, bound hand and foot, as long as thou art malicious and envious, and canst not be comforted. It was the devil's overthrow;" and whensoever thou art thoroughly affected with this passion, it will be thine. Yet no perturbation so frequent, no passion so common.

Every society, corporation, and private family is full of it, it takes hold almost of all sorts of men, from the prince to the ploughman, even amongst

gossips it is to be seen, scarce three in a company but there is a siding, faction, emulation, between two of them, some jar, private grudge, heart-burning in the midst of them. Scarce two gentlemen dwell together in the country (if they be not near kin or linked in marriage), but there is emulation betwixt them and their servants, some quarrel or some grudge betwixt their wives or children, friends and followers, some contention about wealth, gentry, precedency, by means of which, like the frog in Æsop, "that would swell till she was as big as an ox, burst herself at last;" they will stretch beyond their fortunes, callings, and strive so long that they consume their substance in law-suits, or otherwise in hospitality, feasting, fine clothes, to get a few bombast titles, to outbrave one another, they will tire their bodies, macerate their souls, and through contentions or mutual invitations beggar themselves. Scarce two great scholars in any age, but with bitter invectives they fall foul one on the other, and their adherents; Scotists, Thomists, Reals, Nominals, Plato and Aristotle, Galenists and Paracelsians, it holds in all professions.

Honest emulation in studies, in all callings is not to be disliked, 'tis the whetstone of wit, the nurse of wit and valour, and those noble Romans out of this spirit did brave exploits. 'Tis a sluggish humour not to emulate or to sue at all, to withdraw himself, neglect, refrain from such places, honours, offices, through sloth, niggardliness, fear, bashfulness, or otherwise, to which by his birth, place, fortunes, education, he is called, apt, fit, and well able to undergo; but when it is immoderate, it is a plague and a miserable pain. What a deal of money did Henry VIII. and Francis I, king of France, spend at that famous interview? and how many vain courtiers, seeking each to outbrave other, spent themselves, their livelihood and fortunes, and died beggars?

Charles the Sixth, that lunatic French king, fell into this misery, out of the extremity of his passion, desire of revenge and malice, incensed against the duke of Britain, he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for some days together, and in the end, about the calends of July, 1392, he became mad upon his horseback, drawing his sword, striking such as came near him promiscuously, and so continued all the days of his life. Ægesippus hath such a story of Herod, that out of an angry fit, became mad, leaping out of his bed, he killed Josippus, and played many such bedlam pranks, the whole court could not rule him for a long time after : sometimes he was sorry and repented, much grieved for that he had done, by and by outrageous again. No plague hath done mankind so much harm. Look into our histories, and you shall almost meet with no other subject, but what a company of hare-brains have done in their rage. We may do well therefore to put this in our procession amongst the rest ; “ From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and malice, anger, and all such pestiferous perturbations, good Lord deliver us.”

*Discontents, Cares, Miseries, etc., Causes*

Discontent, cares, crosses, miseries, or whatsoever it is, that shall cause any molestation of spirits, grief, anguish, and perplexity, may well be reduced to this head (preposterously placed here in some men's judgements they may seem), yet in that Aristotle in his Rhetoric defines these cares, as he doth envy, emulation, etc., still by grief, I think I may well rank them in this irascible row ; being that they are as the rest, both causes and symptoms of this disease, producing the like inconveniences, and are most

part accompanied with anguish and pain. A general cause, a continue cause, an inseparable accident, to all men, is discontent, care, misery: were there no other particular affliction (which who is free from?) to molest a man in this life, the very cogitation of that common misery were enough to macerate, and make him weary of his life; to think that he can never be secure, but still in danger, sorrow, grief, and persecution. For to begin at the hour of his birth, as Pliny doth elegantly describe it, "he is born naked, and falls a whining at the very first, he is swaddled and bound up like a prisoner, cannot help himself, and so he continues to his life's end." To a naked mariner Lucretius compares him, cast on shore by shipwreck, cold and comfortless in an unknown land: no estate, age, sex, can secure himself from this common misery. "A man that is born of a woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble." "And while his flesh is upon him he shall be sorrowful, and while his soul is in him it shall mourn." "All his days are sorrow and his travels griefs; his heart also taketh not rest in the night." "All that is in it is sorrow and vexation of spirit." Ingress, progress, regress, egress, much alike: blindness seizeth on us in the beginning, labour in the middle, grief in the end, error in all. What day ariseth to us without some grief, care, or anguish? Or what so secure and pleasing a morning have we seen, that hath not been overcast before the evening? A mere temptation is our life. Who can endure the miseries of it? In prosperity we are insolent and intolerable, dejected in adversity, in all fortunes foolish and miserable. In adversity I wish for prosperity, and in prosperity I am afraid of adversity. What mediocrity may be found? Where is no temptation? What condition of life is free? Wisdom hath labour annexed to it, glory envy; riches and cares, children

and encumbrances, pleasure and diseases, rest and beggary, go together : as if a man were therefore born (as the Platonists hold) to be punished in this life for some precedent sins. Or that, as Pliny complains, " Nature may be rather accounted a step-mother, than a mother unto us, all things considered : no creature's life so brittle, so full of fear, so mad, so furious ; only man is plagued with envy, discontent, griefs, covetousness, ambition, superstition." Our whole life is an Irish Sea, wherein there is nought to be expected but tempestuous storms and troublesome waves, and those infinite, no halcyonian times, wherein a man can hold himself secure, or agree with his present estate ; but as Boethius infers, " There is something in every one of us which before trial we seek, and having tried abhor : we earnestly wish, and eagerly covet, and are eftsoons weary of it." Thus between hope and fear, suspicions, angers, betwixt falling in, falling out, we bangle away our best days, befool out our times, we lead a contentious, discontent, tumultuous, melancholy, miserable life ; insomuch, that if we could foretell what was to come, and it put to our choice, we should rather refuse than accept of this painful life. In a word, the world itself is a maze, a labyrinth of errors, a desert, a wilderness, a den of thieves, cheaters, full of filthy puddles, horrid rocks, precipitiums, an ocean of adversity, an heavy yoke, wherein infirmities and calamities overtake, and follow one another, as the sea waves ; and if we scape Scylla, we fall foul on Charybdis, and so in perpetual fear, labour, anguish, we run from one plague, one mischief, one burden to another, and you may as soon separate weight from lead, heat from fire, moistness from water, brightness from the sun, as misery, discontent, care, calamity, danger, from a man. Our towns and cities are but so many dwellings of human misery. " In which grief and sorrow (as he right well observes

out of Solon) innumerable troubles, labours of mortal men, and all manner of vices, are included as in so many pens." Our villages are like mole-hills, and men as so many emmets, busy, busy still, going to and fro, in and out, and crossing one another's projects, as the lines of several sea-cards cut each other in a globe or map. There is no content in this life, but as he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit;" lame and imperfect. Hadst thou Sampson's hair, Milo's strength, Scanderbeg's arm, Solomon's wisdom, Absalom's beauty, Croesus's wealth, Cæsar's valour, Alexander's spirit, Tully's or Demosthenes' eloquence, Gyges' ring, Perseus' Pegasus, and Gorgon's head, Nestor's years to come, all this would not make thee absolute, give thee content and true happiness in this life, or so continue it. Even in the midst of all our mirth, jollity, and laughter, is sorrow and grief, or if there be true happiness amongst us, 'tis but for a time, a fair morning turns to a lowering afternoon. And which is worse, as if discontents and miseries would not come fast enough upon us : we maul, persecute, and study how to sting, gall, and vex one another with mutual hatred, abuses, injuries ; preying upon and devouring as so many ravenous birds ; and as jugglers, panders, bawds, cozening one another ; or raging as wolves, tigers, and devils, we take a delight to torment one another ; men are evil, wicked, malicious, treacherous, and naught, not loving one another, or loving themselves, not hospitable, charitable, nor sociable as they ought to be, but counterfeit, dissemblers, ambidexters, all for their own ends, hard-hearted, merciless, pitiless, and to benefit themselves, they care not what mischief they procure to others. He sits at table in a soft chair at ease, but he doth not remember in the meantime that a tired waiter stands behind him, "an hungry fellow ministers to him full, he is athirst that gives him drink (saith Epictetus) and is silent whilst



he speaks his pleasure : pensive, sad, when he laughs." He feasts, revels, and profusely spends, hath variety of robes, sweet music, ease, and all the pleasures the world can afford, whilst many an hunger-starved poor creature pines in the street, wants clothes to cover him, labours hard all day long, runs, rides for a trifle, fights peradventure from sun to sun, sick and ill, weary, full of pain and grief, is in great distress and sorrow of heart. He loathes and scorns his inferior, hates or emulates his equal, envies his superior, insults over all such as are under him, as if he were of another species, a demi-god, not subject to any fall, or human infirmities. Generally they love not, are not beloved again : they tire out others' bodies with continual labour, they themselves living at ease, caring for none else, and are so far many times from putting to their helping hand, that they seek all means to depress, even most worthy and well deserving, better than themselves, those whom they are by the laws of nature bound to relieve and help, as much as in them lies, they will let them caterwaul, starve, beg, and hang, before they will any ways (though it be in their power) assist or ease : so unnatural are they for the most part, so unregardful ; so hard-hearted, so churlish, proud, insolent, so dogged, of so bad a disposition. And being so brutish, so devilishly bent one towards another, how is it possible but that we should be discontent of all sides, full of cares, woes, and miseries ?

For particular professions, I hold as of the rest, there's no content or security in any ; on what course will you pitch ; how resolve ? to be a divine, 'tis contemptible in the world's esteem ; to be a lawyer, 'tis to be a wrangler ; to be a physician, 'tis loathed ; a philosopher, a madman ; an alchymist, a beggar ; a poet, an hungry jack ; a musician, a player ; a schoolmaster, a drudge ; an husbandman, an emmet ; a merchant, his gains are uncertain ; a

mechanician, base ; a chirurgion, fulsome ; a tradesman, a liar ; a tailor, a thief ; a serving-man, a slave ; a soldier, a butcher ; a smith, or a metalman, the pot's never from's nose ; a courtier, a parasite, as he could find no tree in the wood to hang himself ; I can show no state of life to give content. The like you may say of all ages ; children live in a perpetual slavery, still under that tyrannical government of masters ; young men, and of riper years, subject to labour, and a thousand cares of the world, to treachery, falsehood, and cozenage, old are full of aches in their bones, cramps and convulsions, dull of hearing, weak sighted, hoary, wrinkled, harsh, so much altered as that they cannot know their own face in a glass, a burthen to themselves and others, after 70 years, " all is sorrow " (as David hath it), they do not live but linger. If they be sound, they fear diseases ; if sick, weary of their lives : *Non est vivere sed valere, vita.* One complains of want, a second of servitude, another of a secret or incurable disease ; of some deformity of body, of some loss, danger, death of friends, shipwreck, persecution, imprisonment, disgrace, repulse, contumely, calumny, abuse, injury, contempt, ingratitude, unkindness, scoffs, flouts, unfortunate marriage, single life, too many children, no children, false servants, unhappy children, barrenness, banishment, oppression, frustrate hopes and ill success, etc. Talking Fabius will be tired before he can tell half of them ; they are the subject of whole volumes, and shall (some of them) be more opportunely dilated elsewhere. In the meantime thus much I may say of them, that generally they crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them as so many anatomies, they cause cumbersome days, slow, dull, and heavy times : make us howl, roar, and tear our hairs, and groan for the very anguish of our souls.

*Love of Gaming, etc., and Pleasures Immoderate, Causes*

It is a wonder to see, how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches, one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate, now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingering out a painful life, in discontent and grief of body and mind, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensual epicures and brutish prodigals, that are stupefied and carried away headlong with their several pleasures and lusts. The ordinary rocks upon which such men do impinge and precipitate themselves, are cards, dice, hawks and hounds; their mad structures, disports, plays, etc., when they are unseasonably used, imprudently handled, and beyond their fortunes. Some men are consumed by mad fantastical buildings, by making galleries, cloisters, terraces, walks, orchards, gardens, pools, rilletts, bowers, and such like places of pleasure; *Inutiles domos*, Xenophon calls them, which howsoever they be delightful things in themselves, and acceptable to all beholders, an ornament and befitting some great men; yet unprofitable to others, and the sole overthrow of their estates. Others, I say, are overthrown by those mad sports of hawking and hunting; honest recreations, and fit for some great men, but not for every base inferior person; whilst they will maintain their falconers, dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth, saith Salmutze, "runs away with hounds, and their fortunes fly away with hawks." They persecute beasts so long, till in the end they themselves degenerate into beasts, as Agrippa taxeth them, Actæon-like, for as he was eaten to death by his own dogs, so do they devour

themselves and their patrimonies, in such idle and unnecessary disports, neglecting in the mean time their more necessary business, and to follow their vocations. Over-mad too sometimes are our great men in delighting, and doting too much of it. "When they drive poor husbandmen from their tillage," as Sarisburiensis objects, "fling down country farms, and whole towns, to make parks, and forests, starving men to feed beasts, and punishing in the mean time such a man that shall molest their game, more severely than him that is otherwise a common-hacker, or a notorious thief." But great men are some ways to be excused, the meaner sort have no evasion why they should not be counted mad. Poggius the Florentine tells a merry story to this purpose, condemning the folly and impertinent business of such kind of persons. A physician of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, some to the chin, as they were more or less affected. One of them by chance, that was well recovered, stood in the door, and seeing a gallant ride by with a hawk on his fist, well mounted, with his spaniels after him, would needs know what use all this preparation served; he made answer to kill certain fowls; the patient demanded again, what his fowl might be worth which he killed in a year; he replied 5 or 10 crowns; and when he urged him further what his dogs, horse, and hawks stood him in, he told him 400 crowns; with that the patient bade be gone, as he loved his life and welfare, for if our master come and find thee there, he will put thee in the pit amongst mad men up to the chin: taxing the madness and folly of such vain men that spend themselves in those idle sports, neglecting their business and necessary affairs. Leo Decimus, that hunting pope, is much discommended by Jovius in his life, for his immoderate desire of hawking and

hunting, in so much that (as he saith) he would sometimes live about Ostia weeks and months together, leave suitors unrespected, bulls and pardons unsigned, to his own prejudice, and many private men's loss. "And if he had been by chance crossed in his sport, or his game not so good, he was so impatient, that he would revile and miscall many times men of great worth with most bitter taunts, look so sour, be so angry and waspish, so grieved and molested, that it is incredible to relate it." But if he had good sport, and been well pleased, on the other side, with unspeakable bounty and munificence he would reward all his fellow hunters, and deny nothing to any suitor when he was in that mood. To say truth, 'tis the common humour of all gamesters, as Galatæus observes, if they win, no men living are so jovial and merry, but if they lose, though it be but a trifle, two or three games at tables, or a dealing at cards for twopence a game, they are so choleric and testy that no man may speak with them, and break many times into violent passions, oaths, imprecations, and unbecoming speeches, little differing from mad men for the time. At Padua in Italy they have a stone called the stone of turpitude, near the senate house, where spendthrifts, and such as disclaim non-payment of debts, do sit with their hinder parts bare, that by that note of disgrace, others may be terrified from all such vain expense, or borrowing more than they can tell how to pay. The civilians of old set guardians over such brain-sick prodigals, as they did over madmen, to moderate their expenses, that they should not so loosely consume their fortunes, to the utter undoing of their families.

*Philautia, or Self-love, Vain Glory, Praise, Honour,  
Immoderate Applause, Pride, over-much Joy, etc.,  
Causes*

Self-love, pride, and vain glory, *cæcus amor sui*, which Chrysostom calls one of the devil's three great nets, are main causes. Where neither anger, lust, covetousness, fear, sorrow, etc., nor any other perturbation can lay hold ; this will slyly and insensibly pervert us. A great assault and cause of our present malady, although we do most part neglect, take no notice of it, yet this is a violent batterer of our souls,\* causeth melancholy and dotage. This pleasing humour ; this soft and whispering popular air, this delectable frenzy, most irrefragable passion, this acceptable disease, which so sweetly sets upon us, ravisheth our senses, lulls our souls asleep, puffs up our hearts as so many bladders, and that without all feeling, insomuch as "those that are misaffected with it; never so much as once perceive it, or think of any care." We commonly love him best in this malady, that doth us most harm, and are very willing to be hurt ; we love him, we love him for it : 'twas sweet to hear it. Though we smile to ourselves, at least ironically, when parasites bedaub us with false encomiums, as many princes cannot choose but do, when they know they come as far short, as a mouse to an elephant, of any such virtues ; yet it doth us good.

Now the common cause of this mischief, ariseth from ourselves or others, we are active and passive. It proceeds inwardly from ourselves, as we are active causes, from an overweening conceit we have of our good parts, own worth, (which indeed is no worth) our bounty, favour, grace, valour, strength, wealth, patience, meekness, hospitality, beauty, temperance,

gentry, knowledge, wit, science, art, learning, our excellent gifts and fortunes, for which, Narcissus-like, we admire, flatter, and applaud ourselves, and think all the world esteems so of us ; and as deformed women easily believe those that tell them they be fair, we are too credulous of our own good parts and praises, too well persuaded of ourselves. We brag and venditate our own works, and scorn all others in respect of us ; our wisdom, our learning, all our geese are swans, and we as basely esteem and vilify other men's, as we do over-highly prize and value our own. We will not suffer them to be *in secundis*, no not *in tertiis* ; what, *Mecum confertur Ulysses* ? they are *mures*, *muscæ*, *culices præ se*, nits and flies compared to his inexorable and supercilious, eminent and arrogant worship : though indeed they be far before him ; only wise, only rich, only fortunate, valorous, and fair, puffed up with this tympany of self conceit. Of so many myriads of poets, rhetoricians, philosophers, sophisters, as Eusebius well observes, which have written in former ages, scarce one of a thousand's works remains, their books and bodies are perished together.

Or if we do applaud, honour and admire, how small a part, in respect of the whole world, never so much as hears our names, how few take notice of us, how slender a tract, as scant as Alcibiades's land in a map ! And yet every man must and will be immortal, as he hopes, and extend his fame to our antipodes, when as half, no not a quarter of his own province or city, neither knows nor hears of him : but say they did, what's a city to a kingdom, a kingdom to Europe, Europe to the world, the world itself that must have an end, if compared to the least visible star in the firmament, eighteen times bigger than it ? and then if those stars be infinite, and every star there be a sun, as some will, and as this sun of ours hath his planets about him, all in-

habited, what proportion bear we to them, and where's our glory? What braggadocioes are they and we then? How short a time, how little a while doth this fame of ours continue? Every private province, every small territory and city, when we have all done, will yield as generous spirits, as brave examples in all respects, as famous as ourselves, Cadwallader in Wales, Rollo in Normandy, Robin Hood and Little John, are as much renowned in Sherwood, as Cæsar in Rome, Alexander in Greece, or his Hephestion, every town, city, book, is full of brave soldiers, senators, scholars; and though Bracydas was a worthy captain, a good man, and as they thought not to be matched in Lacedæmon, yet as his mother truly said, Sparta had many better men than ever he was; and howsoever thou admirest thyself, thy friend, many an obscure fellow the world never took notice of, had he been in place of action, would have done much better than he or he, or thou thyself.

Another kind of mad men there is opposite to these, that are insensibly mad, and know not of it, such as condemn all praise and glory, think themselves most free, when as indeed they are most mad: a company of cynics, such as are monks, hermits, anachorites, that condemn the world, condemn themselves, condemn all titles, honours, offices: and yet in that contempt are more proud than any man living whatsoever. They are proud in humility, proud in that they are not proud; like Diogenes, they brag inwardly, and feed themselves fat with a self-conceit of sanctity, which is no better than hypocrisy. They go in sheep's russet, many great men that might maintain themselves in cloth of gold, and seem to be dejected, humble by their outward carriage, when as inwardly they are swoln full of pride, arrogancy, and self-conceit. And therefore Seneca adviseth his friend Lucilius, "in his attire and gesture, outward actions, especially to avoid



all such things as are more notable in themselves : as a rugged attire, hirsute head, horrid beard, contempt of money, coarse lodging, and whatsoever leads to fame that opposite way."

All this madness yet proceeds from ourselves, the main engine which batters us is from others, we are merely passive in this business : from a company of parasites and flatterers, that with immoderate praise, and bombast epithets, glozing titles, false eulogiums, so bedaub and applaud, gild over many a silly and undeserving man that they clap him quite out of his wits. This common applause is a most violent thing, a drum, fife, and trumpet cannot so animate ; that fattens men, erects and dejects them in an instant. It makes them fat and lean, as frost doth conies. " And who is that mortal man that can so contain himself, that if he be immoderately commended and applauded, will not be moved ?" Let him be what he will, those parasites will overturn him : if he be a king, he is one of the nine worthies, more than a man, a god forthwith, and they will sacrifice unto him. If he be a soldier, then Themistocles, Epaminondas, Hector, Achilles, and the valour of both Scipios is too little for him, although he be indeed a very coward, a milksop, and such a one as never durst look his enemy in the face. If he be a big man, then is he a Samson, another Hercules ; if he pronounces a speech, another Tully or Demosthenes : as of Herod in the Acts, " the voice of God and not of man ;" if he can make a verse, Homer, Virgil, etc. And then my silly weak patient takes all these eulogiums to himself ; if he be a scholar so commended for his much reading, excellent style, method, etc., he will eviscerate himself like a spider, study to death, peacock-like he will display all his feathers. Commend his housekeeping, and he will beggar himself : commend his temperance, he will starve himself. He is mad, mad, mad, no woe with him ;

he will over the Alps to be talked of, or to maintain his credit. So many men, if any new honour, office, preferment, booty, treasure, possession, or patrimony fall unto them, for immoderate joy, and continual meditation of it, cannot sleep or tell what they say or do, they are so ravished on a sudden ; and with vain conceits transported, there is no rule with them.

### 3. LOVE OF LEARNING A CAUSE

Marsilius Ficinus, puts melancholy amongst one of those five principal plagues of students, 'tis a common Maul unto them all, and almost in some measure an inseparable companion.

Two main reasons may be given of it, why students should be more subject to this malady than others. The one is, they live a sedentary, solitary life, free from bodily exercise, and those ordinary disports which other men use : and many times if discontent and idleness concur with it, which is too frequent, they are precipitated into this gulf on a sudden : but the common cause is overmuch study ; too much learning (as Festus told Paul) hath made thee mad ; 'tis that other extreme which effects it. Marsilius Ficinus gives many reasons, "why students dote more often than others." The first is their negligence ; "other men look to their tools, a painter will wash his pencils, a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, forge ; a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet, if it be dull ; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, etc. ; a musician will string and unstring his lute, etc. ; only scholars neglect that instrument, their brain and spirits (I mean) which they daily use, and by which they range over all the world, which by much study is consumed." See thou twist not the rope so hard, till at length it break.

Ficinus in his fourth chap. gives some other reasons ; Saturn and Mercury, the patrons of learning, they are both dry planets : and Origanus assigns the same cause, why Mercurialists are so poor, and most part beggars ; for that their president Mercury had no better fortune himself. The destinies of old put poverty upon him as a punishment ; since when, poetry and beggary are Gemelli, twin-born brats, inseparable companions ;

“ And to this day is every scholar poor ;  
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.”

Mercury can help them to knowledge, but not to money. The second is contemplation, “ which dries the brain and extinguisheth natural heat ; for whilst the spirits are intent to meditation above in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come black blood and crudities by defect of concoction, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapours cannot exhale,” etc. How much time did Thebet Benchorat employ, to find out the motion of the eighth sphere ? forty years and more, some write : how many poor scholars have lost their wits, or become dizzards, neglecting all worldly affairs and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge, for which, after all their pains, in this world’s esteem they are accounted ridiculous and silly fools, idiots, asses, and (as oft they are) rejected, contemned, derided, doting, and mad ? Go to Bedlam and ask. Or if they keep their wits, yet they are esteemed scrubs and fools by reason of their carriage “ after seven years’ study.” “ He becomes more silent than a statue, and generally excites people’s laughter.” Because they cannot ride a horse, which every clown can do ; salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe and make *congés*, which every common swasher can do, they

are laughed to scorn, and accounted silly fools by our gallants. Yea, many times, such is their misery, they deserve it: a mere scholar, a mere ass.

Thus they go commonly meditating unto themselves, thus they sit, such is their action and gesture. Fulgوس makes mention how Th. Aquinas, supping with king Lewis of France, upon a sudden knocked his fist upon the table and cried, *conclusum est contra Manichæos*; his wits were a wool-gathering, as they say, and his head busied about other matters; when he perceived his error, he was much abashed. Such a story there is of Archimedes in Vitruvius, that having found out the means to know how much gold was mingled with the silver in king Hiero's crown, ran naked forth from the bath and cried *εὕρηκα*, I have found: "and was commonly so intent to his studies, that he never perceived what was done about him: when the city was taken, and the soldiers now ready to rifle his house, he took no notice of it." Your greatest students are commonly no better, silly, soft fellows in their outward behaviour, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in worldly business; they can measure the heavens, range over the world, teach others wisdom, and yet in bargains and contracts they are circumvented by every base tradesman. Are not these men fools? and how should they be otherwise, "but as so many sots in schools, when (as he well observed) they neither hear nor see such things as are commonly practised abroad?" how should they get experience, by what means? "I knew in my time many scholars," saith Æneas Sylvius (in an epistle of his to Gasper Scitick, chancellor to the emperor), "excellent well learned, but so rude, so silly, that they had no common civility, nor knew how to manage their domestic or public affairs." "Paglarensis was amazed, and said his farmer had surely cozened him,

when he heard him tell that his sow had eleven pigs, and his ass had but one foal." To say the best of this profession, I can give no other testimony of them in general, than that of Pliny of Isæus ; "He is yet a scholar, than which kind of men there is nothing so simple, so sincere, none better, they are most part harmless, honest, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men."

Now, because they are commonly subject to such hazards and inconveniences as dotage, madness, simplicity, etc., Jo. Voschius would have good scholars to be highly rewarded, and had in some extraordinary respect above other men, "to have greater privileges than the rest, that adventure themselves and abbreviate their lives for the public good." But our patrons of learning are so far now-a-days from respecting the muses, and giving that honour to scholars, or reward which they deserve and are allowed by those indulgent privileges of many noble princes, that after all their pains taken in the universities, cost and charge, expenses, irksome hours, laborious tasks, wearisome days, dangers, hazards (barred interim from all pleasures which other men have, mewed up like hawks all their lives), if they chance to wade through them, they shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and which is their greatest misery, driven to their shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggary.

If there were nothing else to trouble them, the conceit of this alone were enough to make them all melancholy. Most other trades and professions, after some seven years' apprenticeship, are enabled by their craft to live of themselves. A merchant adventures his goods at sea, and though his hazard be great, yet if one ship return of four, he likely makes a saving voyage. An husbandman's gains are almost certain, whom Jove himself can't harm ; only scholars methinks are most uncertain, unre-

spected, subject to all casualties and hazards. For first, not one of a many proves to be a scholar, all are not capable and docile ; we can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars : kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed ; universities can give degrees ; but he nor they, nor all the world, can give learning, make philosophers, artists, orators, poets ; we can soon say, as Seneca well notes, *O virum bonum, o divitem*, point at a rich man, a good, a happy man, a prosperous man, but 'tis not so easily performed to find out a learned man. Learning is not so quickly got, though they may be willing to take pains, to that end sufficiently informed, and liberally maintained by their patrons and parents, yet few can compass it. Or if they be docile, yet all men's wills are not answerable to their wits, they can apprehend, but will not take pains ; they are either seduced by bad companions, they fall in with women or wine, and so spend their time to their friends' grief and their own undoings. Or put case they be studious, industrious, of ripe wits, and perhaps good capacities, then how many diseases of body and mind must they encounter ? No labour in the world like unto study. It may be, their temperature will not endure it, but striving to be excellent to know all, they lose health, wealth, wit, life and all. Let him yet happily escape all these hazards with a body of brass, and is now consummate and ripe, he hath profited in his studies, and proceeded with all applause : after many expenses, he is fit for preferment, where shall he have it ? he is as far to seek it as he was (after twenty years' standing) at the first day of his coming to the University. For what course shall he take, being now capable and ready ? The most parable and easy, and about which many are employed, is to teach a school, turn lecturer or curate, and for that he shall have falconer's wages, ten pound per annum, and his

diet, or some small stipend, so long as he can please his patron or the parish ; if they approve him not (for usually they do but a year or two), as inconstant as they that cried "Hosanna" one day, and "Crucify him" the other ; serving-manlike, he must go look a new master ; if they do, what is his reward ?

"At last thy snow-white age in suburb schools,  
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules."

Like an ass, he wears out his time for provender, and can show a stum rod, an old torn gown, an ensign of his infelicity, he hath his labour for his pain, a *modicum* to keep him till he be decrepid, and that is' all. If he be a trencher chaplain in a gentleman's house, after some seven years' service, he may perchance have a living to the halves, or some small rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman, or a cracked chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life. But if he offend his good patron, or displease his lady mistress in the mean time, he shall be dragged forth of doors by the heels, away with him. If he vend his forces to some other studies, with an intent to be a *secretis* to some nobleman, or in such a place with an ambassador, he shall find that these persons rise like apprentices one under another, and in so many tradesmen's shops, when the master is dead, the foreman of the shop commonly steps in his place. Now for poets, rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, mathematicians, sophisters, etc. ; they are like grasshoppers, sing they must in summer, and pine in the winter, for there is no preferment for them. Even so they were at first, if you will believe that pleasant tale of Socrates, which he told fair Phædrus under a plane tree, at the banks of the river Iseus ; about noon when it was hot, and the grasshoppers made a noise,

he took that sweet occasion to tell him a tale, how grasshoppers were once scholars, musicians, poets, before the Muses were born, and lived without meat and drink, and for that cause were turned by Jupiter into grasshoppers. And may be turned again, for any reward I see they are like to have : or else in the meantime, I would they could live as they did, without any viaticum, like so many manucodiataë, those Indian birds of paradise, as we commonly call them, those I mean that live with the air and dew of heaven, and need no other food ; for being as they are, their " rhetoric only serves them to curse their bad fortunes," and many of them for want of means are driven to hard shifts ; from grasshoppers they turn humble-bees and wasps, plain parasites, and make the muses, mules, to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches, and get a meal's meat. To say truth, 'tis the common fortune of most scholars, to be servile and poor, to complain pitifully, and lay open their wants to their respectless patrons, as Cardan doth, as Xilander and many others : and which is too common in those dedicatory epistles, for hope of gain, to lie, flatter, and with hyperbolical eulogiums and commendations, to magnify and extol an illiterate unworthy idiot, for his excellent virtues, whom they should rather, as Machiavel observes, vilify and rail at downright for his most notorious villainies and vices. So they prostitute themselves as fiddlers or mercenary tradesmen, to serve great men's turns for a small reward. They are like Indians, they have store of gold, but know not the worth of it : for I am of Synesius's opinion, " King Hiero got more by Simonides' acquaintance, than Simonides did by his ; " they have their best education, good institution, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honour and immortality from us : we are the living tombs, registers, and as so many trumpeters of their fames :



what was Achilles without Homer? Alexander without Arrian and Curtius? who had, known the Cæsars, but for Suetonius and Dion?

“ Before great Agamemnon reign’d,  
Reign’d kings as great as he, and brave,  
Whose huge ambition’s now contain’d  
In the small compass of a grave :  
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,  
No bard they had to make all time their own.”

They are more beholden to scholars, than scholars to them; but they under-value themselves, and so by those great men are kept down. Let them have that encyclopædian, all the learning in the world; they must keep it to themselves, “live in base esteem, and starve, except they will submit,” as Budæus well hath it, “so many good parts, so many ensigns of arts, virtues, be slavishly obnoxious to some illiterate potentate, and live under his insolent worship, or honour, like parasites.” For to say truth, they be not gainful arts these, but poor and hungry. All which our ordinary students, right well perceiving in the universities, how unprofitable these poetical, mathematical, and philosophical studies are, how little respected, how few patrons; apply themselves in all haste to those three commodious professions of law, physic, and divinity, sharing themselves between them, rejecting these arts in the meantime, history, philosophy, philology, or lightly passing them over, as pleasant toys fitting only table talk, and to furnish them with discourse. They are not so behoveful: he that can tell his money hath arithmetic enough: he is a true geometrician, can measure out a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer that can cast the rise and fall of others, and mark their errant motions to his own use. The best optics are, to reflect the beams of some great men’s favour and grace to shine upon him. He is a

good engineer, that alone can make an instrument to get preferment.

Although many times, for aught I can see, these men fail as often as the rest in their projects, and are as usually frustrate of their hopes. For let him be a doctor of the law, an excellent civilian of good worth, where shall he practise and expatiate? Their fields are so scant, the civil law with us so contracted with prohibitions, so few causes, by reason of those all-devouring municipal laws, an illiterate and a barbarous study (for though they be never so well learned in it, I can hardly vouchsafe them the name of scholars, except they be otherwise qualified), and so few courts are left to that profession, such slender offices, and those commonly to be compassed at such dear rates, that I know not how an ingenious man should thrive amongst them. Now for physicians, there are in every village so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, paracelsians, as they call themselves, wizards, alchemists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers, and good wives, professing great skill, that I make great doubt how they shall be maintained, or who shall be their patients. Besides, there are so many of both sorts, and some of them such harpies, so covetous, so clamorous, so impudent that they cannot well tell how to live one by another, they are almost starved a great part of them, and ready to devour their fellows, such a multitude of pettifoggers and empirics, such imposters, that an honest man knows not in what sort to compose and behave himself in their society, to carry himself with credit in so vile a rout.

Last of all come to our divines, the most noble profession and worthy of double honour, but of all others the most distressed and miserable. If you will not believe me, hear a brief of it, as it was not many years since publicly preached at Paul's cross,

by a grave minister then, and now a reverend bishop of this land : " We that are bred up in learning, and destined by our parents to this end, we suffer our childhood in the grammar-school which Austin calls *magnam tyrannidem, et grave malum*, and compares it to the torments of martyrdom ; when we come to the university, if we live of the college allowance, needy of all things but hunger and fear, or if we be maintained but partly by our parents' cost, do expend in unnecessary maintenance, books and degrees, before we come to any perfection, five hundred pounds, or a thousand marks. If by this price of the expense of time, our bodies and spirits, our substance and patrimonies, we cannot purchase those small rewards, which are ours by law, and the right of inheritance, a poor parsonage, or a vicarage of £50 per annum, but we must pay to the patron for the lease of a life (a spent and out-worn life) either in annual pension, or above the rate of a copyhold, and that with the hazard and loss of our souls, by simony and perjury, and the forfeiture of all our spiritual preferments, in *esse* and *posse*, both present and to come. What father after a while will be so improvident to bring up his son to his great charge, to this necessary beggary ? What Christian will be so irreligious, to bring up his son in that course of life, which by all probability and necessity, enforcing to sin, will entangle him in simony and perjury," when as the poet said, " a beggar's brat taken from the bridge where he sits a begging, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it." This being thus, have not we fished fair all this while, that are initiate divines, to find no better fruits of our labours ? do we macerate ourselves for this ? Is it for this we rise so early all the year long ? " Leaping (as he saith) out of our beds, when we hear the bell ring, as if we had heard a thunderclap." If this be all the respect, reward, and honour we shall have, let

us give over our books, and betake ourselves to some other course of life ; to what end should we study ? What did our parents mean to make us scholars, to be as far to seek of preferment after twenty-years' study, as we were at first : why do we take such pains ? If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement, I say again, let's turn soldiers, sell our books, and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosopher's gowns, as Cleanthes once did, into millers' coats, leave all, and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life, than to continue longer in this misery.

Yea, but methinks I hear some man except at these words, that though this be true which I have said of the estate of scholars, and especially of divines, that it is miserable and distressed at this time, that the church suffers shipwreck of her goods, and that they have just cause to complain ; there is a fault, but whence proceeds it ? If the cause were justly examined, it would be retorted upon ourselves, if we were cited at that tribunal of truth, we should be found guilty, and not able to excuse it. That there is a fault among us, I confess, and were there not a buyer, there would not be a seller : but to him that will consider better of it, it will more than manifestly appear, that the fountain of these miseries proceeds from these griping patrons. In accusing them, I do not altogether excuse us ; both are faulty, they and we : yet in my judgment, theirs is the greater fault, more apparent causes, and much to be condemned. For my part, if it be not with me as I would, or as it should, I do ascribe the cause to mine own infelicity rather than their naughtiness ; although I have been baffled in my time by some of them, and have as just cause to complain as another : or rather indeed to mine own negligence ; for I was ever like that Alexander in Plutarch, Crassus his

tutor in philosophy, who, though he lived many years familiarly with rich Crassus, was even as poor when from (which many wondered at) as when he came first to him ; he never asked, the other never gave him any thing ; when he travelled with Crassus he borrowed a hat of him, at his return restored it again. I have had some such noble friends' acquaintance and scholars, but most part (common courtesies and ordinary respects excepted), they and I parted as we met, they gave me as much as I requested, and that was——. For the rest 'tis on both sides *facinus detestandum*, to buy and sell livings, to detain from the church, that which God's and men's laws have bestowed on it ; but in them most, and that from the covetousness and ignorance of such as are interested in this business ; I name covetousness in the first place, as the root of all these mischiefs, which, Achan-like, compels them to commit sacrilege, and to make simoniacal compacts (and what not) to their own ends, that kindles God's wrath, brings a plague, vengeance, and a heavy visitation upon themselves and others. Some out of that insatiable desire of filthy lucre, to be enriched, care not how they come by it *per fas et nefas*, hook or crook, so they have it. And others when they have with riot and prodigality embezzled their estates, to recover themselves, make a prey of the church, spoil parsons of their revenues (in keeping half back as a great man amongst us observes) : " and that maintenance on which they should live " : by means whereof, barbarism is increased, and a great decay of Christian professors : for who will apply himself to these divine studies, his son, or friend, when after great pains taken, they shall have nothing whereupon to live ? But with what event do they these things ? They toil and moil, but what reap they ? They are commonly unfortunate families that use it, accursed in their progeny, and, as common experience evinceth,

accursed themselves in all their proceedings. With what face can they expect a blessing or inheritance from Christ in heaven, that defraud Christ of his inheritance here on earth? A base, profane, epicurean, hypocritical rout; for my part, let them pretend what zeal they will, counterfeit religion, blear the world's eyes, bombast themselves, and stuff out their greatness with church spoils, shine like so many peacocks; so cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf, that I shall never think better of them, than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy, and atheistical marrow, they are worse than heathens. The eagle in Æsop, seeing a piece of flesh, now ready to be sacrificed, swept it away with her claws, and carried it to her nest; but there was a burning coal stuck to it by chance, which unawares consumed her young ones, nest, and all together. Let our simoniacal church-chopping patrons, and sacrilegious harpies, look for no better success.

Mistake me not, you that are worthy senators, gentlemen, I honour your names and persons, and with all submissiveness, prostrate myself to your censure and service. There are amongst you, I do ingenuously confess, many well-deserving patrons, and true patriots, of my knowledge, besides many hundreds which I never saw, no doubt, or heard of, pillars of our commonwealth, whose worth, bounty, learning, forwardness, true zeal in religion, and good esteem of all scholars, ought to be consecrated to all posterity; but of your rank, there are a debauched, corrupt, covetous, illiterate crew again, no better than stocks, barbarous Thracians, a sordid, profane, pernicious company, irreligious, impudent and stupid, I know not what epithets to give them, enemies to learning, confounders of the church, and the ruin of a commonwealth; patrons they are by right of inheritance, and put in trust freely to dispose of such

livings to the church's good ; but (hard task-masters they prove) they take away their straw, and compel them to make their number of brick ; they commonly respect their own ends, commodity is the steer of all their actions, and him they present in conclusion, as a man of greatest gifts, that will give most ; no penny, no pater-noster, as the saying is. A clerk may offer himself, approve his worth, learning, honesty, religion, zeal, they will commend him for it ; but *probitas laudatur et alget*. If he be a man of extraordinary parts, they will flock afar off to hear him, as they did in Apuleius, to see Psyche : many mortal men came to see fair Psyche the glory of her age, they did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her ; but as on a picture ; none would marry her, fair Psyche had no money. So they do by learning ; but if some poor scholar, some parson chaff, will offer himself ; some trencher chaplain, that will take it to the halves, thirds, or accept of what he will give, he is welcome ; be conformable, preach as he will have him, he likes him before a million of others ; for the best is always best cheap : and then such a patron, such a clerk ; the cure is well supplied, and all parties pleased. Rich men keep these lecturers, and fawning parasites, like so many dogs at their tables, and filling their hungry guts with the offals of their meat, they abuse them at their pleasure, and make them say what they propose. "As children do by a bird or a butterfly on a string, pull in and let him out as they list, do they by their trencher chaplains, prescribe, command their wits, let in and out as to them it seems best." If the patron be precise, so must his chaplain be ; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or else be turned out. These are those clerks which serve the turn, whom they commonly entertain, and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are University men, like so many

hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used ; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all, the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light, and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda, till the Angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between, and beguile us of our preferment. I have not yet said, if after long expectation, much expense, travel, earnest suit of ourselves and friends, we obtain a small benefice at last ; our misery begins afresh, we are suddenly encountered with the flesh, world, and devil, with a new onset ; we change a quiet life for an ocean of troubles, we come to a ruinous house, which before it be habitable, must be necessarily to our great damage repaired ; we are compelled to sue for dilapidations, or else sued ourselves, and scarce yet settled, we are called upon for our predecessor's arrearages ; first-fruits, tenths, subsidies are instantly to be paid, benevolence, procurations, etc., and which is most to be feared, we light upon a cracked title. Or else we are insulted over, and trampled on by domineering officers, fleeced by those greedy harpies to get more fees ; we stand in fear of some precedent lapse ; we fall amongst refractory, seditious sectaries, peevish puritans, perverse papists, a lascivious rout of atheistical Epicures, that will not be reformed, or some litigious people (those wild beasts of Ephesus must be fought with) that will not pay their dues without much repining, or compelled by long suit ; *Laici clericis oppido infesti*, an old axiom, all they think well gotten that is had from the church, and by such uncivil, harsh dealings, they make their poor minister weary of his place, if not



his life ; and put case they be quiet honest men, make the best of it, as often it falls out, from a polite and terse academic, he must turn rustic, rude, melancholize alone, learn to forget, or else, as many do, become maltsters, graziers, chapmen, etc. (now banished from the academy, all commerce of the muses, and confined to a country village, as Ovid was from Rome to Pontus), and daily converse with a company of idiots and clowns

#### 4. CAUSES ADVENTITIOUS

##### *Education a Cause of Melancholy*

Education, of these accidental causes of Melancholy, may justly challenge the next place, for if a man escape a bad nurse, he may be undone by evil bringing up. Jason Pratensis puts this of education for a principal cause ; bad parents, step-mothers, tutors, masters, teachers, too rigorous, too severe, too remiss or indulgent on the other side, are often fountains and furtherers of this disease. Parents and such as have the tuition and oversight of children, offend many times in that they are too stern, always threatening, chiding, brawling, whipping, or striking ; by means of which their poor children are so disheartened and cowed, that they never after have any courage, a merry hour in their lives, or take pleasure in any thing. There is a great moderation to be had in such things, as matters of so great moment to the making or marring of a child. Some fright their children with beggars, bugbears, and hobgoblins, if they cry, or be otherwise unruly : but they are much to blame in it, saith Lavater, for fear they fall into many diseases, and cry out in their sleep, and are much the worse for it all their lives : these things ought not at all, or to be

sparingly, done, and upon just occasion. Tyrannical, impatient, hare-brained schoolmasters, *aridi magistri*, so Fabius terms them *Ajaces flagelliferi*, are in this kind as bad as hangmen and executioners, they make many children endure a martyrdom all the while they are at school, with bad diet, if they board in their houses, too much severity and ill-usage, they quite pervert their temperature of body and mind : still chiding, railing, frowning, lashing, tasking, keeping, that they are moped many times weary of their lives, and think no slavery in the world (as once I did myself) like to that of a grammar scholar. Beza complains in like case of a rigorous schoolmaster in Paris, that made him by his continual thunder and threats once in a mind to drown himself, had he not met by the way with an uncle of his that vindicated him from that misery for the time, by taking him to his house. Many masters are hardhearted, and bitter to their servants, and by that means do so deject, with terrible speeches and hard usage so crucify them, that they become desperate, and can never be recalled.

Others again, in that opposite extreme, do as great harm by their too much remissness, they give them no bringing up, no calling to busy themselves about, or to live in, teach them no trade, or set them in any good course ; by means of which their servants, children, scholars, are carried away with that stream of drunkenness, idleness, gaming, and many such irregular courses, that in the end they rue it, curse their parents, and mischief themselves. Too much indulgence causeth the like, when as Mitio-like, with too much liberty and too great allowance they feed their children's humours, let them revel, wench, riot, swagger, and do what they will themselves, and then punish them with noise of musicians. So parents often err, many fond mothers especially, dote so

much upon their children, like Æsop's ape, till in the end they crush them to death, pampering up their bodies to the undoing of their souls; they will not let them be corrected or controlled, but still soothed up in every thing they do, that in conclusion "they bring sorrow, shame, heaviness to their parents, become wanton, stubborn, wilful, and disobedient; rude, untaught, headstrong, incorrigible, and graceless;" "they love them so foolishly," saith Cardan, "that they rather seem to hate them, bringing them not up to virtue but injury, not to learning but to riot, not to sober life and conversation, but to all pleasure and licentious behaviour." Who is he of so little experience that knows not this of Fabius to be true? "Education is another nature, altering the mind and will, and I would to God (saith he) we ourselves did not spoil our children's manners, by our overmuch cockering and nice education, and weaken the strength of their bodies and minds, that causeth custom, custom nature," etc. For these causes Plutarch gives a most especial charge to all parents, and many good cautions about bringing up of children, that they be not committed to indiscreet, passionate, bedlam tutors, light, giddy-headed, or covetous persons, and spare for no cost, that they may be well nurtured and taught, it being a matter of so great consequence. For such parents as do otherwise, Plutarch esteems of them "that they are more careful of their shoes than of their feet," that rate their wealth above their children. "And he," saith Cardan, "that leaves his son to a covetous schoolmaster to be informed, or to a close Abbey to fast and learn wisdom together, doth no other, than that he be a learned fool, or a sickly wise man."

*Terrors and Affrights, Causes of Melancholy*

Tully, in the fourth of his Tusculans, distinguishes these terrors which arise from the apprehension of some terrible object heard or seen, from other fears. Of all fears they are most pernicious and violent, and so suddenly alter the whole temperature of the body, move the soul and spirits, strike such a deep impression, that the parties can never be recovered, causing more grievous and fiercer melancholy, than any inward cause whatsoever: and imprints itself so forcibly in the spirits, brain, humours, that if all the mass of blood were let out of the body, it could hardly be extracted. Hercules de Saxonia calls this kind of melancholy by a peculiar name, it comes from the agitation, motion, contraction, dilatation of spirits, not from any distemperature of humours, and produceth strong effects. This terror is most usually caused, as Plutarch will have, "from some imminent danger, when a terrible object is at hand," heard, seen, or conceived, "truly appearing, or in a dream:" and many times the more sudden the accident, it is the more violent.

" Their soul's affright, their heart amazed quakes,  
The trembling liver pants i' th' veins, and aches."

Arthemedorus the grammarian lost his wits by the unexpected sight of a crocodile. The massacre at Lyons, 1572, in the reign of Charles IX, was so terrible and fearful, that many ran mad, some died, great-bellied women were brought to bed before their time, generally all affrighted aghast. Many lose their wits by the sudden sight of some spectrum or devil, a thing very common in all ages, as Orestes did at the sight of the Furies, which appeared to him in black. The

Greeks call them *μορμολύχεια*, which so terrify their souls, or if they be but affrighted by some counterfeit devils in jest, as children in the dark conceive hobgoblins, and are so afraid, they are the worse for it all their lives. Some by sudden fires, earthquakes, inundations, or any such dismal objects : Themison the physician fell into a hydrophobia, by seeing one sick of that disease : or by the sight of a monster, a carcass, they are disquieted many months following, and cannot endure the room where a corpse hath been, for a world would not be alone with a dead man, or lie in that bed many years after in which a man hath died. At Basil many little children in the spring time went to gather flowers in a meadow at the town's end, where a malefactor hung in gibbets ; all gazing at it, one by chance flung a stone, and made it stir, by which accident, the children affrighted ran away ; one slower than the rest, looking back, and seeing the stirred carcass wag towards her, cried out it came after, and was so terribly affrighted, that for many days she could not rest, eat, or sleep, she could not be pacified, but melancholy, died. In the same town another child, beyond the Rhine, saw a grave opened, and upon the sight of a carcass, was so troubled in mind that she could not be comforted, but a little after departed, and was buried up. A gentlewoman of the same city saw a fat hog cut up, when the entrails were opened, and a noisome savour offended her nose, she much misliked, and would not longer abide : a physician in presence told her, as that hog, so was she, full of filthy excrements, and aggravated the matter by some other loathsome instances, insomuch this nice gentlewoman apprehended it so deeply, that she fell forthwith a-vomiting, was so mightily distempered in mind and body, that with all his art and persuasions, for some months after, he could not restore her to herself again, she could not forget it,

or remove the object out of her sight. Many cannot endure to see a wound opened, but they are offended : a man executed, or labour of any fearful disease, as possession, apoplexies, one bewitched ; or if they read by chance of some terrible thing, the symptoms alone of such a disease, or that which they dislike, they are instantly troubled in mind, aghast, ready to apply it to themselves, they are as much disquieted as if they had seen it, or were so affected themselves. Let them bear witness that have heard those tragical alarms, outcries, hideous noises, which are many times suddenly heard in the dead of the night by irruption of enemies and accidental fires, etc., those panic fears, which often drive men out of their wits, bereave them of sense, understanding and all, some for a time, some for their whole lives, they never recover it. The Midianites were so affrighted by Gideon's soldiers, they breaking but every one a pitcher ; and Hannibal's army by such a panic fear was discomfited at the walls of Rome. Augusta Livia hearing a few tragical verses recited out of Virgil, *Tu Marcellus eris*, etc., fell down dead in a swoon. Edinus king of Denmark, by a sudden sound which he heard, " was turned into fury with all his men." At Bologna in Italy, *Anno* 1504, there was such a fearful earthquake about eleven o'clock in the night that all the city trembled, the people thought the world was at an end, such a fearful noise, it made such a detestable smell, the inhabitants were infinitely affrighted, and some ran mad. At Fuscinum in Japona there was such an earthquake, and darkness on a sudden, that many men were offended with headache, many overwhelmed with sorrow and melancholy. At Meacum whole streets and goodly palaces were overturned at the same time, and there was such a hideous noise withal, like thunder, and filthy smell, that their hair stared for fear, and their hearts quaked, men and beasts were

incredibly terrified. In Sacai, another city, the same earthquake was so terrible unto them, that many were bereft of their senses ; and others by that horrible spectacle so much amazed, that they knew not what they did. Blasius, a Christian, the reporter of the news, was so affrighted for his part, that though it were two months after, he was scarce his own man, neither could he drive the remembrance of it out of his mind. Many time, some years following, they will tremble afresh at the remembrance or conceit of such a terrible object, even all their lives long, if mention be made of it. Cornelius Agrippa relates out of Gulielmus Parisiensis, a story of one, that after a distasteful purge which a physician had prescribed unto him, was so much moved, " that at the very sight of physic he would be distempered," though he never so much as smelled to it, the box of physic long after would give him a purge ; nay, the very remembrance of it did effect it ; " like travellers and seamen," saith Plutarch, " that when they have been sanded, or dashed on a rock, for ever after fear not that mischance only but all such dangers whatsoever."

*Scoffs, Calumnies, Bitter Jests, How they Cause  
Melancholy*

It is an old saying, " A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword : " and many men are as much galled with a calumny, a scurrilous and bitter jest, a libel, a pasquil, satire, apologue, epigram, stage-play or the like, as with any misfortune whatsoever. Princes and potentates that are otherwise happy, and have all at command, secure and free, are grievously vexed with these pasquilling libels, and satires : they fear a railing Aretine, more than an enemy in the field, which made most princes of

his time (as some relate) "allow him a liberal pension, that he should not tax them in his satires." The gods had their Momus, Homer his Zoilus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades: the Cæsars themselves in Rome were commonly taunted. There was never wanting a Petronius, a Lucian in those times, nor will be a Rabelais, an Euphormio, a Boccalinus in ours. Adrian the sixth pope was so highly offended and grievously vexed with Pasquillers at Rome, he gave command that his statue should be demolished and burned, the ashes flung into the river Tiber, and had done it forthwith, had not Lodovicus Suessanus, a facetie companion, dissuaded him to the contrary, by telling him, that Pasquil's ashes would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak worse and louder than before, and therefore Socrates in Plato adviseth all his friends, "that respect their credits, to stand in awe of poets, for they are terrible fellows, can praise and dispraise as they see cause." The prophet David complains, Psalm cxliii. 4, "that his soul was full of the mocking of the wealthy, and of the despitefulness of the proud," and Psalm lv. 4. "for the voice of the wicked, etc., and their hate: his heart trembled within him, and the terrors of death came upon him; fear and horrible fear," etc., and Psalm lxix. 20, "Rebuke hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness." Who hath not like cause to complain, and is not so troubled, that shall fall into the mouths of such men? for many are of so petulant a spleen; and have that figure Sarcasmus so often in their mouths, so bitter, so foolish, as Baltasar Castilio notes of them, that "they cannot speak, but they must bite;" they had rather lose a friend than a jest; and what company soever they come in, they will be scoffing, insulting over their inferiors, especially over such as any way depend upon them, humouring, misusing, or putting gulleries on some or other till they have made by their humour-



ing or gulling a mope or a noddy, and all to make themselves merry. Friends, neuters, enemies, all are as one, to make a fool a madman, is their sport, and they have no greater felicity than to scoff and deride others; they must sacrifice to the god of laughter, with them in Apuleius, once a day, or else they shall be melancholy themselves; they care not how they grind and misuse others, so they may exhilarate their own persons. Their wits indeed serve them to that sole purpose, to make sport, to break a scurrile jest, which is the froth of wit, as Tully holds, and for this they are often applauded, in all other discourse, dry, barren, stramineous, dull and heavy, here lies their genius, in this they alone excel, please themselves and others. Leo Decimus, that scoffing pope, as Jovius hath registered in the Fourth book of his life, took an extraordinary delight in humouring of silly fellows, and to put gulleries upon them, by commending some, persuading others to this or that; he made soft fellows, stark noddies; and such as were foolish, quite mad before he left them. One memorable example he recites there, of Tarascomus of Parma, a musician that was so humoured by Leo Decimus, and Bibiena his second in this business, that he thought himself to be a man of most excellent skill (who was indeed a ninny), they "made him set foolish songs, and invent new ridiculous precepts, which they did highly commend," as to tie his arm that played on the lute, to make him strike a sweeter stroke, "and to pull down the Arras hangings, because the voice would be clearer, by reason of the reverberation of the wall." In the like manner they persuaded one Baraballius of Caieta, that he was as good a poet as Petrarch; would have him to be made a laureate poet, and invite all his friends to his instalment; and had so possessed the poor man with a conceit of his excellent poetry, that when some of his more

fore, ought not at all to be used ; especially to our betters, to those that are in misery, or any way distressed : for to such, they multiply grief, and as he perceived, many are ashamed, many vexed, angered, and there is no greater cause or furtherer of melancholy. Martin Cromerus, in the Sixth book of his history, hath a pretty story to this purpose, of Uladislaus, the second king of Poland, and Peter Dunnius, earl of Shrine ; they had been hunting late, and were enforced to lodge in a poor cottage. When they went to bed, Uladislaus told the earl in jest, that his wife lay softer with the abbot of Shrine ; he not able to contain, replied, “ and yours with Dabessus,” a gallant young gentleman in the court, whom Christina the queen loved. These words of his so galled the prince, that he was long after very sad and melancholy for many months ; but they were the earl’s utter undoing : for when Christina heard of it, she persecuted him to death. Tiberius the emperor withheld a legacy from the people of Rome, which his predecessor Augustus had lately given, and perceiving a fellow round a dead corse in the ear, would needs know wherefore he did so ; the fellow replied, that he wished the departed soul to signify to Augustus, the commons of Rome were yet unpaid ; for this bitter jest the emperor caused him forthwith to be slain, and carry the news himself. For this reason, all those that otherwise approve of jests in some cases, and facete companions, (as who doth not ?) let them laugh and be merry, ’tis laudable and fit, those yet will by no means admit them in their companies, that are any way inclined to this malady ; “ no jesting with a discontented person,” ’tis Castilio’s caveat, Jo. Pontanus, and Galateus, and every good man’s.

“ Play with me, but hurt me not :  
Jest with me, but shame me not.”

Though a man be liable to such a jest or obloquy, have been overseen, or committed a foul fact, yet it is no good manners or humanity to upbraid, to hit him in the teeth with his offence, or to scoff at such a one. I speak not of such as generally tax vice, Barclay, Gentilis, Erasmus, Agrippa, Fishcartus, etc., the Varronists and Lucians of our time, satirists, epigrammatists, comedians, apologists, etc., but such as personate, rail, scoff, calumniate, perstringe by name, or in presence offend. 'Tis horse-play this, and those jests are no better than injuries, biting jests, they are poisoned jests, leave a sting behind them, and ought not to be used.

“Set not thy foot to make the blind to fall;  
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker brother:  
Nor wound the dead with thy tongue's bitter gall,  
Neither rejoice thou in the fall of other.”

If these rules could be kept, we should have much more ease and quietness than we have, less melancholy; whereas, on the contrary, we study to misuse each other, how to sting and gall, like two fighting boors, bending all our force and wit, friends, fortune, to crucify one another's souls; by means of which, there is little content and charity, much virulency, hatred, malice, and disquietness among us.

*Loss of Liberty, Servitude, Imprisonment, How they  
Cause Melancholy*

To this catalogue of causes, I may well annex loss of liberty, servitude, or imprisonment, which to some persons is as great a torture as any of the rest. Though they have all things convenient, sumptuous houses to their use, fair walks and gardens, delicious bowers, galleries, good fare and diet, and

all things correspondent, yet they are not content, because they are confined, may not come and go at their pleasure, have and do what they will, but live at another man's table and command. As it is in meats, so it is in all other things, places, societies, sports; let them be never so pleasant, commodious, wholesome, so good; yet there is a loathing satiety of all things. The children of Israel were tired with manna, it is irksome to them so to live, as to a bird in a cage, or a dog in his kennel, they are weary of it. They are happy, it is true, and have all things, to another man's judgement, that heart can wish, or that they themselves can desire, yet they loathe it, and are tired with the present. Men's nature is still desirous of news, variety, delights; and our wandering affections are so irregular in this kind, that they must change, though it must be to the worst. Bachelors must be married, and married men would be bachelors; they do not love their own wives, though otherwise fair, wise, virtuous, and well qualified, because they are theirs; our present estate is still the worst, we cannot endure one course of life long, one calling long, one place long, that which we earnestly sought, we now condemn. This alone kills many a man, that they are tied to the same still, as a horse in a mill, a dog in a wheel, they run round, without alteration or news, their life groweth odious, the world loathsome, and that which crosseth their furious delights, what? still the same? Marcus Aurelius and Solomon, that had experience of all worldly delights and pleasures, confessed as much to themselves; what they most desired, was tedious at last, and that their lust could never be satisfied, all was vanity and affliction of mind.

Now if it be death itself, another hell, to be glutted with one kind of sport, dieted with one dish, tied to one place; though they have all things otherwise as they can desire, and are in heaven to another

man's opinion, what misery and discontent shall they have, that live in slavery, or in prison itself? And what calamity do they endure, that live with those hard taskmasters, in gold mines (like those 30,000 Indian slaves at Potosi, in Peru), tin mines, lead mines, stone-quarries, coal-pits, like so many mouldwarps under ground, condemned to the galleys, to perpetual drudgery, hunger, thirst, and stripes, without all hope of delivery? How are those women in Turkey affected, that most part of the year come not abroad; those Italian and Spanish dames, that are mewed up like hawks, and locked up by their jealous husbands? how tedious is it to them that live in stoves and caves half a year together? as in Iceland, Muscovy, or under the pole itself, where they have six months' perpetual night. Nay, what misery and discontent do they endure, that are in prison? They want all those six non-natural things at once, good air, good diet, exercise, company, sleep, rest, ease, etc., that are bound in chains all day long, suffer hunger, and (as Lucian describes it) "must abide that filthy stink, and rattling of chains, howlings, pitiful outcries, that prisoners usually make; these things are not only troublesome, but intolerable." They lie nastily among toads and frogs in a dark dungeon, in their own dung, in pain of body, in pain of soul, as Joseph did, Psalm cv. 18, "They hurt his feet in the stocks, the iron entered his soul." They live solitary, alone, sequestered from all company but heart-eating melancholy; and for want of meat, must eat that bread of affliction, prey upon themselves. Well might Arculanus put long imprisonment for a cause, especially to such as have lived jovially, in all sensuality and lust, upon a sudden are estranged and debarred from all manner of pleasures: as were Huniades, Edward, and Richard II, Valerian the Emperor, Bajazet the Turk.

If it be irksome to miss our ordinary companions and repast for once a day, or an hour, what shall it be to lose them for ever? If it be so great a delight to live at liberty, and to enjoy that variety of objects the world affords; what misery and discontent must it needs bring to him, that shall now be cast headlong into that Spanish inquisition, to fall from heaven to hell, to be cubbed up upon a sudden, how shall he be perplexed, what shall become of him? Robert Duke of Normandy being imprisoned by his youngest brother Henry I, from that day forward pined away with grief. Jugurtha that generous captain, "brought to Rome in triumph, and after imprisoned, through anguish of his soul, and melancholy, died." Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, the second man from King Stephen, (he that built that famous castle of Devizes in Wiltshire), was so tortured in prison with hunger, and all those calamities accompanying such men, he would not live, and could not die, between fear of death, and torments of life. But this is as clear as the sun, and needs no further illustration.

*Poverty and Want, Causes of Melancholy*

Poverty and want are so violent oppugners, so unwelcome guests, so much abhorred of all men, that I may not omit to speak of them apart. Poverty, although, (if considered aright, to a wise, understanding, truly regenerate, and contented man) it be a blessed estate, the way to heaven, as Chrysostom calls it, God's gift, the mother of modesty, and much to be preferred before riches (as shall be shown in his place), yet as it is esteemed in the world's censure, it is a most odious calling, vile and base, a severe torture, a most intolerable burden; we shun it all, *cane pejus et angue* (worse than a dog or a snake), we abhor the name of it, as being the fountain of all other

miseries, cares, woes, labours, and grievances, whatsoever. To avoid which, we will take any pains, we will leave no haven, no coast, no creek of the world unsearched, though it be to the hazard of our lives ; we will dive to the bottom of the sea, to the bowels of the earth, five, six, seven, eight, nine hundred fathom deep, through all five zones, and both extremes of heat and cold : we will turn parasites and slaves, prostitute ourselves, swear and lie, damn our bodies and souls, forsake God, abjure religion, steal, rob, murder, rather than endure this insufferable yoke of poverty, which doth so tyrannise, crucify, and generally depress us.

For look into the world, and you shall see men most part esteemed according to their means, and happy as they are rich. If he be likely to thrive, and in the way of preferment, who but he ? In the vulgar opinion, if a man be wealthy, no matter how he gets it, of what parentage, how qualified, how virtuously endowed, or villainously inclined ; let him be a bawd, a gripe, an usurer, a villain, a pagan, a barbarian, a wretch, Lucian's tyrant, " on whom you may look with less security than on the sun ; " so that he be rich (and liberal withal) he shall be honoured, admired, adored, revered, and highly magnified. All honour, offices, applause, grand titles, and turgent epithets are put upon him, all men's eyes are upon him, God bless his good worship, his honour ; every man speaks well of him, every man presents him, seeks and sues to him for his love, favour, and protection, to serve him, belong unto him, every man riseth to him, as to Themistocles in the Olympics, if he speak, as of Herod, *Vox Dei, non hominis*, the voice of God, not of man. All the graces, Veneres, elegances attend him, golden fortune accompanies and lodgeth with him ; and as to those Roman emperors, is placed in his chamber. He may sail as he will himself, and temper his estate, at his pleasure,

jovial days, splendour and magnificence, sweet music, dainty fare, the good things, and fat of the land, fine clothes, rich attires, soft beds, down pillows are at his command, all the world labours for him, thousands of artificers are his slaves to drudge for him, run, ride, and post for him : Divines, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, scholars are his, wholly devote to his service. Every man seeks his acquaintance, his kindred, to match with him, though he be an oaf, a ninny, a monster, a goosecap, he is an excellent match for my son, my daughter, my niece, etc. Let him go whither he will, trumpets sound, bells ring, etc., all happiness attends him, every man is willing to entertain him, he sups in Apollo where-soever he comes ; what preparation is made for his entertainment ! fish and fowl, spices and perfumes, all that sea and land affords. What cookery, masking, mirth to exhilarate his person ! What dish will your good worship eat of ?

“ Sweet apples, and whate’er thy fields afford,  
Before thy Gods be served, let serve thy Lord.”

What sport will your honour have ? Hawking, hunting, fishing, fowling, bulls, bears, cards, dice, cocks, players, tumblers, fiddlers, jesters, etc., they are at your good worship’s command. Fair houses, gardens, orchards, terraces, galleries, cabinets, pleasant walks, delightful places, they are at hand ; wine, wenches, etc., a Turkish paradise, a heaven upon earth. Though he be a silly soft fellow, and scarce have common sense, yet if he be born to fortunes (as I have said), he must have honour and office in his course. Get money enough and command kingdoms, provinces, armies, hearts, hands, and affections ; thou shalt have popes, patriarchs to be thy chaplains and parasites : thou shalt have (Tamerlane-like) kings to



draw thy coach, queens to be thy laundresses, emperors thy footstools, build more towns and cities than great Alexander, Babel towers, pyramids and mausolean tombs, etc., command heaven and earth; and tell the world it is thy vassal. And therefore not without good cause, John de Medicis, that rich Florentine, when he lay upon his death-bed, calling his sons, Cosmo and Laurence, before him, amongst other sober sayings, repeated this, "It doth me good to think yet, though I be dying, that I shall leave you, my children, sound and rich:" for wealth sways all. It is not with us, as amongst those Lacedæmonian senators of Lycurgus in Plutarch, "He preferred that deserved best, was most virtuous and worthy of the place, not swiftness, or strength, or wealth, or friends carried it in those days:" but *inter optimos optimus, inter temperantes temperantissimus*, the most temperate and best. We have no aristocracies but in contemplation, all oligarchies; wherein a few rich men domineer, do what they list, and are privileged by their greatness. They may freely trespass, and do as they please, no man dare accuse them, no not so much as mutter against them, there is no notice taken of it, they may securely do it, live after their own laws, and for their money get pardons, indulgences, redeem their souls from purgatory and hell itself. Let them be epicures, or atheists, libertines, machiavelians (as they often are), they may go to heaven through the eye of a needle, if they will themselves, they may be canonised for saints, they shall be honourably interred in mausolean tombs, commended by poets, registered in histories, have temples and statues erected to their names, *e manibus illis, nascentur violæ*. In our gullish times, whom you peradventure in modesty would give place to, as being deceived by his habit, and presuming him some great worshipful man, believe it, if you shall examine his estate, he will

likely be proved a serving man of no great note, my lady's tailor, his lordship's barber, or some such gull, a Fastidius Brisk, Sir Petronel Flash, a mere outside. Only this respect is given him, that where-soever he comes, he may call for what he will, and take place by reason of his outward habit.

But on the contrary, if he be poor, "all his days are miserable," he is under hatches, dejected, rejected and forsaken, poor in purse, poor in spirit; money gives life and soul. Though he be honest, wise, learned, well-deserving, noble by birth, and of excellent good parts; yet in that he is poor, unlikely to rise, come to honour, office or good means, he is contemned, neglected. "If he speak, what babbler is this?" If once poor, we are metamorphosed in an instant, base slaves, villains, and vile drudges: for to be poor is to be a knave, a fool, a wretch, a wicked, an odious fellow, a common eye-sore, say poor and say all: they are born to labour, to misery, to carry burdens like juments, and as Chremilus objected in Aristophanes, *salem lingere*, lick salt, to empty jakes, fay channels, carry out dirt and dung-hills, sweep chimneys, rub horse-heels, etc. I say nothing of Turks, galley-slaves, which are bought and sold like juments, or those African negroes, or poor Indian drudges. They are ugly to behold, and though erst spruce, now rusty and squalid, because poor, it is ordinarily so. "Others eat to live, but they live to drudge," a servile generation, that dare refuse no task. Sirrah, blow wind upon us while we wash, and bid your fellow get him up betimes in the morning, be it fair or foul, he shall run fifty miles afoot to-morrow, to carry me a letter to my mistress, Socia shall tarry at home and grind malt all day long, Tristan thresh. Thus are they commanded, being indeed some of them as so many footstools for rich men to tread on, blocks for them to get on horseback. They are commonly such people,

rude, silly, superstitious idiots, nasty, unclean, lousy, poor, dejected, slavishly humble : and as Leo Afer observes of the community of Africa, base by nature, and no more esteemed than dogs, no learning, no knowledge, no civility, scarce common sense, naught but barbarism amongst them, like rogues and vagabonds, they go barefooted and barelegged, the soles of their feet being as hard as horse-hoofs, as Radzivilus observed at Damietta in Egypt, leading a laborious, miserable, wretched, unhappy life, "like beasts and juments, if not worse : " (for a Spaniard in Incatan, sold three Indian boys for a cheese, and a hundred negro slaves for a horse), their discourse is scurrility, their *summum bonum* a pot of ale. There is not any slavery which these villains will not undergo, like those people that dwell in the Alps, chimney-sweepers, jakes-farmers, dirt-daubers, vagrant rogues, they labour hard some, and yet cannot get clothes to put on, or bread to eat. For what can filthy poverty give else, but beggary, fulsome nastiness, squalor, content, drudgery, labour, ugliness, hunger and thirst ; fleas and lice, rags for his raiment, and a stone for his pillow, he sits in a broken pitcher, or on a block for a chair, he drinks water, and lives on wort leaves, pulse, like a hog or scraps like a dog. As Chremilus concludes his speech, as we poor men live now-a-days, who will not take our life to be infelicity, misery, and madness ? ' Plato, therefore, calls poverty, "thievish, sacrilegious, filthy, wicked, and mischievous : " and well he might. For it makes many an upright man otherwise, had he not been in want, to take bribes, to be corrupt, to do against his conscience, to sell his tongue, heart, hand, etc., to be churlish, hard, unmerciful, uncivil, to use indirect means to help his present estate. It makes princes to exact upon their subjects, great men tyrannise, landlords oppress, justice mercenary, lawyers vultures, physicians

harpies, friends importunate, tradesmen liars, honest men thieves, devout assassins, great men to prostitute their wives, daughters, and themselves, middle sort to repine, commons to mutiny, all to grudge, murmur, and complain. A great temptation to all mischief, it compels some miserable wretches to counterfeit several diseases, to dismember, make themselves blind, lame, to have a more plausible cause to beg, and lose their limbs to recover their present wants. Jodocus Damhoderius, a lawyer of Bruges, hath some notable examples of such counterfeit cranks, and every village almost will yield abundant testimonies amongst us ; we have dummerers, Abraham men, etc. And that which is the extent of misery, it enforceth them, through anguish and wearisomness of their lives, to make away themselves : they had rather be hanged, drowned, etc., than to live without means.

“ Much better ’tis to break thy neck,  
Or drown thyself i’ the sea,  
Than suffer irksome poverty ;  
Go make thyself away.”

So that such men as are poor may justly be discontent, melancholy, and complain of their present misery, and all may pray with Solomon, “ Give me, O Lord, neither riches nor poverty ; feed me with food convenient for me.”

*A Heap of other Accidents causing Melancholy, Death  
of Friends, Losses, etc.*

In this labyrinth of accidental causes, the farther I wander, the more intricate I find the passage, and new causes as so many by-paths offer themselves to be discussed : to search out all, were an Herculean work, and fitter for Theseus : I will follow mine

intended thread ; and point only at some few of the chiefest.

*Death of Friends.* Amongst which, loss and death of friends may challenge a first place. Many are melancholy after a feast, holiday, merry meeting, or some pleasing sport, if they be solitary by chance, left alone to themselves, without employment, sport, or want their ordinary companions, some at the departure of friends only whom they shall shortly see again, weep and howl, and look after them as a cow lows after her calf, or a child takes on that goes to school after holidays. If parting of friends, absence alone can work such violent effects, what shall death do, when they must eternally be separated, never in this world to meet again ? This is so grievous a torment for the time, that it takes away their appetite, desire of life, extinguisheth all delights, it causeth deep sighs and groans, tears, exclamations, howling, roaring, many bitter pangs and by frequent meditation extends so far sometimes, " they think they see their dead friends continually in their eyes," as Conciliator confesseth he saw his mother's ghost presenting herself still before him. Still, still, still, that good father, that good son, that good wife, that dear friend runs in their minds. They that are most staid and patient, are so furiously carried headlong by the passion of sorrow in this case, that brave discreet men otherwise, oftentimes forget themselves, and weep like children many months together, " as if that they to water would," and will not be comforted. They are gone, they are gone ; what shall I do ?

So did Adrian the emperor bewail his Antinous ; Hercules, Hylas ; Orpheus, Eurydice ; David, Absalom ; (O my dear son Absalom ; ) Austin his mother Monica, Niobe her children, insomuch that the poets feigned her to be turned into a stone, as being stupefied through the extremity of grief. Alexander commanded the battlements of houses to be pulled down,

mules and horses to have their manes shorn off, and many common soldiers to be slain, to accompany his dear Hephestion's death ; which is now practised amongst the Tartars, when a great Cham dieth, ten or twelve thousand must be slain, men and horses, all they meet ; and amongst those the Pagan Indians, their wives and servants voluntarily die with them.

There is another sorrow, which arises from the loss of temporal goods and fortunes, which equally afflicts, and may go hand in hand with the preceding ; loss of time, loss of honour, office, of good name, of labour, frustrate hopes, will much torment ; but in my judgment, there is no torture like unto it, or that sooner procureth this malady and mischief. Many persons are affected like Irishmen in this behalf, who if they have a good scimatar, had rather have a blow on their arm, than their weapon hurt : they will sooner lose their life, than their goods : and the grief that cometh hence, continueth long and out of many dispositions procureth an habit. Nothing so familiar, as for men in such cases, through anguish of mind to make away themselves. A poor fellow went to hang himself (which Ausonius hath eloquently expressed in a neat epigram), but finding by chance a pot of money, flung away the rope, and went merrily home, but he that hid the gold, when he missed it, hanged himself with that rope, which the other man had left, in a discontented humour.

Next to sorrow still I may annex such accidents as procure fear ; for besides those terrors which I have before touched, and many other fears (which are infinite), there is a superstitious fear, one of the three great causes of fear in Aristotle, commonly caused by prodigies and dismal accidents, which much trouble many of us. As if a hare cross the way at our going forth, or a mouse gnaw our clothes : if

they bleed three drops at nose, the salt fall towards them, a black spot appear in their nails, etc., they are so much affected, that with the very strength of imagination, fear, and the devil's craft, "they pull those misfortunes they suspect upon their own heads, and that which they fear shall come upon them."

As much we may say of them that are troubled with their fortunes; or ill destinies foreseen. The foreknowledge of what shall come to pass, crucifies many men: foretold by astrologers, or wizards, be it ill accident, or death itself: which often falls out by God's permission. At this day, this foolish fear mightily crucifies them in China: as Matthew Riccius the Jésuit informeth us, in his commentaries of those countries, of all nations they are most superstitious, and much tormented in this kind, attributing so much to their diviners, that fear itself and conceit cause it to fall out: if he foretell sickness such a day, that very time they will be sick, and many times die as it is foretold. A true saying, *Timor mortis, morte peior*, the fear of death is worse than death itself, and the memory of that sad hour, to some fortunate and rich man, "is as bitter as gall," Ecclus. xli. 1. A worse plague cannot happen to a man, than to be so troubled in his mind; 'tis a heavy separation, to leave their goods, with so much labour got, pleasures of the world, which they have so deliciously enjoyed, friends and companions whom they so dearly loved, all at once. "O Clotho," Megapetus the tyrant in Lucian exclaims, now ready to depart, "let me live a while longer. I will give thee a thousand talents of gold, and two boles besides, which I took from Cleocritus, worth a hundred talents apiece." "Woe's me," saith another, "what goodly manors shall I leave! what fertile fields! what a fine house! what pretty children! how many servants! Who shall gather my grapes, my corn? Must I now die so

well settled ? Leave all, so richly and well provided ?  
Woe's me, what shall I do ? ”

*Annula vagula, blandula,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca ?*

To these tortures of fear and sorrow, may well be annexed curiosity, that irksome, that tyrannising care, superfluous industry about unprofitable things and their qualities,” as Thomas defines it ; an itching humour or a kind of longing to see that which is not to be seen, to do that which ought not to be done, to know that secret which should not be known, to eat of the forbidden fruit. We commonly molest and tire ourselves about things unfit and unnecessary, as Martha troubled herself to little purpose. Be it in religion, humanity, magic, philosophy, policy, any action or study, 'tis a needless trouble, a mere torment. For what else is school divinity, how many doth it puzzle ? what fruitless questions about the Trinity, resurrection, election, predestination, reprobation, hell-fire, etc. how many shall be saved, damned ? What else is all superstition but an endless observation of idle ceremonies, traditions ? What is most of our philosophy but a labyrinth of opinions, idle questions, propositions, metaphysical terms ? Socrates, therefore, held all philosophers cavillers and mad men, because they commonly sought after such things, or put case they did understand, yet they were altogether unprofitable. For what matter is it for us to know how high the Pleiades are, how far distant Perseus and Cassiopea from us, how deep the sea, etc. ? we are neither wiser, as he follows it, nor modester, nor better, nor richer, nor stronger for the knowledge of it. I may say the same of those genethliacal studies, what is astrology but vain elections, predictions ? all magic, but a troublesome error, a pernicious foppery ? physic, but intricate rules and prescriptions ? philology, but vain criticisms ? logic, needless sophisms ? metaphysics themselves, but



intricate subtilties and fruitless abstractions? alchemy, but a bundle of errors? to what end are such great tomes? why do we spend so many years in their studies? Much better to know nothing at all, as those barbarous Indians are wholly ignorant, than as some of us, to be sore vexed about unprofitable toys: to build a house without pins, make a rope of sand, to what end? *cui bono*? He studies on, but as the boy told St. Austin, when I have laved the sea dry, thou shalt understand the mystery of the Trinity. He makes observations, keeps times and seasons; and as Conradus the emperor would not touch his new bride, till an astrologer had told him a masculine hour, but with what success? He travels into Europe, Africa, Asia, searcheth every creek, sea, city, mountain, gulf, to what end? See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all. An alchemist spends his fortunes to find out the philosopher's stone forsooth, cure all diseases, make men long-lived, victorious, fortunate, invisible, and beggars himself, misled by those seducing impostors (which he shall never attain) too make gold; an antiquary consumes his treasure and time to scrape up a company of old coins, statues, rules, edicts, manuscripts, etc., he must know what was done of old in Athens, Rome, what lodging, diet, houses they had, and have all the present news at first, though never so remote, before all others, what projects, counsels, consultations, etc., *quid Juno in aurem insusurret Jovi*, what's now decreed in France, what in Italy: who was he, whence comes he, which way, whither goes he, etc., Aristotle must find out the motion of Euripus; Pliny must needs see Vesuvius, but how sped they? One loseth goods, another his life; Pyrrhus will conquer Africa first, and then Asia; he will be a sole monarch, a second immortal, a third is over-solicitous about his diet, he must have such and such exquisite sauces,

meat so dressed, so far fetched, so cooked, etc., something to provoke thirst, something anon to quench his thirst. Thus he redeems his appetite with extraordinary charge to his purse, is seldom pleased with any meal, whilst a trivial stomach useth all with delight, and is never offended. Another must have roses in winter, snow-water in summer, fruits before they can be or are usually ripe, artificial gardens and fish-ponds on the tops of houses, all things opposite to the vulgar sort, intricate and rare, or else they are nothing worth. So busy, nice, curious wits make that insupportable in all vocations, trades, actions, employments, which to duller apprehensions is not offensive, earnestly seeking that which others so scornfully neglect. Thus through our foolish curiosity do we macerate ourselves, tire our souls, and run headlong, through our indiscretion, perverse will, and want of government, into many needless cares and troubles, vain expenses, tedious journeys, painful hours; and when all is done, *quorsum hæc? cui bono?* to what end?

*Unfortunate marriage.* Amongst these passions and irksome accidents, unfortunate marriage may be ranked: a condition of life appointed by God himself in Paradise, an honourable and happy estate, and as great a felicity as can befall a man in this world, if the parties can agree as they ought, and live as Seneca lived with his Paulina; but if they be unequally matched, or at discord, a greater misery cannot be expected, to have a scold, a slut, a harlot, a fool, a fury or a fiend, there can be no such plague. "He that hath her is as if he held a scorpion," "a wicked wife makes a sorry countenance, a heavy heart, and he had rather dwell with a lion than keep house with such a wife." Or if they be not equal in years, the like mischief happens.

A young gentlewoman in Basil was married, saith Felix Plater, to an ancient man against her will, whom

she could not affect ; she was continually melancholy, and pined away for grief ; and though her husband did all he could possibly to give her content, in a discontented humour at length she hanged herself. Many other stories he relates in this kind. Thus men are plagued with women ; they again with men, when they are of divers humours and conditions. Every repulse is of like nature. Disgrace, infamy, detraction will almost affect as much, and that a long time after. Hipponax, a satirical poet, so vilified and lashed two painters in his iambics, that both hanged themselves. Ill-bestowed benefits, ingratitude, unthankful friends, and much disquiet molest some. Unkind speeches trouble as many : uncivil carriage or dogged answers, weak women above the rest, if they proceed from their surly husbands, are as bitter as gall, and not to be digested. A glassman's wife in Basil became melancholy because her husband said he would marry again if she died. Some persons are at their wit's ends, if by chance they overshoot themselves, in their ordinary speeches, or actions, which may after turn to their disadvantage or disgrace, or have any secret disclosed. Ronseus reports of a gentlewoman, 25 years old, that falling foul with one of her gossips, was upbraided with a secret infirmity (no matter what) in public, and so much grieved with it, that she did thereupon forsake all company, quite moped, and in a melancholy humour pine away. Others are as much tortured to see themselves rejected, contemned, scorned, disabled, defamed, detracted, undervalued, or left behind their fellows. Prætextatus, a robed gentleman in Plutarch, would not sit down at a feast, because he might not sit highest, but went his ways all in a chafe. We see the common quarrellings that are ordinary with us, for taking of the wall, precedence, and the like, which though toys in themselves, and things of no moment, yet they cause many distempers, much heart-burning amongst

us. Nothing pierceth deeper than a contempt or disgrace, especially if they be generous spirits, scarce any thing affects them more than to be despised or vilified.

O blessed health ! thou art above all gold and treasure, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, without thee there can be no happiness : or visited with some loathsome disease, offensive to others, or troublesome to ourselves ; as a stinking breath, deformity of our limbs, crookedness, loss of an eye, leg, hand, paleness, leanness, redness, baldness, loss or want of hair, etc., as saith Synesius, he himself troubled not a little *ob comæ defectum*, the loss of hair alone strikes a cruel stroke to the heart. Acco, an old woman, seeing by chance her face in a true glass (for she used false flattering glasses belike at other times, as most gentlewomen do), ran mad. Brotheus, the son of Vulcan, because he was ridiculous for his imperfections, flung himself into the fire. Lais of Corinth, now grown old, gave up her glass to Venus, for she could not abide to look upon it. Generally to fair nice pieces, old age and foul linen are two most odious things, a torment of torments, they may not abide the thought of it.

" Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,  
Let lions dire this naked corse devour.  
My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,  
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays ;  
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,  
Let tigers friendly riot in my blood."

To be foul, ugly, and deformed, much better be buried alive. Some are fair but barren, and that galls them. "Hannah wept sore, did not eat, and was troubled in spirit, and all for her barrenness." Rachel said in the anguish of her soul, "give me a child, or I shall die : " another hath too many : one was never married, and that's his hell, another is and that's his plague.

Many men catch this malady by eating certain meats, herbs, roots, at unawares; as henbane, nightshade, cicuta, mandrakes, etc. A company of young men at Agrigentum in Sicily, came into a tavern; where after they had freely taken their liquor, whether it were the wine itself, or something mixed with it, 'tis not yet known, but upon a sudden they began to be so troubled in their brains, and their phantasy so crazed, that they thought they were in a ship at sea, and now ready to be cast away by reason of a tempest. Wherefore to avoid shipwreck and present drowning, they flung all the goods in the house out at the windows into the street, or into the sea, as they supposed; thus they continued mad a pretty season, and being brought before the magistrate to give an account of this their fact, they told him (not yet recovered of their madness) that what was done they did for fear of death, and to avoid imminent danger: the spectators were all amazed at this their stupidity, and gazed on them still, whilst one of the ancientest of the company, in a grave tone, excused himself to the magistrate upon his knees, I beseech your deities, etc., for I was in the bottom of the ship all the while: another besought them as so many sea gods to be good unto them, and if ever he and his fellows came to land again, he would build an altar to their service. The magistrate could not sufficiently laugh at this their madness, bid them sleep it out, and so went his ways. Many such accidents frequently happen, upon these unknown occasions. Some are caused by philters, wandering in the sun, biting of a mad dog, a blow on the head, stinging with that kind of spider, called tarantula. Their symptoms are merrily described by Jovianus Pontanus, how they dance altogether, and are cured by music. Some lose their wits by terrible objects (as elsewhere I have more copiously dilated) and life itself many times, as Hippolitus affrighted

by Neptune's sea-horses, Athemas by Juno's furies: but these relations are common in all writers.

"Many such causes, much more could I say,  
But that for provender my cattle stay:  
The sun declines, and I must needs away"

These causes if they be considered, and come alone, I do easily yield, can do little of themselves, seldom, or apart, (an old oak is not felled at a blow), though many times they are all sufficient every one: yet if they concur, as often they do, they may batter a strong constitution; as Austin said, "many grains and small sands sink a ship, many small drops make a flood," etc., often reiterated; many dispositions produce an habit.

And thus in brief you have had the general and particular causes of melancholy.

Now go and brag of thy present happiness, whosoever thou art, brag of thy temperature, of thy good parts, insult, triumph, and boast; thou seest in what a brittle state thou art, how soon thou mayest be dejected, how many several ways, by bad diet, bad air, a small loss, a little sorrow or discontent, an ague, etc.; how many sudden accidents may procure thy ruin, what a small tenure of happiness thou hast in this life, how weak and silly a creature thou art. "Humble thyself, therefore, under the mighty hand of God," 1 Peter, v. 6, know thyself, acknowledge thy present misery and make right use of it. Thou dost now flourish, and hast goods of body, mind, and fortune, thou knowest not what storms and tempests the late evening may bring with it. Be not secure then, "be sober and watch," if fortunate and rich; if sick and poor, moderate thyself. I have said.

## 5. SYMPTOMS

*Symptoms, or Signs of Melancholy in the Body*

Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at Athens, put him to extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint. I need not be so barbarous, inhuman, curious, or cruel, for this purpose to torture any poor melancholy man, their symptoms are plain, obvious and familiar, their needs no such accurate observation or far-fetched object, they delineate themselves, they voluntarily betray themselves, they are too frequent in all places, I meet them still as I go, they cannot conceal it, their grievances are too well known, I need not seek far to describe them.

*Fear.* Arculanus will have these symptoms to be definite, as indeed they are, varying according to the parties, "for scarce is there one of a thousand that dotes alike." Some few of greater note I will point at; and amongst the rest, fear and sorrow, which as they are frequent causes, so if they persevere long, according to Hippocrates and Galen's aphorisms, they are most assured signs, inseparable companions, and characters of melancholy. Many fear death, and yet in a contrary humour, make away themselves. Some are afraid that heaven will fall on their heads: some they are damned, or shall be. They are troubled with scruples of consciences, disturbing God's mercies, think they shall go certainly to hell, the devil will have them, and make great lamentation. Fear of devils, death, that they shall be so sick of some such

or such disease, ready to tremble at every object, they shall die themselves forthwith, or that some of their dear friends or near allies are certainly dead ; imminent danger, loss, disgrace, still torment others, etc. ; that they are all glass, and therefore will suffer no man to come near them : that they are all cork, as light as feathers ; others as heavy as lead ; some are afraid their heads will fall off their shoulders, that they have frogs in their bellies, etc. Montanus speaks of one " that durst not walk alone from home, for fear he should swoon or die." A second " fears every man he meets will rob him, quarrel with him, or kill him." A third dares not venture to walk alone, for fear he should meet the devil, a thief, be sick ; fears all old women as witches, and every black dog or cat he sees he suspecteth to be a devil, every person comes near him is malificiated, every creature, all intend to hurt him, seek his ruin ; another dares not go over a bridge, come near a pool, rock, steep hill, lie in a chamber where cross beams are, for fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate himself. If he be in a silent auditory, as at a sermon, he is afraid he shall speak aloud at unawares, something indecent, unfit to be said. If he be locked in a close room, he is afraid of being stifled for want of air, and still carries biscuit, aquavitæ, or some strong waters about him, for fear of deliquiums, or being sick ; or if he be in a throng, middle of a church, multitude, where he may not well get out, though he sit at ease, he is so misaffected. He will freely promise, undertake any business beforehand, but when it comes to be performed, he dare not adventure, but fears an infinite number of dangers, disasters, etc. Some are " afraid to be burned, or that the ground will sink under them, or swallow them quick, or that the king will call them in question for some fact they never did and that they shall surely be executed." The terror of such a death troubles



them, and they fear as much, and are equally tormented in mind, "as they that have committed a murder, and are pensive without a cause, as if they were now presently to be put to death."

*Suspicion, jealousy.* Suspicion and jealousy are general symptoms: they are commonly distrustful, apt to mistake, and amplify, testy, pettish, peevish, and ready to snarl upon every small occasion. If they speak in jest, he takes it in good earnest. If they be not saluted, invited, consulted with, called to council, etc., or that any respect, small compliment, or ceremony be omitted, they think themselves neglected, and contemned; for a time that tortures them. If two walk together, discourse, whisper, jest, or tell a tale in general, he thinks presently they mean him, applies all to himself. Or if they talk with him, he is ready to misconstrue every word they speak, and interpret it to the worst; he cannot endure any man to look steadily on him, speak to him almost, laugh, jest, or be familiar, or hem, or point, cough, or spit, or make a noise sometimes, etc. He thinks they laugh or point at him, or do it in disgrace of him, circumvent him, condemn him; every man looks at him, he is pale, red, sweats for fear and anger, lest somebody should observe him. He works upon it, and long after this false conceit of an abuse troubles him.

*Inconstancy.* Inconstant they are in all their actions, vertiginous, restless, unapt to resolve of any business, they will and will not, persuaded to and fro upon every small occasion, or word spoken: and yet if once they be resolved, obstinate, hard to be reconciled. If they abhor, dislike, or distaste, once settled, though to the better by odds, by no counsel, or persuasion to be removed. Yet in most things wavering, irresolute, unable to deliberate. Now prodigal, and then covetous, they do, and by and by repent them of that which they have done, so

that both ways they are troubled, whether they do or do not, want or have, hit or miss, disquieted of all hands, soon weary, and still seeking change, restless, I say, fickle, fugitive, they may not abide to tarry in one place long. Eftsoons pleased, and anon displeased, as a man that's bitten with fleas, or that cannot sleep turns to and fro in his bed, their restless minds are tossed and vary, they have no patience to read out a book, to play out a game or two, walk a mile, sit an hour, etc., erected and dejected in an instant : animated to undertake, and upon a word spoken again discouraged.

*Humorous.* Humorous they are beyond all measure, sometimes profusely laughing, extraordinarily merry, and then again weeping without a cause (which is familiar with many gentlewomen), groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted, they feign many absurdities, vain, void of reason : one supposeth himself to be a dog, cock, bear, horse, glass, butter, etc. He is a giant, a dwarf, as strong as an hundred men, a lord, duke, prince, etc. And if he be told he hath a stinking breath, a great nose, that he is sick, or inclined to such or such a disease, he believes it eftsoons, and peradventure by force of imagination will work it out. Many of them are immovable, and fixed in their conceits, others vary upon every object, heard or seen. If they see a stage-play, they run upon that a week after ; if they hear music, or see dancing, they have nought but bagpipes in their brain ; if they see a combat, they are all for arms. One thinks himself a giant, another a dwarf ; one is heavy as lead, another is as light as a feather. Marcellus Donatus, makes mention out of Seneca, of one Senecchio, a rich man, "that thought himself and everything else he had, great : great wife, great horses, could not abide little things, but would have great pots to drink in, great hose, and great shoes bigger than his feet." Like

her in Trallianus, that supposed she could "shake all the world with her finger," and was afraid to clinch her hand together, lest she should crush the world like an apple in pieces: or him in Galen, that thought he was Atlas, and sustained heaven with his shoulders. Another thinks himself so little, that he can creep into a mousehole: one fears heaven will fall on his head: a second is a cock; and such a one, Guianerius saith he saw at Padua, that would clap his hands together and crow. Another thinks he is a nightingale, and therefore sings all the night long; another he is all glass, a pitcher, and will therefore let nobody come near him, and such a one Laurentius gives out upon his credit, that he knew in France. Christophorus a Vega, Skenckius and Marcellus Donatus, have many such examples, and one amongst the rest a baker in Ferrara, that thought he was composed of butter, and durst not sit in the sun, or come near the fire for fear of being melted: of another that thought he was a case of leather, stuffed with wind. Some laugh, weep; some are mad, some dejected, moped, in much agony, some by fits, others continue, etc. Some have a corrupt ear, they think they hear music, or some hideous noise as their phantasy conceives, corrupt eyes, some smelling: some one sense, some another. Lewis the Eleventh had a conceit everything did stink about him, all the odoriferous perfumes they could get, would not ease him, but still he smelled a filthy stink. This progress of melancholy you shall easily observe in them that have been so affected, they go smiling to themselves at first, at length they laugh out; at first solitary, at last they can endure no company: or if they do they are now dizzards, past sense and shame, quite moped, they care not what they say or do, all their actions, words, gestures, are furious or ridiculous. At first his mind is troubled, he doth not attend what is said, if you tell him a tale, he cries at last, what

said you? but in the end he mutters to himself, as old women do many times, or old men when they sit alone, upon a sudden they laugh, whoop, halloo, or run away, and swear they see or hear players, devils, hobgoblins, ghosts, strike, or strut, etc., grow humorous in the end: he will dress himself, and undress, careless at last, grows insensible, stupid, or mad. He howls like a wolf, barks like a dog, and raves like Ajax and Orestes, hears music and outcries, which no man else hears.

As serious in a toy, as if it were a most necessary business, of great moment, importance, and still, still, still thinking of it: macerating themselves. Though they do talk with you, and seem to be otherwise employed, and to your thinking very intent and busy, still that toy runs in their mind, that fear, that suspicion, that abuse, that jealousy, that agony, that vexation, that cross, that castle in the air, that crotchet, that whimsy, that fiction, that pleasant waking dream, whatsoever it is. They do not much heed what you say, their mind is on another matter; ask what you will, they do not attend, or much intend that business they are about, but forget themselves what they are saying, doing, or should otherwise say or do, whither they are going, distracted with their own melancholy thoughts. One laughs upon a sudden, another smiles to himself, a third frowns, calls, his lips go still, he acts with his hand as he walks.

*Solitariness.* Most part they will scarce be compelled to do that which concerns them, though it be for their good, so diffident, so dull, of small or no compliment, unsociable, hard to be acquainted with, especially of strangers; they had rather write their minds than speak, and above all things love solitariness. Are they so solitary for pleasure (one asks) or pain? for both; yet I rather think for fear and sorrow. They delight in floods and waters, desert places, to walk alone in orchards, gardens, private walks, back

lanes, averse from company, as Diogenes in his tub, or Timon Misanthropus, they abhor all companions at last, even their nearest acquaintances, and most familiar friends, for they have a conceit (I say) every man observes them, will deride, laugh to scorn, or misuse them, confining themselves therefore wholly to their private houses or chambers, they will diet themselves, feed and live alone. It was one of the chiefest reasons why the citizens of Abdera suspected Democritus to be melancholy and mad, because that, as Hippocrates related in his epistle to Philopœmenes, "ye forsook the city, lived in groves and hollow trees, upon a green bank by a brook side, or confluence of waters all day long, and all night." But this and all precedent symptoms, are more or less apparent, as the humour is intended or remitted, hardly perceived in some, or not at all, most manifest in others. Childish in some, terrible in others; to be derided in one, pitied or admired in another; to him by fits, to a second continue: and howsoever these symptoms be common and incident to all persons, yet they are the most remarkable, frequent, furious and violent in melancholy men. To speak in a word, there is nothing so vain, absurd, ridiculous, extravagant, impossible, incredible, so monstrous a chimæra, so prodigious and strange, such as painters and poets durst not attempt, which they will not really fear, feign, suspect, and imagine unto themselves: and that which Lodovicus said in a jest of a silly country fellow, that killed his ass for drinking up the moon, you may truly say of them in earnest; they will act, conceive all extremes, contrarieties, and contradictions, and that in infinite varieties. The tower of Babel never yielded such confusion of tongues, as the chaos of melancholy doth variety of symptoms.



## SECOND PARTITION

### *CURE OF MELANCHOLY*

#### I. EXERCISE RECTIFIED

TO that great inconvenience, which comes on the one side by immoderate and unseasonable exercise, too much solitariness and idleness on the other, must be opposed as an antidote, a moderate and seasonable use of it, and that both of body and mind, as a most material circumstance, much conducing to this cure, and to the general preservation of our health. The heavens themselves run continually round, the sun riseth and sets, the moon increaseth and decreaseth, stars, and planets keep their constant motions, the air is still tossed by the winds, the waters ebb and flow to their conservation no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action. Xenophon wisheth one rather to play at tables, dice, or make a jester of himself (though he might be far better employed), than do nothing. The Egyptians of old, and many flourishing commonwealths since, have joined labour and exercise to all sorts of men, to be of some vocation and calling, and to give an account of their time, to prevent those grievous mischiefs that come by idleness ; “ for as fodder, whip, and burthen belong to the ass : so meat, correction, and work unto the servant.” The Turks enjoin all men whatsoever, of what degree, to be of some trade or other, the Grand Signior himself is not excused. “ In our memory (saith Sabellicus), Mahomet the Turk, he

that conquered Greece, at that very time when he heard ambassadors of other princes, did either carve or cut wooden spoons, or frame something upon a table." This present sultan makes notches for bows. The Jews are most severe in this examination of time. All well-governed places, towns, families, and every discreet person will be a law unto himself. But amongst us the badge of gentry is idleness: to be of no calling, not to labour, for that's derogatory to their birth, to be a mere spectator, a drone, to have no necessary employment to busy himself about in church and commonwealth (some few governors exempted), "but to rise to eat," etc., to spend his days in hawking, hunting, etc., and such like disports and recreations (which our casuists tax), are the sole exercise almost, and ordinary actions of our nobility, and in which they are too immoderate. And thence it comes to pass, that in city and country so many grievances of body and mind, and this feral disease of melancholy so frequently rageth, and now domineers almost all over Europe amongst our great ones. They know not how to spend their time (disports excepted, which are all their business), what to do, or otherwise how to bestow themselves: like our modern Frenchmen, that had rather lose a pound of blood in a single combat, than a drop of sweat in any honest labour. Therefore to correct and avoid these errors and inconveniences, our divines, physicians, and politicians, so much labour, and so seriously exhort; and for this disease in particular, "there can be no better cure than continual business," as Rhasis holds, "to have some employment or other, which may set their mind awork, and distract their cogitations." Riches may not easily be had without labour and industry, nor learning without study, neither can our health be preserved without bodily exercise. If it be of the body, Guianerius allows that exercise which is gentle, "and still after



those ordinary frications " which must be used every morning. Montaltus, and Jason Pratensis use almost the same words, highly commending exercise if it be moderate ; " a wonderful help so used," Crato calls it, " and a great means to preserve our health, as adding strength to the whole body, increasing natural heat, by means of which the nutriment is well concocted in the stomach, liver, and veins, few or no crudities left, is happily distributed over all the body." Besides, it expels excrements by sweat and other insensible vapours ; insomuch that, Galen prefers exercise before all physic, rectification of diet, or any regimen in what kind soever ; 'tis nature's physician. Fulgentius, out of Gordonius, terms exercise, " a spur of a dull, sleepy nature, the comforter of the members, cure of infirmity, death of diseases, destruction of all mischiefs and vices." The fittest time for exercise is a little before dinner, a little before supper, or at any time when the body is empty. Montanus, prescribes it every morning to his patient, and that, as Calenus adds, " after he hath done his ordinary needs, rubbed his body, washed his hands and face, combed his head and gargarised." What kind of exercise he should use, Galen tells us, and in what measure, " till the body be ready to sweat," and roused up ; *ad ruborem*, some say, *non ad sudorem*, lest it should dry the body too much ; others enjoin those wholesome businesses, as to dig so long in his garden, to hold the plough, and the like. Some prescribe frequent and violent labour and exercises, as sawing every day so long together (Hippocrates confounds them), but that is in some cases, to some peculiar men ; the most forbid, and by no means will have it go farther than a beginning sweat, as being perilous if it exceed.

Of these labours, exercises, and recreations, which are likewise included, some properly belong to the body, some to the mind, some more easy, some hard,

some with delight, some without, some within doors, some natural, some are artificial. Amongst bodily exercises, Galen commends to play at ball, be it with the hand or racket, in tennis-courts or otherwise, it exerciseth each part of the body, and doth much good, so that they sweat not too much. It was in great request of old amongst the Greeks, Romans, Barbarians, mentioned by Homer, Herodotus, and Plinius. Some write, that Aganella, a fair maid of Corcyra, was the inventor of it, for she presented the first ball that ever was made to Nausica, the daughter of King Alcinous, and taught her how to use it.

The ordinary sports which are used abroad are hawking, hunting, *hilares venandi labores*, one calls them, because they recreate body and mind, another the "best exercise that is, by which alone many have been freed from all feral diseases." Paulus Jovius, doth in some sort tax our "English nobility for it, for living in the country so much, and too frequent use of it, as if they had no other means but hawking and hunting to approve themselves gentlemen with."

Hawking comes near to hunting, the one in the air, as the other on the earth, a sport as much affected as the other, by some preferred. It was never heard of amongst the Romans, invented some twelve hundred years since, and first mentioned by Firmicus. The Greek emperors began it, and now nothing so frequent: he is nobody that in the season hath not a hawk on his fist. A great art, and many books written of it. It is a wonder to hear what is related of the Turks' officers in this behalf, how many thousand men are employed about it, how many hawks of all sorts, how much revenues consumed on that only disport, how much time is spent at Adrianople alone every year to that purpose. The Persian kings hawk after butterflies with sparrows made to that use, and stares: lesser hawks for

lesser games they have, and bigger for the rest, that they may produce their sport to all seasons. The Muscovian emperors reclaim eagles to fly at hinds, foxes, etc., and such a one was sent for a present to Queen Elizabeth: some reclaim ravens, castrils, pies, etc., and man them for their pleasures.

Fowling is more troublesome, but all out as delightful to some sorts of men, be it with guns, lime, nets, glades, gins, strings, baits, pitfalls, pipes, calls, stalking-horses, setting-dogs, decoy-ducks, etc., or otherwise. Some much delight to take larks with day-nets, small birds with chaff-nets, plovers, partridge, herons, snipe, etc. Henry the Third, king of Castile was much affected "with catching of quails," and many gentlemen take a singular pleasure at morning and evening to go abroad with their quail-pipes, and will take any pains to satisfy their delight in that kind.

Fishing is a kind of hunting by water, be it with nets, weeles, baits, angling, or otherwise, and yields all out as much pleasure to some men as dogs or hawks, when they draw their fish upon the bank, saith Nic. Henselius *Silesiographiæ*, speaking of that extraordinary delight his countrymen took in fishing, and in making of pools. James Dubravius, that Moravian, in his book telleth how, travelling by the highway side in Silesia, he found a nobleman, "booted up to the groins," wading himself, pulling the nets, and labouring as much as any fisherman of them all: and when some belike objected to him the baseness of his office, he excused himself, "that if other men might hunt hares, why should not he hunt carps?" Many gentlemen in like sort with us will wade up to the arm-holes upon such occasions, and voluntarily undertake that to satisfy their pleasure, which a poor man for a good stipend would scarce be hired to undergo. Plutarch speaks against all fishing, "as filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither

wit nor perspicacity in it, nor worth the labour." But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented, peculiar lines, false flies, several sleights, etc., will say, that it deserves like commendation, requires as much study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them. Because hawking and hunting are very laborious, much riding, and many dangers accompany them; but this is still and quiet: and if so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers, he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees the swans, herons, ducks, water-horns, coots, etc., and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make.

Many other sports and recreations there be, much in use, as wringing, bowling, shooting, which Ascam commends in a just volume, and hath in former times been enjoined by statute as a defensive exercise, and an honour to our land, as well may witness our victories in France. Keelpins, tronks, quoits, pitching bars, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, fencing, mustering, swimming, wasters, foils, football, balloon, quintan, etc., and many such, which are the common recreations of the countryfolks. Riding of great horses, running at rings, tilts and tournaments, horse-races, wild-goose chases, which are the disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by that means gallop quite out of their fortunes.

But the most pleasant of all outward pastimes is that of Areteus, to make a petty progress, a merry journey now and then with some good companions, to visit friends, see cities, castles, towns,

“ To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,  
And take the gentle air amongst the mountains.”

To walk amongst orchards, gardens, bowers, mounts, and arbours, artificial wildernesses, green thickets, arches, groves, lawns, rivulets, fountains, and such like pleasant places, like that Antiochian Daphne, brooks, pools, fishponds, between wood and water, in a fair meadow, by a river side, to disport in some pleasant plain, park, run up a steep hill sometimes, or sit in a shady seat, must needs be a delectable recreation. The prince's garden at Ferrara Schottus highly magnifies, with the groves, mountains, ponds, for a delectable prospect, he was much affected with it ; a Persian paradise, or pleasant park, could not be more delectable in his sight. St. Bernard, in the description of his monastery, is almost ravished with the pleasures of it. “ A sick man (saith he) sits upon a green bank, and when the dog-star parcheth the plains, and dries up rivers, he lies in a shady bower and feeds his eyes with variety of objects, herbs, trees, to comfort his misery ; he receives many delightful smells, and fills his ears with that sweet and various harmony of birds : good God (saith he), what a company of pleasures hast thou made for man ! ” He that should be admitted on a sudden to the sight of such a palace as that of Escorial in Spain, or to that which the Moors built at Grenada, Fontainebleau in France, the Turk's gardens in his seraglio, wherein all manner of birds and beasts are kept for pleasure ; wolves, bears, lynxes, tigers, lions, elephants, etc., or upon the banks of that Thracian Bosphorus : the pope's Belvedere in Rome, as pleasing as those *horti pensiles* in Babylon, or that Indian king's delightful garden in Ælian ; or those famous gardens of the Lord Cantelow in France, could not choose, though

he were never so ill paid, but be much recreated for the time ; or many of our noblemen's gardens at home. To take a boat in a pleasant evening, and with music to row upon the waters, upon the river Pineus : in those Thessalian fields, beset with green bays, where birds so sweetly sing that passengers, enchanted as it were with their heavenly music, forget forthwith all labours, care, and grief : or in a gondola through the Grand Canal in Venice, to see those goodly palaces, must needs refresh and give content to a melancholy dull spirit. Or to see the inner rooms of a fair-built and sumptuous edifice, as that of the Persian kings, in which all was, almost, beaten gold, chairs, stools, thrones, tabernacles, and pillars of gold, plane trees, and vines of gold, grapes of precious stones, all the other ornaments of pure gold, with sweet odours and perfumes, generous wines, opiparous fare, etc., besides the gallantest young men, the fairest virgins, the rarest beauties the world could afford, and those set out with costly and curious attires, with exquisite music, as in Trimaltion's house, in every chamber sweet voices ever sounding day and night, all delights and pleasures in each kind which to please the senses could possibly be devised or had.

It will refresh the soul of man to see fair-built cities, streets, theatres, temples, obelisks, etc. The temple of Jerusalem was so fairly built of white marble, with so many pyramids covered with gold, was so glorious, and so glistened afar off, that the spectators might not well abide the sight of it. But the inner parts were all so curiously set out with cedar, gold, jewels, that the beholders were amazed. What so pleasant as to see some pageant or sight go by, as at coronations, weddings, and such like solemnities, to see an ambassador or a prince met, received, entertained with masks, shows, fireworks, etc. To see two kings fight in single combat, as

the very being in the country ; that life itself is a sufficient recreation to some men, to enjoy such pleasures, as those old patriarchs did. Dioclesian, the emperor, was so much affected with it, that he gave over his sceptre, and turned gardener. Constantine wrote twenty books of husbandry. Lysander, when ambassadors came to see him, bragged of nothing more than of his orchard. What shall I say of Cincinnatus, Cato, Tully, and many such ? how they have been pleased with it, to prune, plant, inoculate and graft, to show so many several kinds of pears, apples, plums, peaches, etc. If my testimony were aught worth, I could say as much of myself ; I am *vere Saturnus* ; no man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fishponds, rivers, etc. But

“ Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat  
Flumina.”

And so do I ; *Velle licet, potiri non licet.*”

Every palace, every city almost, hath his peculiar walks, cloisters, terraces, groves, theatres, pageants, games, and several recreations ; every country, some professed gymnics to exhilarate their minds, and exercise their bodies. The Greeks had their Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, Nemean games, in honour of Neptune, Jupiter, Apollo ; Athens hers : some for honour, garlands, crowns ; for beauty, dancing, running, leaping, like our silver games. The Romans had their feasts, as the Athenians, and Lacedæmonians held their public banquets, in Pritanæo, Panathenæis, Thesperiis, Phiditiis, plays, naumachies, places for sea-fights, theatres, amphitheatres, able to contain 70,000 men, wherein they had several delightful shows to exhilarate the people ; gladiators, combats of men with themselves, with wild beasts, and wild beasts one with another, like our bull-baitings, or bear-baitings

(in which many countrymen and citizens amongst us so much delight, and so frequently use), dancers on ropes. Jugglers, wrestlers, comedies, tragedies, publicly exhibited at the emperor's and city's charge, and that with incredible cost and magnificence. In the Low Countries before these wars, they had many solemn feasts, plays, challenges, artillery gardens, colleges of rhymers, rhetoricians, poets : and to this day, such places are curiously maintained in Amsterdam. In Italy they have solemn declamations of certain select young gentlemen in Florence (like those reciters in old Rome), and public theatres in most of their cities, for stage-players and others, to exercise and recreate themselves. All seasons almost, all places have their several pastimes ; some in summer, some in winter ; some abroad, some within ; some of the body, some of the mind : and diverse men have diverse recreations and exercises. Domitian, the emperor, was much delighted with catching flies ; Augustus to play with nuts amongst children ; Alexander Severus was often pleased to play with whelps and young pigs. Adrian was so wholly enamoured with dogs and horses, that he bestowed monuments and tombs of them, and buried them in graves. In foul weather, or when they can use no other convenient sports, by reason of the time, as we do cock-fighting, to avoid idleness I think (though some be more seriously taken with it, spend much time, cost and charges, and are too solicitous about it), Severus used partridges and quails, as many Frenchmen do still, and to keep birds in cages with which he was much pleased, when at any time he had leisure from public cares and businesses. He had (saith Lampridius), tame pheasants, ducks, partridges, peacocks, and some 20,000 ringdoves, and pigeons. Busbequius, the emperor's orator, when he lay in Constantinople, and could not stir much abroad, kept for his recreation, busying himself to



see them fed, almost all manner of strange birds and beasts ; this was something, though not to exercise his body, yet to refresh his mind. Conradus Gesner, at Zurich in Switzerland, kept so likewise for his pleasure, a great company of wild beasts ; and took great delight to see them eat their meat. Turkey gentlewomen, that are perpetual prisoners, still mewed up according to the custom of the place, have little else besides their household business, or to play with their children to drive away time, but to dally with their cats, as many of our ladies and gentlewomen use monkeys and little dogs. The ordinary recreations which we have in winter, and in most solitary times busy our minds with, are cards, tables, and dice, shovelboard, chess-play, the philosopher's game, small trunks, shuttlecock, billiards, music, masks, singing, dancing, ulegames, frolics, jests, riddles, catches, purposes, questions and commands, merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, friars, etc., such as the old woman told Psyche in Apuleius, Boccace novels, and the rest, which some delight to hear, some to tell ; all are well pleased with. News are generally welcome to all our ears, we long after rumour to hear and listen to it. We are most part too inquisitive and apt to hearken after news, which Cæsar, in his Commentaries, observes of the old Gauls, they would be inquiring of every carrier and passenger what they had heard or seen, what news abroad, as at an ordinary with us, bakehouse or barber's shop. Some men's whole delight is to take tobacco, and drink all day long in a tavern or alehouse, to discourse, sing, jest, roar, talk of a cock and bull over a pot. Or when three or four good companions meet, tell old stories by the fireside, or in the sun, as old folks usually do, remembering afresh and with pleasure ancient matters, and such like accidents,

which happened in their younger years : others' best pastime is to game, nothing to them so pleasant. Many too nicely take exceptions at cards, tables, and dice, and such mixed luscious lots. Which though they be honest recreations in themselves, yet may justly be otherwise excepted at, as they are often abused, and forbidden as things most pernicious. For most part in these kind of disports 'tis not art or skill, but subtlety, cunnycatching, knavery, chance and fortune carries all away. They labour most part not to pass their time in honest disport, but for filthy lucre, and covetousness of money. 'Tis the fountain of cozenage and villainy. "A thing so common all over Europe at this day, and so generally abused, that many men are utterly undone by it," their means spent, patrimonies consumed, they and their posterity beggared ; besides swearing, wrangling, drinking, loss of time, and such inconveniences, which are ordinary concomitants : "for when once they have got a haunt of such companies, and habit of gaming, they can hardly be drawn from it, but as an itch it will tickle them, and as it is with whoremasters, once entered, they cannot easily leave it off." So good things may be abused, and that which was first invented to refresh men's weary spirits, when they come from other labours and studies to exhilarate the mind, to entertain time and company, tedious otherwise in those long solitary winter nights, and keep them from worse matters, an honest exercise is contrarily perverted.

Chess-play is a good and witty exercise of the mind for some kind of men, and fit for such melancholy, Rhasis holds, as are idle, and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares, nothing better to distract their mind, and alter their meditations : invented (some say) by the general of an army in a famine, to keep soldiers from mutiny : but if it proceed from over-much study, in such a case

it may do more harm than good ; it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study ; besides it is a testy choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. William the Conqueror, in his younger years, playing at chess with the Prince of France (Dauphiné was not annexed to that crown in those days) losing a mate, knocked the chess-board about his pate, which was a cause afterward of much enmity between them. For some such reason it is belike, that Patritius forbids his prince to play at chess ; hawking and hunting, riding, etc., he will allow ; and this to other men, but by no means to him. In Muscovy, where they live in stoves and hot houses all winter long, come seldom or little abroad, it is again very necessary, and therefore in those parts much used. At Fez in Africa, where the like inconvenience of keeping within doors is through heat, it is very laudable, and as much frequented. A sport fit for idle gentlewomen, soldiers in garrison, and courtiers that have nought but love matters to busy themselves about, but not altogether so convenient for such as are students. The like I may say of Col. Bruxer's philosophy game, D. Fulke's *Metromachia* and his *Ouronomachia*, with the rest of those intricate astrological and geometrical fictions, for such especially as are mathematically given ; and the rest of those curious games.

Dancing, singing, masking, mumming, stage plays, howsoever they be heavily censured by some severe Catos, yet if opportunely and soberly used, may justly be approved. I know these sports have many oppugners, whole volumes writ against them ; when as all they say (if duly considered) is but *ignoratio Elenchi* ; and some again, because they are now cold and wayward, past themselves, cavil at all such youthful sports in others. Some out of posterous zeal object many times trivial arguments,

and because of some abuse, will quite take away the good use, as if they should forbid wine because it makes men drunk; but in my judgment they are too stern: there "is a time for all things, a time to mourn, a time to dance, a time to embrace, a time not to embrace, and nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works." For my part, I will subscribe to the king's declaration, and was ever of that mind, those May games, wakes, and Whitsun ales, etc., if they be not at unseasonable hours, may justly be permitted. Let them freely feast, sing and dance, have their puppet-plays, hobby-horses, tabors, crowds, bagpipes, etc., play at ball, and barley-breaks, and what sports and recreations they like best. In Franconia, a province of Germany, the old folks, after evening prayer, went to the alehouse, the younger sort to dance: and to say truth, better do so than worse, as without question otherwise (such is the corruption of man's nature) many of them will do. For that cause, plays, masks, jesters, gladiators, tumblers, jugglers, etc., and all that crew is admitted and winked at: that they might be busied about such toys, that would otherwise more perniciously be idle. So that as Tacitus said of the astrologers in Rome, we may say of them, they are a debauched company most part, still spoken against, as well they deserve some of them (for I so relish and distinguish them as fiddlers, and musicians), and yet ever retained. "Evil is not to be done (I confess) that good may come of it:" but this is evil *per accidens*, and, in a qualified sense, to avoid a greater inconvenience, may justly be tolerated. Sir Thomas More, in his Utopian Commonwealth, "as he will have none idle, so will he have no man labour over hard, to be toiled out like a horse, 'tis more than slavish infelicity, the life of most of our hired servants and tradesmen elsewhere (excepting his Utopians) but half the day allotted for work,

and half for honest recreation, or whatsoever employment they shall think fit for themselves." If one half day in a week were allowed to our household servants for their merry-meetings, by their hard masters, or in a year some feasts, like those Roman Saturnals, I think they would labour harder all the rest of their time, and both parties be better pleased : but this needs not (you will say), for some of them do nought but loiter all the week long.

This which I am at, is for such as are troubled in mind, to ease them, over-toiled on the one part, to refresh : over idle on the other, to keep themselves busied. And to this purpose, as any labour or employment will serve to the one, any honest recreation will conduce to the other, so that it be moderate and sparing, as the use of meat and drink. It is reported of Philippus Bonus, that good duke of Burgundy, that the said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugal, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deep of winter, when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawk nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, etc., and such other domestic sports, or to see ladies dance, with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walk disguised all about the town. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunk, snorting on a bulk ; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attiring him after the court fashion, when he waked, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, persuading him he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all the day long ; after supper he saw them dance, heard music, and the rest of those court-like pleasures : but late at night, when he was well tippled, and again fast asleep they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they

first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before as he did when he returned to himself; all the jest was, to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended. Many such tricks are ordinarily put in practice by great men, to exhilarate themselves and others, all which are harmless jests, and have their good uses.

But amongst those exercises, or recreations of the mind within doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content, as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify, as those that Phidias made of old so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that as Chrysostom thinketh, "if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant?" There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their ages; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight, to view those neat architectures, devices, escutcheons, coats of arms, read such books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery; artificial works, perspective glasses, old relics, Roman antiquities, variety of colours. When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, etc., with

many pretty landscapes, and perspective pieces : with sight of which he was infinitely delighted, and much eased of his grief. Who will not be affected so in like case, or to see those well-furnished cloisters and galleries of the Roman cardinals, so richly stored with all modern pictures, old statues and antiquities ? Or in some prince's cabinets, like that of the great dukes in Florence, of Felix Platerus in Basil, or noblemen's houses, to see such variety of attires, faces so many, so rare, and such exquisite pieces, of men, birds, beasts, etc., to see those excellent landscapes, Dutch works, and curious cuts of Sadleir of Prague, Albertus Durer, Goltzius Vrintes, etc., such pleasant pieces of perspective, Indian pictures made of feathers, China works, frames, thaumaturgical motions, exotic toys, etc. Who is he that is now wholly overcome with idleness, or otherwise involved in a labyrinth of worldly cares, troubles and discontents, that will not be much lightened in his mind by reading of some enticing story, true or feigned, where as in a glass he shall observe what our forefathers have done, the beginnings, ruins, falls, periods, of commonwealths, private men's actions displayed to the life, etc. Plutarch therefore calls them the second course and junkets, because they were usually read at noblemen's feasts. To most kind of men it is an extraordinary delight to study. For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts, and sciences, to the sweet content and capacity of the reader ? In arithmetic, geometry, perspective, optics, astronomy, architecture, sculpture, painting, of which so many and such elaborate treatises are of late written : in mechanics and their mysteries, military matters, navigation, riding of horses, fencing, swimming, gardening, planting, great tomes of husbandry, cookery, falconry, hunting, fishing, fowling, etc., with exquisite pictures of all sports, games, and what not ? In music, metaphysics,

natural and moral philosophy, philology, in policy, heraldry, genealogy, chronology, they afford great tomes. What so sure, what so pleasant? He that shall but see that geometrical tower of Garezenda at Bologna in Italy, the steeple and clock at Strasburg, will admire the effects of art, or that engine of Archimedes, to remove the earth itself, if he had but a place to fasten his instrument: Archimedis Cochlea, and rare devices to corrivate waters, musical instruments, and tri-syllable echoes again, again, and again repeated, with myriads of such. What vast tomes are extant in law, physic, and divinity, for profit, pleasure, practice, speculation, in verse, or prose, etc.! their names alone are the subject of whole volumes, we have thousands of authors of all sorts, many great libraries, full well furnished, like so many dishes of meat, served out for several palates; and he is a very block that is affected with none of them. Some take an infinite delight to study the very languages wherein these books are written, Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, etc. Methinks it would please any man to look upon a geographical map, chorographical, topographical delineations, to behold, as it were, all the remote provinces, towns, cities of the world, and never to go forth of the limits of his study, to measure by the scale and compass their extent, distance, examine their site. Charles the Great, as Platina writes, had three fair silver tables, in one of which superficies was a large map of Constantinople, in the second Rome neatly engraved, in the third an exquisite description of the whole world, and much delight he took in them. What greater pleasure can there now be, than to view those elaborate maps of Ortelius, Mercator, Hondius, etc.? To see a well-cut herbal, herbs, trees, flowers, plants, all vegetables expressed in their proper colours to the life? To see birds, beasts, and fishes of the sea, spiders, gnats, serpents,



flies, etc., all creatures set out by the same art, and truly expressed in lively colours, with an exact description of their natures, virtues, qualities? Such is the excellency of these studies, that all those ornaments and childish bubbles of wealth, are not worthy to be compared to them: I could even live and die with such meditations, and take more delight, true content of mind in them, than thou hast in all thy wealth and sport, how rich soever thou art. The like pleasure there is in all other studies, to such as are truly addicted to them; the like sweetness, which as Circe's cup bewitcheth a student, he cannot leave off, as well may witness those many laborious hours, days and nights, spent in the voluminous treatises written by them; the same content. King James, 1605, when he came to see our University of Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech, "If I were not a king, I would be a university man: and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors *et mortuis magistris*." So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have (as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks the thirstier he is) the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus*; harsh at first learning is, but pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mewed up in it all the year long; and that which to thy thinking should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. "I no sooner (saith he) come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance, and

melancholy herself, and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones, and rich men that know not this happiness." I am not ignorant in the meantime (notwithstanding this which I have said) how barbarously and basely, for the most part, our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and condemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as *Æsop's* cock did the jewel he found in the dung-hill; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder, withal, to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandising, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, etc. If a well-minded man to the Muses would sue to some of them for an exhibition, to the farther maintenance or enlargement of such a work, be it college, lecture, library, or whatsoever else may tend to the advancement of learning, they are so unwilling, so averse, that they had rather see these which are already with such cost and care erected, utterly ruined, demolished or otherwise employed; for they repine many and grudge at such gifts and revenues bestowed: and therefore it were in vain to solicit or ask any thing of such men, that are likely damned to riches, to this purpose. For my part I pity these men; let them go as they are, in the catalogue of *Ignoramus*. How much, on the other side, are all we bound that are scholars, to those munificent *Ptolomies*, bountiful *Mæcenates*, heroical patrons, divine spirits, that have provided for us so many well-furnished libraries, as well in our public academies in most cities, as in our private colleges? How shall I remember *Sir Thomas Bodley*, amongst the rest, *Otho Nicholson*, and the Right Reverend *John Williams*, Lord Bishop of *Lincoln* (with many other pious acts), who besides

that at St. John's College in Cambridge, that in Westminster, is now likewise in *Fieri* with a library at Lincoln (a noble precedent for all corporate towns and cities to imitate), *O quam te memorem (vir illustrissime), quibus elogis?* But to my task again.

I would for these causes wish him that is melancholy to use both human and divine authors, voluntarily to impose some task upon himself, to divert his melancholy thoughts: to study the art of memory, or practise Brachygraphy, etc., that will ask a great deal of attention: or let him demonstrate a proposition in Euclid, in his five last books, extract a square root, or study Algebra: than which in all human disciplines nothing can be more excellent and pleasant, so abstruse and recondite, so bewitching, so miraculous, so ravishing, so easy withal and full of delight. By this means you may define *ex ungue leonem*, as the proverb is, by his thumb alone the bigness of Hercules, or the true dimensions of the great Colossus, Solomon's temple, and Domitian's amphitheatre out of a little part. By this art you may contemplate the variation of the twenty-three letters, which may be so infinitely varied, that the words complicated and deduced thence will not be contained within the compass of the firmament; ten words may be varied 40,320 several ways: by this art you may examine how many men may stand one by another in the whole superficies of the earth, some say 148,456,800,000,000; assigning a square foot to each, how many men, supposing all the world as habitable as France, as fruitful and so long-lived, may be born in 60,000 years, and so may you demonstrate with Archimedes how many sands the mass of the whole world might contain if all sandy, if you did but first know how much a small cube as big as a mustard-seed might hold, with infinite such. But in all nature what is there so stupendous as to examine and calculate the motion of the planets, their magni-

tudes, apogees, perigees, eccentricities, how far distant from the earth, the bigness, thickness, compass of the firmament, each star, with their diameters and circumference, apparent area, superficies, by those curious helps of glasses, astrolabes, sextants, quadrants, of which Tycho Brahé in his mechanics, optics (divine optics), arithmetic, geometry, and such like arts and instruments? What so intricate and pleasing withal, as to peruse and practise Heron Alexandrinus's works, *de spiritalibus, de machinis bellicis, de machina se movente*, with many such geometrical theorems and problems? Those rare instruments and mechanical inventions of Jac. Bessonius, and Cardan to this purpose, with many such experiments intimated long since by Roger Bacon, as to make a chariot to move *sine animali*, diving boats, to walk on the water by art, and to fly in the air, to make several cranes and pulleys, lift up and remove great weights, mills to move themselves, Architas' dove, Albertus's brazen head, and such thaumaturgical works. But especially to do strange miracles by glasses, of which Proclus and Bacon writ of old, burning glasses, multiplying glasses, perspectives, *ut unus homo appareat exercitus*, to see afar off to represent solid bodies by cylinders and concaves, to walk in the air. But our alchymists, methinks, and Rosicrucians afford most rarities, and are fuller of experiments: they can make gold, separate and alter metals, extract oils, salts, lees, and do more strange works than Geber, Lullius, Bacon, or any of those ancients. Crolius hath made after his master Paracelsus, *aurum fulminans*, or *aurum volatile*, which shall imitate thunder and lightning, and crack louder than any gunpowder; Cornelius Dribel a perpetual motion, inextinguishable lights, *linum non ardens*, with many such feats; see his book *de natura elementorum*, besides hail, wind, snow, thunder, lightning, etc., those strange fire-works,

devilish petards, and such like warlike machinations derived hence, of which read Tartalea and others. Ernestus Burgravius, a disciple of Paracelsus, hath published a discourse, in which he specifies a lamp to be made of man's blood, which chemically prepared forty days, and afterwards kept in a glass, shall show all the accidents of this life; and which is most wonderful, it dies with the party; the lamp and the man whence the blood was taken, are extinguished together. The same author hath another tract of Mumia (all out as vain and prodigious as the first) by which he will cure most diseases, and transfer them from a man to a beast, by drawing blood from one, and applying it to the other, and an *Alexipharmacum*, to make a man young again, live three or four hundred years. Besides panaceas, martial amulets, balsams, strange extracts, elixirs, and such like magico-magetical cures. Now what so pleasing can there be as the speculation of these things, to read and examine such experiments, or if a man be more mathematically given, to calculate, or peruse Napier's Logarithms, or those tables of artificial sines and tangents, not long since set out by mine old collegiate, good friend, and late fellow-student of Christ-church in Oxford, Mr. Edmund Gunter, which will perform that by addition and subtraction only, which heretofore Regiomontanus's tables did by multiplication and division, or those elaborate conclusions of his sector, quadrant, and cross-staff. If those other do not affect him, and his means be great, to employ his purse and fill his head, he may go find the philosopher's stone; he may apply his mind, I say, to heraldry, antiquity, invent impresses, emblems; make epithalamiums, epitaphs, elegies, epigrams, palindroma epigrammata, anagrams, chronograms, acrostics, upon his friends' names. If such voluntary tasks, pleasure and delight, or crabbedness of these studies, will not yet divert their

idle thoughts, and alienate their imaginations, they must be compelled, upon some mulct if they perform it not, loss of credit or disgrace, such as our public University exercises. For, as he that plays for nothing will not heed his game; no more will voluntary employment so thoroughly affect a student, except he be very intent of himself, and take an extraordinary delight in the study, about which he is conversant. It should be of that nature his business, which *volens nolens* he must necessarily undergo, and without great loss, mulct, shame, or hindrance, he may not omit.

Now for women, instead of laborious studies, they have curious needle-works, cut-works, spinning, bone-lace, and many pretty devices of their own making, to adorn their houses, cushions, carpets, chairs, stools, confections, conserves, distillations, etc., which they show to strangers.

“ Which to her guests she shows, with all her pelf,  
Thus far my maids, but this I did myself.”

This they have to busy themselves about, household offices, etc., neat gardens, full of exotic, versicolour, diversely varied, sweet-smelling flowers, and plants in all kinds, which they are most ambitious to get, curious to preserve and keep, proud to possess, and much many times brag of. Their merry meetings and frequent visitations, mutual invitations in good towns, I voluntarily omit, which are so much in use, gossiping among the meaner sort, etc., old folks have their beads; an excellent invention to keep them from idleness, that are by nature melancholy, and past all affairs, to say so many paternosters, avemarias, creeds, if it were not profane and superstitious. In a word, body and mind must be exercised, not one, but both, and that in a medioc-

rity ; otherwise it will cause a great inconvenience. If the body be overtired, it tires the mind. The mind oppresseth the body, as with students it oftentimes falls out, who have no care of the body, but compel that which is mortal to do as much as that which is immortal : that which is earthly, as that which is ethereal. But as the ox, tired, told the camel (both serving one master), that refused to carry some part of his burden, before it were long he should be compelled to carry all his pack, and skin to boot (which by and by, the ox being dead, fell out), the body may say to the soul, that will give him no respite or remission : a little after, an ague, vertigo, consumption, seizeth on them both, all his study is omitted, and they must be compelled to be sick together : he that tenders his own good estate, and health, must let them draw with equal yoke, both alike, that so they may happily enjoy their wished health.

## 2. AIR RECTIFIED. WITH A DIGRESSION OF THE AIR

As a long-winged hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft, and for his pleasure fetcheth many a circuit in the air, still soaring higher and higher till he be come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is sprung, comes down amain, and stoops upon a sudden : so will I, having now come at last into these ample fields of air, wherein I may freely expatiate and exercise myself for my recreation, awhile rove, wander round about the world, mount aloft to those ethereal orbs and celestial spheres, and so descend to my former elements again. In which progress I will first see whether that relation of the friar of Oxford be true, concerning those northern parts under the pole (if I meet *obiter* with

the wandering Jew, Elias Artifex, or Lucian's *Icaromenippus*, they shall be my guides) whether there be such, and a great rock of loadstones, which may cause the needle in the compass still to bend that way, and what should be the true cause of the variation of the compass, is it a magnetical rock, or the pole-star, as Cardan will. Till we have better intelligence, let our Dr. Gilbert, and Nicholas Cabeus the Jesuit, that have both written great volumes of this subject, satisfy these inquisitors. Whether the sea be open and navigable by the Pole arctic, and which is the likeliest way, that of Bartison the Hollander, under the pole itself, which for some reasons I hold best: or by Fretum Davis, or Nova Zembla. Whether Hudson's discovery be true of a new found ocean, any likelihood of Button's Bay in 50. degrees, Hubbard's Hope in 60. that of *ut ultra*, near Sir Thomas Roe's welcome in North-west Fox, being that the sea ebbs and flows constantly there 15 foot in 12 hours, as our new cards inform us that California is not a cape, but an island, and the west winds make the neap tides equal to the spring, or that there be any probability to pass by the straits of Anian to China, by the promontory of Tabin. If there be, I shall soon perceive whether Marcus Polus the Venetian's narration be true or false, of that great city of Quinsay and Cambalu; whether there be any such places, or that as Matth. Riccius the Jesuit hath written, China and Cataia be all one, the great Cham of Tartary and the king of China be the same; Xuntain and Quinsay, and the city of Cambalu be that new Peking, or such a wall 400 leagues long to part China from Tartary: whether Presbyter John be in Asia or Africa; M. Polus Venetus puts him in Asia, the most received opinion is, that he is emperor of the Abyssines, which of old was Ethiopia, now Nubia under the equator in Africa. Whether Guinea be an island or part of the continent, or that



hungry Spaniard's discovery of *Terra Australis Incognita*, or *Magellanica*, be as true as that of *Mercurius Britannius*, or his of *Lucinia*. And yet in likelihood it may be so, for without all question it being extended from the tropic of Capricorn to the circle Antarctic, and lying as it doth in the temperate zone, cannot choose but yield in time some flourishing kingdoms to succeeding ages, as America did unto the Spaniards. Shouten and Le Meir have done well in the discovery of the Straits of Magellan, in finding a more convenient passage to *Mare pacificum*: methinks some of our modern argonauts should prosecute the rest. As I go by Madagascar, I would see that great bird ruck, that can carry a man and horse or an elephant, with that Arabian phoenix described by Adricomius; see the pelicans of Egypt, those Scythian gryphes in Asia: and afterwards in Africa examine the fountains of Nilus, whether Herodotus give a true cause of his annual flowing, Pagaphetta discourse rightly of it, or of Niger and Senegal. Is it from those Étesian winds, or melting of snow in the mountains under the equator (for Jordan yearly overflows when the snow melts in Mount Libanus), or from those great dropping perpetual showers which are so frequent to the inhabitant within the tropics, when the sun is vertical, and cause such vast inundations in Senegal, Maragnan, Oronoco and the rest of those great rivers in *Zona Torrida*, which have all commonly the same passions at set times: and by good husbandry and policy hereafter no doubt may come to be as populous, as well tilled, as fruitful, as Egypt itself or Cauchinthina? I would observe all those motions of the sea, and from what cause they proceed, from the moon (as the vulgar hold) or earth's motion, which Galileus, in the fourth dialogue of his system of the world, so eagerly proves, and firmly demonstrates; or winds, as some will. Why the current in that

Atlantic Ocean should still be in some places from, in some again, towards the north, and why they come sooner than go ? and so from Moabar to Madagascar in that Indian Ocean, the merchants come in three weeks, as Scaliger discusseth, they return scarce in three months, with the same or like winds : the continual current is from east to west. Whether Mount Athos, Pelion, Olympus, Ossa, Caucasus, Atlas, be so high as Pliny, Solinus, Mela relate, above clouds, meteors, (insomuch that they that ascend die suddenly very often, the air is so subtile), 1250 paces high, according to that measure of Dicearchus, or 78 miles perpendicularly high, as Jacobus Mazonius, expounding that place of Aristotle about Caucasus ; and as Blancanus the Jesuit contends out of Clavius and Nonius demonstrations *de Crepusculis*. I would see those inner parts of America, whether there be any such great city of Manoa, or Eldorado, in the golden empire, where the highways are as much beaten (one reports) as between Madrid and Valadolid in Spain ; or any such Amazons as he relates, or gigantic Patagones in Chica. The pike of Teneriffe how high it is ? 70 miles, or 50 as Patricius holds, or 9 as Snellius demonstrates in his Eratosthenes : see that strange Cirknickzerksey lake in Carniola, whose waters gush so fast out of the ground, that they will overtake a swift horseman, and by and by with as incredible celerity are supped up : which Lazius and Wernerus make an argument of the Argonauts sailing under ground. And that vast den or hole called Esmellen in Muscovia, which if any thing casually fall in, makes such a roaring noise, that no thunder, or ordnance, or warlike engine can make the like ; such another is Gilber's Cave in Lapland, with many the like. I would examine the Caspian Sea, and see where and how it exonerates itself, after it hath taken in Volga, Jaxares, Oxus, and those great rivers ; at the mouth of Oby, or where ? What

vent the Mexican lake hath, the Titicacan in Peru, or that circular pool in the vale of Terapeia, hot in a cold country, the spring of which boils up in the middle twenty foot square, and hath no vent but exhalation : and that of *Mare mortuum* in Palestine, of Thrasymene, at Peruzium in Italy: the Mediterranean itself. For from the ocean, at the straits of Gibraltar, there is a perpetual current into the Levant, and so likewise by the Thracian Bosphorus out of the Euxine or Black Sea, besides all those great rivers of Nile, Po, Rhone, etc., how is this water consumed, by the sun or otherwise ? I would find out with Trajan the fountains of Danube, of Ganges, Oxus, see those Egyptian pyramids, Trajan's bridge, *Grotto de Sybilla*, Lucullus's fish ponds, the temple of Nidrose, etc. And, if I could, observe what becomes of swallows, storks, cranes, cuckoos, nightingales, redstarts, and many other kind of singing birds, water-fowls, hawks, etc. some of them are only seen in summer, some in winter ; some are observed in the snow, and at no other times, each having their seasons. In winter not a bird is in Muscovy to be found, but at the spring in an instant the woods and hedges are full of them, saith Herbastein : how comes it to pass ? Do they sleep in winter, like Gesner's Alpine mice ; or do they lie hid (as Olaus affirms) " in the bottom of lakes and rivers, *spiritum continentes* ? often so found by fishermen in Poland and Scandia, two together, mouth to mouth, wing to wing ; and when the spring comes they revive again, or if they be brought into a stove, or to the fire-side." Or do they follow the sun, as Peter Martyr manifestly convicts, out of his own knowledge ; for when he was ambassador in Egypt, he saw swallows, Spanish kites, and many such other European birds, in December and January very familiarly flying, and in great abundance, about Alexandria, *ubi floridæ tunc arbores ac viridaria*. Or lie they hid in caves,

rocks, and hollow trees, as most think, in deep tin-mines or sea-cliffs, as Mr. Carew gives out? I conclude of them all, for my part, as Munster doth of cranes and storks; whence they come, whither they go, as yet we know not. We see them here, some in summer, some in winter; their coming and going is sure in the night: in the plains of Asia the storks meet on such a set day, he that comes last is torn in pieces, and so they get them gone. Vertomannus' wonderful palm, that fly in Hispaniola, that shines like a torch in the night, that one may well see to write; those spherical stones in Cuba which nature hath so made, and those like birds, beasts, fishes, crowns, swords, saws, pots, etc., usually found in the metal mines in Saxony about Mansfield, and in Poland near Nokow and Pallukie, as Munster and others relate. Many rare creatures and novelties each part of the world affords: amongst the rest, I would know for a certain whether there be any such men, as Gaguinus records in his description of Muscovy, "that in Lucomoria, a province in Russia, lie fast asleep as dead all winter, from the 27 of November, like frogs and swallows, benumbed with cold, but about the 24 of April in the spring they revive again, and go about their business." I would examine that demonstration of Alexander Piccolomineus, whether the earth's superficies be bigger than the sea's? Search the depth, and see that variety of sea-monsters and fishes, mermaids, sea-men, horses, etc. which it affords.

I would have a convenient place to go down with Orpheus, Ulysses, Hercules, Lucian's Menippus, at St. Patrick's purgatory, at Trophonius' den, Hecla in Iceland, Ætna in Sicily, to descend and see what is done in the bowels of the earth: do stones and metals grow there still? how come fir trees to be digged out from tops of hills, as in our mosses, and marshes all over Europe? How come they to dig up fish bones,

shells, beams, ironworks, many fathoms under ground, and anchors in mountains far remote from all seas? Anno 1460 at Bern in Switzerland 50 fathom deep, a ship was digged out of a mountain, where they got metal ore, in which were 48 carcasses of men, with other merchandise. Came this from earthquakes, or from Noah's flood, as Christians suppose, or is there a vicissitude of sea and land, as Anaximenes held of old, the mountains of Thessaly would become seas, and seas again mountains? The whole world belike should be new moulded, when it seemed good to those all-commanding powers, and turned inside out, as we do haycocks in harvest, top to bottom, or bottom to top: or as we turn apples to the fire, move the world upon his centre.

Who can give a reason of the diversity of meteors, that it should rain stones, frogs, mice, etc., rats, which they call *Lemmer* in Norway, and are manifestly observed by the inhabitants, to descend and fall with some feculent showers, and like so many locusts, consume all that is green. Leo Afer speaks as much of locusts, about Fez in Barbary there be infinite swarms in their fields upon a sudden: so at Arles in France, 1553, the like happened by the same mischief, all their grass and fruits were devoured. Are these and such creatures, corn, wood, stones, worms, wool, blood, etc., lifted up into the middle region by the sunbeams, as Baracellus the physician disputes, and thence let fall with showers, or there engendered? Cornelius Gemma is of that opinion, they are there conceived by celestial influences: others suppose they are immediately from God, or prodigies raised by art and illusions of spirits, which are princes of the air. If, as Tycho proves, the moon be distant from us fifty and sixty semi-diameters of the earth: and as Peter Nonius will have it, the air be so angust, what proportion is there betwixt the other three elements and it? To what use serves it?

Is it full of spirits which inhabit it, as the Paracelsians and Platonists hold, the higher the more noble, full of birds, or a mere *vacuum* to no purpose? It is much controverted between Tycho Brahé and Christopher Rotman, the landgrave of Hesse's mathematician, in their astronomical epistles, whether it be the same *Diaphanum*, clearness, matter of air and heavens, or two distinct essences? Christopher Rotman, John Pena, Jordanus Brunus, with many other late mathematicians, contend it is the same and one matter throughout, saving that the higher still the purer it is, and more subtle; as they find by experience in the top of some hills in America, if a man ascend, he faints instantly for want of thicker air to refrigerate the heart. Acosta calls this mountain Periacacca in Peru; it makes men cast and vomit, he saith, that climb it, as some other of those Andes do in the deserts of Chili for five hundred miles together, and for extremity of cold to lose their fingers and toes. Tycho will have two distinct matters of heaven and air; but to say truth, with some small qualification, they have one and the self-same opinion about the essence and matter of heavens; that it is not hard and impenetrable, as peripatetics hold, transparent, but that it is penetrable and soft as the air itself is, and that the planets move in it as birds in the air, fishes in the sea.

If the heavens then be penetrable, as these men deliver, and no lets, it were not amiss in this aerial progress to make wings and fly up, which that Turk in Busbequius made his fellow citizens in Constantinople believe he would perform: and some new fangled wits, methinks, should some time or other find out: or if that may not be, yet with a Galileo's glass, or Icaromenippus' wings in Lucian, command the spheres and heavens, and see what is done amongst them. Whether there be generation and corruption,

as some think, by reason of ethereal comets, that in Cassiopeia, 1572, that in Cygno, 1600, that in Sagittarius, 1604, and many like, or that they were created *ab initio*, and show themselves at set times : and as Helisæus Roeslin contends, have poles, axle-trees, circles of their own, and regular motions. Blancanus holds they come and go by fits, casting their tails still from the sun : some of them, as a burning-glass projects the sunbeams from it ; though not always neither : for sometimes a comet casts his tail from Venus, as Tycho observes. Examine, likewise, whether the stars be of that bigness, distance as astronomers relate, so many in number, 1026, or 1725, as J. Bayerus ; or as some Rabbins, 29,000 myriads ; or as Galileo discovers by his glasses, infinite and that *via lactea*, a confused light of small stars, like so many nails in a door : or all in a row, like those 12,000 isles of the Maldives in the Indian ocean ? Whether they have light of their own, or from the sun, or give light round, as Patritius discourseth ? Whether light be of their essence ; and that light be a substance or an accident ? Whether they be hot by themselves, or by accident cause heat ? Though they seem close to us, they are infinitely distant, and so they are infinite habitable worlds : what hinders ? Why should not an infinite cause (as God is) produce infinite effects ? But who shall dwell in these vast bodies, earths, worlds, “if they be inhabited ? rational creatures ?” as Kepler demands, “or have they souls to be saved ? or do they inhabit a better part of the world than we do ? Are we or they lords of the world ? And how are all things made for man ?” ’Tis hard to determine : this only he proves, that we are in the best place, best world, nearest the heart of the sun. But to proceed, these and such like insolent and bold attempts, prodigious paradoxes, inferences must needs follow, if it once be granted, which Rotman,

Kepler, Gilbert, Diggeus, Origanus, Galileo, and others maintain of the earth's motion, that 'tis a planet, and shines as the moon doth, which contains in it "both land and sea as the moon doth:" for so they find by their glasses that "the brighter parts are earth, the dusky, sea," which Thales, Plutarch, and Pythagoras formerly taught: and manifestly discern hills and dales, and such like concavities, if we may subscribe to, and believe Galileo's observations. But to avoid these paradoxes of the earth's motion (which the Church of Rome hath lately condemned as heretical, as appears by Blaucanus and Fromundus's writings) our later mathematicians have rolled all the stories that may be stirred: and, to solve all appearances and objections, have invented new hypotheses, and fabricated new systems of the world, out of their own Dedalæan heads. In the mean time, the world is tossed in a blanket amongst them, they hoist the earth up and down like a ball, make it stand and go at their pleasures: one saith the sun stands, another he moves; a third comes in, taking them all at rebound, and lest there should any paradox be wanting, he finds certain spots and clouds in the sun, by the help of glasses, which multiply (saith Keplerus) a thing seen a thousand times bigger *in plano*, and makes it come thirty-two times nearer to the eye of the beholder. And so whilst these men contend about the sun and moon, like the philosophers in Lucian, it is to be feared, the sun and moon will hide themselves, and be as much offended as she was with those, and send another message to Jupiter, by some new-fangled Icaromenippus, to make an end of all those curious controversies, and scatter them abroad.

But why should the sun and moon be angry, or take exceptions at mathematicians and philosophers? when as the like measure is offered unto God himself by a company of theologasters: they are not con-



tented to see the sun and moon, measure their sight and biggest distance in a glass, calculate their motions, or visit the moon in a poetical fiction, or a dream, but these gigantical Cyclops will transcend spheres, heaven, stars, into that empyrean heaven; soar higher yet, and see what God himself doth. The Jewish Talmudists take upon them to determine how God spends his whole time, sometimes playing with Leviathan, sometimes overseeing the world, etc., like Lucian's Jupiter, that spent much of the year in painting butterflies' wings, and seeing who offered sacrifice; telling the hours when it should rain, how much snow should fall in such a place, which way the wind should stand in Greece, which way in Africa. In the Turks' Alcoran, Mahomet is taken up to heaven, upon a Pegasus sent on purpose for him, as he lay in bed with his wife, and after some conference with God, is set on ground again. The pagans paint him and mangle him after a thousand fashions; our heretics, schismatics, and some schoolmen, come not far behind. some paint him in the habit of an old man and make maps of heaven, number the angels, tell their several names, offices: some deny God and his providence, some take his office out of his hand, will bind and loose in heaven, release, pardon, forgive, and be quartermaster with him; some call his Godhead in question, his power, and attributes, his mercy, justice, providence: they will know why good and bad are punished together, war, fires, plagues, infest all alike, why wicked men flourish, good are poor, in prison, sick, and ill at ease. Why doth he suffer so much mischief and evil to be done, if he be able to help? why doth he not assist good, or resist bad, reform our wills, if he be not the author of sin, and let such enormities be committed, unworthy of his knowledge, wisdom, government, mercy, and providence, why lets he all things be done by fortune and chance? Some, by visions and revelations,

take upon them to be familiar with God, and to be of privy council with him ; they will tell how many, and who shall be saved, when the world shall come to an end, what year, what month, and whatsoever else God hath reserved unto himself, and to his angels. Some again, curious fantasticks, will know more than this, and inquire with Epicurus, what God did before the world was made ? was he idle ? Where did he bide ? What did he make the world of ? why did he then make it, and not before ? If he made it new, or to have an end, how is he unchangeable, infinite, etc. ? If God be infinitely and only good, why should he alter and destroy the world ? if he confound that which is good, how shall himself continue good ? If he pull it down because evil, how shall he be free from the evil that made it evil ? etc., with many such absurd and brain-sick questions, intricacies, froth of human wit, and excrements of curiosity, etc., which, as our Saviour told his inquisitive disciples, are not fit for them to know. But hoo ! I am now gone quite out of sight, I am almost giddy with roving about : I could have ranged farther yet ; but I am an infant, and not able to dive into these profundities, or sound these depths ; not able to understand, much less to discuss. I leave the contemplation of these things to stronger wits, that have better ability, and happier leisure to wade into such philosophical mysteries ; for put case I were as able as willing, yet what can one man do ? I will conclude ; when God sees his time, he will reveal these mysteries to mortal men, and show that to some few at least, which he hath concealed so long. For I am of this mind, that Columbus did not find out America by chance, but God directed him at that time to discover it : it was contingent to him, but necessary to God ; he reveals and conceals to whom and when he will. And which one said of history and records of former times, “ God in his providence, to check our pre-

sumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us from long antiquity, and bounds our search within the compass of some few ages :” many good things are lost, which our predecessors made use of, as Pancirola will better inform you ; many new things are daily invented, to the public good ; so kingdoms, men, and knowledge ebb and flow, are hid and revealed, and when you have all done, as the Preacher concluded, nothing new under the sun. But my melancholy spaniel’s quest, my game is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow.

Jason Pratensis, in his book *de morbis capitis*, and chapter of melancholy, hath these words out of Galen, “ Let them come to me to know what meat and drink they shall use, and besides that, I will teach them what temper of ambient air they shall make choice of, what wind, what countries they shall choose, and what avoid.” Out of which lines of his, thus much we may gather, that to this cure of melancholy, amongst other things, the rectification of air is necessarily required. This is performed, either in reforming natural or artificial air. Natural is that which is in our election to choose or avoid : and ’tis either general, to countries, provinces ; particular to cities, towns, villages, or private houses. What harm those extremities of heat and cold do in this malady, I have formerly shown : the medium must needs be good, where the air is temperate, serene, quiet, free from bogs, fens, mists, all manner of putrefaction, contagious and filthy noisome smells. The Egyptians by all geographers are commended to be a conceited and merry nation : which I can ascribe to no other cause than the serenity of their air. They that live in the Orcades are registered by Hector Boethius and Cardan, to be of fair complexion, long-lived, most healthful, free from all manner of infirmities of body and mind, by reason of a sharp purifying air, which comes from the sea. The Bœotians in Greece

were dull and heavy, by reason of a foggy air in which they lived, Attica most acute, pleasant and refined. In Périgord in France the air is subtle, healthful, seldom any plague or contagious disease, but hilly and barren: the men sound, nimble, and lusty; but in some parts of Guienne, full of moors and marshes, the people dull, heavy, and subject to many infirmities. Who sees not a great difference between Surrey, Sussex, and Romney Marsh, the wolds in Lincolnshire and the fens. He therefore that loves his health, if his ability will give him leave, must often shift places, and make choice of such as are wholesome, pleasant, and convenient: there is nothing better than change of air in this malady, and generally for health to wander up and down. The bishop of Exeter had fourteen several houses all furnished in times past. In Italy, though they bide in cities in winter, which is more gentlemanlike, all the summer they come abroad to their country-houses, to recreate themselves. Our gentry in England live most part in the country (except it be some few castles) building still in bottoms or near woods; you shall know a village by a tuft of trees at or about it, to avoid those strong winds wherewith the island is infested, and cold winter blasts. Some discommend moated houses, as unwholesome; so Camden saith of Ew-elve that it was therefore unfrequented, and all such places as be near lakes or rivers. But I am of opinion that these inconveniences will be mitigated, or easily corrected by good fires, as one reports of Venice, that *graveolentia* and fog of the moors is sufficiently qualified by those innumerable smokes. Nay more, Thomas Philol. Ravennas, a great physician, contends that the Venetians are generally longer-lived than any city in Europe, and live many of them 120 years. But it is not water simply that so much offends, as the slime and noisome smells that accompany such overflowed places, which is but at some few seasons

after a flood, and is sufficiently recompensed with sweet smells and aspects in summer, and many other commodities of pleasure and profit ; or else may be corrected by the site, if it be somewhat remote from the water. Or howsoever they be unseasonable in winter, or at some times, they have their good use in summer. If so be that their means be so slender as they may not admit of any such variety, but must determine once for all, and make one house serve each season, I know no men that have given better rules in this behalf than our husbandry writers. Cato and Columella prescribe a good house to stand by a navigable river, good highways, near some city, and in a good soil, but that is more for commodity than health.

The best soil commonly yields the worst air, a dry sandy plat is fittest to build upon, and such as is rather hilly than plain, full of downs, a Cotswold country, as being most commodious for hawking, hunting, wood, waters, and all manner of pleasures. Périgord in France is barren, yet by reason of the excellency of the air, and such pleasures that it affords, much inhabited by the nobility ; as Nuremberg in Germany, Toledo in Spain. Our countryman Tusser will tell us so much, that the fieldone is for profit, the woodland for pleasure and health ; the one commonly a deep clay, therefore noisome in winter, and subject to bad highways : the other a dry sand. Provision may be had elsewhere, and our towns are generally bigger in the woodland than the fieldone, more frequent and populous, and gentlemen more delight to dwell in such places. Sutton Coldfield in Warwickshire (where I was once a grammar scholar) may be a sufficient witness, which stands, as Camden notes, *loco ingrato et sterili*, but in an excellent air, and full of all manner of pleasures. Wadley in Berkshire is situate in a vale, though not so fertile a soil as some vales afford, yet a most commodious sight,

wholesome, in a delicious air, a rich and pleasant seat. So Segrave in Leicestershire (which town I am now bound to remember) is situated in a champaign, at the edge of the wolds, and more barren than the villages about it, yet no place likely yields a better air. And he that built that fair house, Wollerton in Nottinghamshire, is much to be commended (though the tract be sandy and barren about it) for making choice of such a place. Constantine praiseth mountains, hilly, steep places, above the rest by the seaside, and such as look towards the north upon some great river, as Farmack in Derbyshire, on the Trent, environed with hills, open only to the north, like Mount Edgcombe in Cornwall, which Mr. Carew so much admires for an excellent seat: such is the general site of Bohemia: the north wind clarifies, "but near lakes or marshes, in holes, obscure places, or to the south and west, he utterly disapproves," those winds are unwholesome, putrefying, and make men subject to diseases. The best building for health, according to him, is in "high places, and in an excellent prospect," like that of Cuddeston in Oxfordshire (which place I must *honoris ergo* mention) is lately and fairly built in a good air, good prospect, good soil, both for profit and pleasure, not so easily to be matched. He that respects not this in choosing of his seat, or building his house, is mad, and his dwelling next to hell itself. If it be so the natural site may not be altered of our city, town, village, yet by artificial means it may be helped. In hot countries, therefore, they make the streets of their cities very narrow, all over Spain, Africa, Italy, Greece, and many cities of France, in Languedoc especially, and Provence, those southern parts: Montpellier, the habitation and university of physicians, is so built, with high houses, narrow streets, to divert the sun's scalding rays. Some cities use galleries, or arched cloisters towards the

street, as Damascus, Bologna, Padua, Berne in Switzerland, Westchester with us, as well to avoid tempests, as the sun's scorching heat. They build on high hills, in hot countries, for more air; or to the seaside, as Baiæ, Naples, etc. In our northern coasts we are opposite, we commend straight, broad, open, fair streets, as most befitting and agreeing to our clime.

Of that artificial site of houses I have sufficiently discoursed: if the plan of the dwelling may not be altered, yet there is much in choice of such a chamber or room, in opportune opening and shutting of windows, excluding foreign air and winds, and walking abroad at convenient times. Crato, a German, commends east and south site (disallowing cold air and northern winds in this case, rainy weather and misty days), free from putrefaction, fens, bogs, and muck-hills. If the air be such, open no windows, come not abroad. Montanus will have his patient not to stir at all, if the wind be big or tempestuous, as most part in March it is with us; or in cloudy, lowering, dark days, as in November, which we commonly call the black month; or stormy, let the wind stand how it will, he must not "open a casement in bad weather," or in a boisterous season; he especially forbids us to open windows to a south wind. The best sites for chamber windows, in my judgement, are north, east, south, and which is the worst, west. Great heed is therefore to be taken at what times we walk, how we place our windows, lights, and houses, how we let in or exclude this ambient air. The Egyptians, to avoid immoderate heat, make their windows on the top of the house like chimneys, with two tunnels to draw a thorough air. In Spain they commonly make great opposite windows without glass, still shutting those which are next to the sun: so likewise in Turkey and Italy (Venice excepted, which brags of her stately glazed palaces), they use

paper windows to like purpose ; and lie in the top of their flat-roofed houses, so sleeping under the canopy of heaven. Many excellent means are invented to correct nature by art. If none of these courses help, the best way is to make artificial air, which howsoever is profitable and good, still to be made hot and moist, and to be seasoned with sweet perfumes, pleasant and lightsome as it may be ; to have roses, violets, and sweet-smelling flowers ever in their windows, posies in their hand. Laurentius commends water-lilies, a vessel of warm water to evaporate in the room, which will make a more delightful perfume, if there be added orange-flowers, pills of citrons, rosemary, cloves, bays, rose-water, rose-vinegar, benzoin, labdanum, styrax, and such like gums, which make a pleasant and acceptable perfume. Bessardus Bisantinus prefers the smoke of juniper to melancholy persons, which is in great request with us at Oxford, to sweeten our chambers. Of colours it is good to behold green, red, yellow, and white, and by all means to have light enough, with windows in the day, wax candles in the night, neat chambers, good fires in the winter, merry companions ; for though melancholy persons love to be dark and alone, yet darkness is a great increaser of the humour.

Although our ordinary air be good by nature of art, yet it is not amiss, as I have said, still to alter it ; no better physic for a melancholy man than change of air, and variety of places, to travel abroad and see fashions. For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never travelled, and pity his case, that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still ; still, still the same, the same. Celsus adviseth him therefore that will continue his health, to have diversity of callings, occupations, to be busied about, “ sometimes to live in the city, sometimes



in the country ; now to study or work, to be intent, then again to hawk or hunt, swim, run, ride, or exercise himself." A good prospect alone will ease melancholy. Every country is full of such delightful prospects, as well within land, as by sea, as Hermon and Rann in Palestina, Colalto in Italy, the top of Tagetus, or Acrocorinthus, that old decayed castle in Corinth, from which Peloponnesus, Greece, the Ionian and Ægean seas were at one view to be taken. In Egypt the square top of the great pyramid, three hundred yards in height, and so the sultan's palace in Grand Cairo, the country being plain, hath a marvellous fair prospect as well over Nilus, as that great city, five Italian miles long, and two broad, by the river side : from mount Sion in Jerusalem, the Holy Land is of all sides to be seen : such high places are infinite ; with us those of the best note are Glastonbury tower, Box Hill in Surrey, Bever Castle, Rodway Grange, Walsby in Lincolnshire, where I lately received a real kindness, by the munificence of the right honourable my noble lady and patroness, the Lady Frances, countess dowager of Exeter : and two amongst the rest, which I may not omit for vicinity's sake, Oldbury in the confines of Warwickshire, where I have often looked about me with great delight, at the foot of which hill I was born : and Hanbury in Staffordshire, contiguous to which is Falde, a pleasant village, and an ancient patrimony belonging to our family, now in the possession of mine elder brother, William Burton, Esquire. Barclay the Scot commends that of Greenwich tower for one of the best prospects in Europe, to see London on the one side, the Thames ships, and pleasant meadows on the other. There be those that say as much and more of St. Mark's steeple in Venice. Yet these are too great a distance : some are especially affected with such objects as be near, to see passengers go by in some great road-way, or boats in a river,

to oversee a fair, a market-place, or out of a pleasant window into some thoroughfare street, to behold a continual concourse, a promiscuous rout, coming and going, or a multitude of spectators at a theatre, a mask, or some such like show. But I rove: the sum is this, that variety of actions, objects, air, places, are excellent good in this infirmity, and all others, good for man, good for beast.

### 3. MUSIC AND MIRTH, WITH REMEDIES OF ALL MANNER OF DISCONTENTS

#### *Music a Remedy*

MANY and sundry are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but in my judgement none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music, and merry company.

*Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ*, a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; "affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the mind, and makes it nimble." Labouring men that sing to their work, can tell as much, and so can soldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright, as the sound of trumpets, drum, fife, and such like music animates. It makes a child quiet, the nurse's song; and many times the sound of a trumpet on a sudden, bells ringing, a carman's whistle, a boy singing some ballad tune early in the street, alters, revives, recreates a restless patient that cannot sleep in the night, etc. In a word, it is so powerful a thing that it ravisheth the soul, the queen of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is

a happy cure), and corporal tunes pacify our incorporeal soul, and carries it beyond itself, helps, elevates, extends it.

But to leave all declamatory speeches in praise of divine music, I will confine myself to my proper subject: besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself. So Scaliger ingenuously confesseth. "I am beyond all measure affected with music, I do most willingly behold them dance, I am mightily detained and allured with that grace and comeliness of fair women, I am well pleased to be idle amongst them." And what young man is not? As it is acceptable and conducing to most, so especially to a melancholy man. Provided always, his disease proceed not originally from it, that he be not some light *inamorato*, some idle phantastic, who capers in conceit all the day long, and thinks of nothing else, but how to make jigs, sonnets, madrigals, in commendation of his mistress. In such cases music is most pernicious, as a spur to a free horse will make him run himself blind, or break his wind; for music enchants, as Menander holds, it will make such melancholy persons mad, and the sound of those jigs and hornpipes will not be removed out of the ears a week after. Plato for this reason forbids music and wine to all young men, because they are most part amorous, lest one fire increase another. Many men are melancholy by hearing music, but it is a pleasing melancholy that it causeth; and therefore to such as are discontent, in woe, fear, sorrow, or dejected, it is a most present remedy: it expels cares, alters their grieved minds, and easeth in an instant. Otherwise, music makes some men mad as a tiger; like Astolphos' horn in Ariosto; or Mercury's golden wand in Homer, that made some wake, others sleep, it hath divers effects: and

brings in Socrates as a principal actor, no man merrier than himself, and sometimes he would "ride a cockhorse with his children," and well he might; for now and then the most virtuous, honest, and gravest men will use feasts, jests, and toys, as we do sauce to our meats. Nothing better than mirth and merry company in this malady. It begins with sorrow, it must be expelled with hilarity.

But see the mischief; many men, knowing that merry company is the only medicine against melancholy, will therefore neglect their business; and in another extreme, spend all their days among good fellows in a tavern or an ale-house, and know not otherwise how to bestow their time but in drinking; malt-worms, men-fishes, or water-snakes, like so many frogs in a puddle. 'Tis their sole exercise to eat, and drink; to sacrifice to Volupia, Rumina, Edulica, Iotina, Mellona, is all their religion. They wish for Philoxenus' neck, Jupiter's trinoctium, and that the sun would stand still as in Joshua's time, to satisfy their lust, that they might *dies noctesque pergræcari et bibere*. Flourishing wits, and men of good parts, good fashion, and good worth, basely prostitute themselves to every rogue's company, to take tobacco and drink, to roar and sing scurrilous songs in base places.

They drown their wits, seethe their brains in ale, consume their fortunes, lose their time, weaken their temperatures, contract filthy diseases, rheums, dropsies, calentures, tremor, get swoln jugulars, pimpled red faces, sore eyes; heat their livers, alter their complexions, spoil their stomachs, overthrow their bodies; for drink drowns more than the sea and all the rivers that fall into it (mere funges and casks), confound their souls, suppress reason, go from Scylla to Charybdis, and use that which is a help to their undoing. When the Black Prince went to set the exiled king of Castile into his kingdom, there

was a terrible battle fought between the English and the Spanish: at last the Spanish fled, the English followed them to the river side, where some drowned themselves to avoid their enemies, the rest were killed. Now tell me what difference is between drowning and killing? As good be melancholy still, as drunken beasts and beggars. Company a sole comfort, and an only remedy to all kind of discontent, is their sole misery and cause of perdition. For one drunkard in a company, one thief, one whore-master, will by his goodwill make all the rest as bad as himself, be of what complexion you will, inclination, love or hate, be it good or bad, if you come amongst them, you must do as they do: yea, though it be to the prejudice of your health, you must drink *venenum pro vino*. And so like grasshoppers, whilst they sing over their cups all summer, they starve in winter; and for a little vain merriment shall find a sorrowful reckoning in the end.

*A. Consolatory Digression, Containing the Remedies  
of all Manner of Discontents*

Discontents and grievances are either general or particular; general are wars, plagues, dearths, famine, fires, inundations, unseasonable weather, epidemical diseases which afflict whole kingdoms, territories, cities: or peculiar to private men, as cares, crosses, losses, death of friends, poverty, want, sickness, orbities, abuses. Even in the midst of our mirth and jollity, there is some grudging, some complaint, our whole life is a glucupicron, a bitter-sweet passion, honey and gall mixed together, we are all miserable and discontent, who can deny it? "Ay, but alas we are more miserable than others, what shall we do? Besides private miseries, we live in perpetual fear and danger of common enemies:

we have Bellona's whips, and pitiful outcries, for epithalamiums; for pleasant music, that fearful noise of ordnance, drums, and warlike trumpets still sounding in our ears; instead of nuptial torches, we have firing of towns and cities; for triumphs, lamentations; for joy, tears." Whatsoever is under the moon is subject to corruption, alteration; and so long as thou livest upon earth, look not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerful days, quiet times, but rather clouds, storms, calumnies; such is our fate. And as those errant planets in their distinct orbs have their several motions, sometimes direct, stationary, retrograde, in apogee, perigee, oriental, occidental, combust, feral, free, and as our astrologers will, have their fortitudes and debilities, by reason of those good and bad irradiations, conferred to each other's site in the heavens, in their terms, houses, case, detriments, etc. So we rise and fall in this world, ebb and flow, in and out, reared and dejected, lead a troublesome life, subject to many accidents and casualties of fortunes, variety of passions, infirmities as well from ourselves as others.

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy but in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine, thou alone art unhappy, none so bad as thyself. Yet, if, as Socrates said, "All men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion? or be as thou art?" Without question thou wouldst be as thou art. How many thousands want that which thou hast? how many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living, of such as labour in

body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain, all which thou art free from? Thou art most happy if thou couldst be content, and acknowledge thy happiness; when thou shalt hereafter come to want that which thou now loathest, abhorrest, and art weary of, and tired with, when 'tis past, thou wilt say thou wert most happy: and after a little miss, wish with all thine heart thou hadst the same content again, mightest lead but such a life, a world for such a life: the remembrance of it is pleasant. Be silent then, rest satisfied, comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes, and as the moldiwarp in *Æsop* told the fox, complaining for want of a tail, and the rest of his companions, you complain of toys, but I am blind, be quiet. I say to thee, be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares, that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Compare thine estate with others. Be content and rest satisfied, for thou art well in respect to others: be thankful for that thou hast, that God hath done for thee, he hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as he might, but a man, a Christian, such a man; consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art. Go on then merrily to heaven. If the way be troublesome, and you in misery, in many grievances: on the other side you have many pleasant sports, objects, sweet smells, delightful tastes, music, meats, herbs, flowers, to recreate your senses. For thy part then rest satisfied, "cast all thy care on him, thy burthen on him, rely on him, trust on him, and he shall nourish thee, care for thee, give thee thine heart's desire;" say with David, "God is our hope and strength, in troubles ready to be found," "for they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed," "as the mountains are

about Jerusalem, so is the Lord about his people, from henceforth and for ever."

*Deformity of Body, Sickness, Baseness of Birth, Peculiar Discontents*

Particular discontents and grievances, are either of body, mind, or fortune, which as they wound the soul of man, produce this melancholy, and many great inconveniences, by that antidote of good counsel and persuasion may be eased or expelled. Deformities and imperfections of our bodies, as lameness, crookedness, deafness, blindness, be they innate or accidental, torture many men : yet this may comfort them, that those imperfections of the body do not a whit blemish the soul, or hinder the operations of it, but rather help and much increase it. Thou art lame of body, deformed to the eye, yet this hinders not but that thou mayest be a good, a wise, upright, honest man.

Baseness of birth is a great disparagement to some men, especially if they be wealthy, bear office, and come to promotion in a commonwealth ; then if their birth be not answerable to their calling, and to their fellows, they are much abashed and ashamed of themselves. Some scorn their own father and mother, deny brothers and sisters, with the rest of their kindred and friends, and will not suffer them to come near them, when they are in their pomp, accounting it a scandal to their greatness to have such beggarly beginnings. Others buy titles, coats of arms, and by all means screw themselves into ancient families, falsifying pedigrees, usurping scutcheons, and all because they would not seem to be base. In our ordinary talk and fallings out, the most opprobrious and scurrile name we can fasten upon a man, or first give, is to call him base rogue, beggarly rascal, and the like : whereas in my judgment, this ought



of all other grievances to trouble men least. Of all vanities and fopperies, to brag of gentility is the greatest ; for what is it they crack so much of, and challenge such superiority, as if they were demi-gods ? Birth ? It is *non ens*, a mere flash, a ceremony, a toy, a thing of nought. Consider the beginning, present estate, progress, ending of gentry, and then tell me what it is. Oppression, fraud, cozening, usury, knavery, bawdry, murder, and tyranny, are the beginning of many ancient families : one hath been a blood sucker, a parricide, the death of many a silly soul in some unjust quarrels, seditions, made many an orphan and poor widow, and for that he is made a lord or an earl, and his posterity gentlemen for ever after. Another hath been a bawd, a pander to some great men, a parasite, a slave, prostituted himself, his wife, daughter, to some lascivious prince, and for that he is exalted. Now may it please your good worship, your lordship, who was the first founder of your family ? The poet answers, "*Aut Pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.*" Are he or you the better gentleman ? If he, then we have traced him to his form. If you, what is it of which thou boastest so much ? That thou art his son. It may be his heir, his reputed son, and yet indeed a priest or a serving man may be the true father of him ; but we will not controvert that now ; married women are all honest ; thou art his son's son's son, begotten and born *infra quatuor maria*, etc. Thy great great great grandfather was a rich citizen, and then in all likelihood a usurer, a lawyer, and then a—a courtier, and then a—a country gentleman, and then he scraped it out of sheep, etc. And you are the heir of all his virtues, fortunes, titles ; so then, what is your gentry, but ancient wealth ? that is the definition of gentility. The father goes often to the devil, to make his son a gentleman. For the present, what is it ? It began with strong

impiety, with tyranny, oppression, and so it is maintained: wealth began it (no matter how got), wealth continueth and increaseth it. So that it is wealth alone that denominates, money which maintains it, gives *esse* to it, for which every man may have it. And what is their ordinary exercise? sit to eat, drink, lie down to sleep, and rise to play: wherein lies their worth and sufficiency? in a few coats of arms, eagles, lions, serpents, bears, tigers, dogs, crosses, bends, fesses, etc., and such like baubles, which they commonly set up in their galleries, porches, windows, on bowls, platters, coaches, in tombs, churches, men's sleeves, etc. If he can hawk and hunt, ride a horse, play at cards and dice, swagger, drink, swear, take tobacco with a grace, sing, dance, wear his clothes in fashion, court and please his mistress, talk big fustian, insult, scorn, strut, contemn others, and use a little mimical and apish compliment above the rest, he is a complete, a well-qualified gentleman; these are most of their employments, this their greatest commendation. What is gentry, this parchment nobility then but a sanctuary of knavery and naughtiness, a cloak for wickedness and execrable vices, of pride, fraud, contempt, boasting, oppression, dissimulation, lust, gluttony, malice, fornication, adultery, ignorance, impiety? A nobleman therefore, in some likelihood, is an atheist, an oppressor, an epicure, a gull, a dizzard, an illiterate idiot, an outside, a glow-worm, a proud fool, an arrant ass, a slave to his lust and belly. What dost thou vaunt of now? What dost thou gape and wonder at? admire him for this brave apparel, horses, dogs, fine houses, manors, orchards, gardens, walks? Why? a fool may be possessor of this as well as he; and he that accounts him a better man, a nobleman for having of it, he is a fool himself. Now go and brag of thy gentility. I conclude, hast thou a sound body, and a good soul, good bringing

up? Art thou virtuous, honest, learned, well-qualified, religious, are thy conditions good?—thou art a true nobleman, perfectly noble, although born of Thersites, for neither sword, nor fire, nor water, nor sickness, nor outward violence, nor the devil himself can take thy good parts from thee. Be not ashamed of thy birth then, thou art a gentleman all the world over, and shalt be honoured, when as he, strip him of his fine clothes, dispossess him of his wealth, is a funge, like a piece of coin in another country, that no man will take, and shall be contemned. Once more, though thou be a barbarian, born at Tontontecac, a villain, a slave, a Saldanian negro, or a rude Virginian in Dasamonquepec, he a French monsieur, a Spanish don, a seignior of Italy, I care not how descended, of what family, of what order, baron, count, prince, if thou be well qualified, and he not, but a degenerate Neoptolemus, I tell thee in a word, thou art a man, and he is a beast.

Let no *terrac filius*, or upstart, insult at this which I have said, no worthy gentleman take offence. I speak it not to detract from such as are well deserving, truly virtuous and noble: I do much respect and honour true gentry and nobility; I was born of worshipful parents myself, in an ancient family, but I am a younger brother, it concerns me not: or had I been some great heir, richly endowed, so minded as I am, I should not have been elevated at all, but so esteemed of it, as of all other human happiness, honours, etc., they have their period, are brittle and inconstant.

So much in the meantime I do attribute to Gentility, that if he be well-descended, of worshipful or noble parentage, he will express it in his conditions. For learning and virtue in a nobleman is more eminent, and, as a jewel set in gold is more precious, and much to be respected, such a man deserves better than others, and is as great an honour to his family as his

noble family to him. In a word, many noblemen are an ornament to their order : many poor men's sons are singularly well endowed, most eminent, and well deserving for their worth, wisdom, learning, virtue, valour, integrity ; excellent members and pillars of a commonwealth. And therefore to conclude that which I first intended, to be base by birth, meanly born, is no such disparagement. *Et sic demonstratur, quod erat demonstrandum.*

*Against Poverty and Want, with such other Adversities.*

One of the greatest miseries that can befall a man, in the world's esteem, is poverty or want, which makes men steal, bear false witness, swear, forswear, contend, murder and rebel, which breaketh sleep, and causeth death itself. Riches I deny not are God's good gifts and blessings ; and honours are from God ; both rewards of virtue, and fit to be sought after, sued for, and may well be possessed : yet no such great happiness in having, or misery in wanting of them. He is rich, wealthy, fat ; what gets he by it ? pride, insolency, lust, ambition, cares, fears, suspicion, trouble, anger, emulation, and many filthy diseases of body and mind. He hath indeed variety of dishes, better fare, sweet wine, pleasant sauce, dainty music, gay clothes, lords it bravely out ; but with them he hath the gout, dropsies, apoplexies, palsies, stone, pox, rheums, catarrhs, crudities, oppilations, melancholy, lust enters in, anger, ambition, the sequel of riches is pride, riot, intemperance, arrogancy, fury, and all irrational courses. With their variety of dishes, many such maladies of body and mind get in, which the poor man knows not of. Yea, but he hath the world at will that is rich, the good things of the earth ; he is a happy man, adored like a god, a prince, every man

seeks to him, applauds, honours, admires him. He hath honours indeed, abundance of all things; but withal pride, lust, anger, faction, emulation, fears, cares, suspicion enter with his wealth; for his intemperance he hath aches, crudities, gouts, and as fruits of his idleness, and fulness, lust, surfeiting, and drunkenness, all manner of diseases: the wealthier, the more dishonest. He is exposed to hatred, envy, peril and treason, fear of death, degradation, and the higher he climbs, the greater is his fall. Wherein now consists his happiness? what privileges hath he more than other men? or rather what miseries, what cares and discontents hath he not more than other men? 'Tis not his wealth can vindicate him, let him have Job's inventory, Croesus or rich Crassus cannot now command health, or get himself a stomach. His worship, in all his plenty and great provision, is forbidden to eat, or else hath no appetite (sick in bed, can take no rest, sore grieved with some chronic disease, contracted with full diet and ease, or troubled in mind), when as, in the meantime, all his household are merry, and the poorest servant that he keeps doth continually feast. 'Tis tincoiled happiness, an unhappy kind of happiness, if it be happiness at all. His gold, guard, clattering of harness, and fortifications against outward enemies, cannot free him from inward fears and cares. Look how many servants he hath, and so many enemies he suspects; for liberty he entertains ambition; his pleasures are no pleasures; and that which is worst, he cannot be private or enjoy himself as other men do, his state is a servitude. A poor man takes more delight in an ordinary meal's meat, which he hath but seldom, than they do with all their exotic dainties and continual viands; 'tis the rarity and necessity that makes a thing acceptable and pleasant. Darius, put to flight by Alexander, drank puddle water to quench his thirst, and it was pleasanter, he swore, than

any wine or mead. But they being always accustomed to the same dishes (which are nastily dressed by slovenly cooks, that after their obscenities never wash their bawdy hands), be they fish, flesh, compounded, made dishes, or whatsoever else, are therefore cloyed ; nectar's self grows loathsome to them, they are weary of all their fine palaces, they are to them but as so many prisons. A poor man drinks in a wooden dish, and eats his meat in wooden spoons, wooden platters, earthen vessels, and such homely stuff : the other in gold, silver, and precious stones ; but with what success ? fear of poison in the one, security in the other. Cleopatra hath whole boars and sheep served up to her table at once, drinks jewels dissolved, 40,000 sesterces in value ; but to what end ? Doth a man that is adry desire to drink in gold ? Doth not a cloth suit become him as well, and keep him as warm, as all their silks, satins, damasks, taffeties and tissues ? Is not homespun cloth as great a preservative against cold, as a coat of Tartar lambs'-wool, dyed in grain, or a gown of giants' beards ? Nero never put on one garment twice, and thou hast scarce one to put on ! what's the difference ? one's sick, the other sound : such is the whole tenor of their lives, and that which is the consummation and upshot of all, death itself makes the greatest difference. One like a hen feeds on the dunghill all his days, but is served up at last to his Lord's table ; the other as a falcon is fed with partridge and pigeons, and carried on his master's fist, but when he dies is flung to the muckhill, and there lies. The rich man lives like Dives jovially here on earth, he thinks his house, called after his own name, shall continue for ever ; but he perisheth like a beast. For all physicians and medicines enforcing nature, a swooning wife, families' complaints, friends' tears, dirges, masses, funerals, for all orations, counterfeited hired acclamations, eulogiums, epitaphs, hearses,

heralds, black mourners, solemnities, obelisks, and Mausoleum tombs, if he have them, at least, he, like a hog, goes to hell with a guilty conscience, and a poor man's curse : his memory stinks like the snuff of a candle when it is put out ; scurrilous libels, and infamous obloquies accompany him. When as poor Lazarus is the temple of God, lives and dies in true devotion, hath no more attendants but his own innocency, the heaven a tomb, desires to be dissolved, buried in his mother's lap, and hath a company of Angels ready to convey his soul into Abraham's bosom, he leaves an everlasting and a sweet memory behind him. In a word, to get wealth is a great trouble, anxiety to keep, grief to lose it.

But consider all those other unknown, concealed happinesses, which a poor man hath (I call them unknown, because they be not acknowledged in the world's esteem, or so taken). Happy he, in that he is freed from the tumults of the world, he seeks no honours, gapes after no preferment, flatters not, envies not, temporiseth not, but lives privately, and well contented with his estate. He is not troubled with state matters, whether kingdoms thrive better by succession or election ; whether monarchies should be mixed, temperate, or absolute ; the house of Ottomon's and Austria is all one to him ; he inquires not after colonies or new discoveries ; whether Peter were at Rome, or Constantine's donation be of force ; what comets or new stars signify, whether the earth stand or move, there be a new world in the moon, or infinite worlds, etc. He is not touched with fear of invasions, factions or emulations. A secure, quiet, blissful state he hath, if he could acknowledge it. But here is the misery, that he will not take notice of it ; he repines at rich men's wealth, brave hangings, dainty fare, " he knows not the affliction of Joseph, stretching himself on ivory beds, and singing to the sound of the viol." And

it troubles him that he hath not the like ; there is a difference (he grumbles) between Laplolly and Pheasants, to tumble i' th'straw and lie in a down-bed, betwixt wine and water, a cottage and a palace. He hates nature that she hath made him lower than a god, and is angry with the gods that any man goes before him ; and although he hath received much, yet he thinks it an injury that he hath no more, and is so far from giving thanks for his tribuneship, that he complains he is not prætor, neither doth that please him, except he may be consul. Why is he not a prince, why not a monarch, why not an emperor ? Why should one man have so much more than his fellows, one have all, another nothing ? Why should one man be a slave or drudge to another ? One surfeit, another starve, one live at ease, another labour, without any hope of better fortune ? Thus they grumble, mutter, and repine : not considering that inconstancy of human affairs, judicially conferring one condition with another, or well weighing their own present estate. What they are now, thou mayest shortly be ; and what thou art they shall likely be. Expect a little, compare future and times past with the present, see the event, and comfort thyself with it. It is as well to be discerned in commonwealths, cities, families, as in private men's estates. Italy was once lord of the world, Rome the queen of cities, vaunted herself of two myriads of inhabitants ; now that all-commanding country is possessed by petty princes, Rome a small village in respect. Greece of old the seat of civility, mother of sciences and humanity ; now forlorn, the nurse or barbarism, a den of thieves. Germany then, saith Tacitus, was incult and horrid, now full of magnificent cities : Athens, Corinth, Carthage, how flourishing cities, now buried in their own ruins ! like so many wildernesses, a receptacle of wild beasts. Venice, a poor fishertown ; Paris, London, small



cottages in Cæsar's time, now most noble emporiums. Valois, Plantagenet, and Scaliger, how fortunate families, how likely to continue! now quite extinguished and rooted out. He stands aloft to-day, full of favour, wealth, honour, and prosperity, in the top of fortune's wheel: to-morrow in prison, worse than nothing, his son's a beggar. Thou art a poor, servile drudge, a very slave, thy son may come to be a prince, with Maximinus, Agathocles, a senator, a general of an army; thou standest bare to him now, workest for him, drudgest for him and his, takest an alms of him: stay but a little, and his next heir peradventure shall consume all with riot, be degraded, thou exalted, and he shall beg of thee. Thou shalt be his most honourable patron, he thy devout servant, his posterity shall run, ride, and do as much for thine, as it was with Frisgobald and Cromwell, it may be for thee. Citizens devour country gentlemen, and settle in their seats; after two or three descents, they consume all in riot, it returns to the city again. A lawyer buys out his poor client, after a while his client's posterity buy out him and his; so things go round, ebb and flow. So say I of land, houses, moveables and money, mine to-day, his anon, whose to-morrow? In fine virtue and prosperity beget rest; rest idleness; idleness riot; riot destruction: from which we come again to good laws: good laws engender virtuous actions; virtue, glory, and prosperity: and 'tis no dishonour then for a flourishing man, city, or state to come to ruin, nor infelicity to be subject to the law of nature. Therefore (I say) scorn this transitory state, look up to heaven, think not what others are, but what thou art; and what thou shalt be, what thou mayest be. Do (I say) as Christ himself did, when he lived here on earth, imitate him as much as in thee lies. How many great Cæsars, mighty monarchs, tetrarchs, dynasties, princes lived in his days, in what plenty, what

delicacy, how bravely attended, what a deal of gold and silver, what treasure, how many sumptuous palaces had they, what provinces and cities, ample territories, fields, rivers, fountains, parks, forests, lawns, woods, cells, etc. ? Yet Christ had none of all this, he would have none of this, he voluntarily rejected all this, he could not be ignorant, he could not err in his choice, he contemned all this, he chose that which was safer, better, and more certain, and less to be repented, a mean estate, even poverty itself ; and why dost thou then doubt to follow him, to imitate him, and his apostles, to imitate all good men ? so do thou tread in his divine steps, and thou shalt not err eternally, as too many worldlings do, that run on in their own dissolute courses, to their confusion and ruin, thou shalt not do amiss.

*Against Servitude, Loss of Liberty, Imprisonment,  
Banishment*

Servitude, loss of liberty, imprisonment, are no such miseries as they are held to be : we are slaves and servants the best of us all : as we do reverence our masters, so do our masters their superiors : gentlemen serve nobles, and nobles subordinate to kings, princes themselves are God's servants. They are subject to their own laws, and as the kings of China endure more than slavish imprisonment, to maintain their state and greatness, they never come abroad. Alexander was a slave to fear, Cæsar of pride, Vespasian to his money, Heliogabalus to his gut, and so of the rest. Lovers are slaves to their mistresses, rich men to their gold, courtiers generally to lust and ambition, and all slaves to our affections. Why then dost thou repine ? Thou carriest no burdens, thou art no prisoner, no drudge, and thousands want that liberty, those pleasures which

thou hast. Thou art not sick, and what wouldst thou have? But we must all eat of the forbidden fruit. Were we enjoined to go to such and such places, we would not willingly go: but being barred of our liberty, this alone torments our wandering soul that we may not go. A citizen of ours, saith Cardan, was sixty years of age, and had never been forth of the walls of the city of Milan; the prince hearing of it, commanded him not to stir out: being now forbidden that which all his life he had neglected, he earnestly desired, and being denied, he died for grief.

What I have said of servitude, I again say of imprisonment, we are all prisoners. What is our life but a prison? We are all imprisoned in an island. The world itself to some men is a prison, our narrow seas as so many ditches, and when they have compassed the globe of the earth, they would fain go see what is done in the moon. In Muscovy, and many other northern parts, all over Scandia, they are imprisoned half the year in stoves, they dare not peep out for cold. At Aden in Arabia, they are penned in all day long with that other extreme of heat, and keep their markets in the night. What is a ship but a prison? And so many cities are but as so many hives of bees, ant-hills; but that of which thou abhorrest, many seek: women keep in all winter, and most part of summer, to preserve their beauties; some for love of study: Demosthenes shaved his beard because he would cut off all occasions from going abroad: how many monks and friars, anchorites, abandon the world! Art in prison? Make right use of it, and mortify thyself; "Where may a man contemplate better than in solitariness," or study more than in quietness? Many worthy men have been imprisoned all their lives, and it hath been occasions of great honour and glory to them, much public good by their excellent meditation. It brings

many a lewd riotous fellow home, many wandering rogues it settles, that would otherwise have been like raving tigers, ruined themselves and others.

Banishment is no grievance at all, that's a man's country where he is well at ease. Many travel for pleasure to that city, saith Seneca, to which thou art banished, and what a part of the citizens are strangers born in other places! *Incolentibus patria*, 'tis their country that are born in it, and they would think themselves banished to go to the place which thou leavest, and from which thou art so loth to depart. 'Tis no disparagement to be a stranger, or so irksome to be an exile. 'Tis a childish humour to hone after home, to be discontent at that which others seek; to prefer, as base islanders and Norwegians do, their own ragged island before Italy or Greece, the gardens of the world. There is a base nation in the north, saith Pliny, called Chauci, that live amongst rocks and sands by the seaside, feed on fish, drink water: and yet these base people account themselves slaves in respect, when they come to Rome. So it is, fortune favours some to live at home, to their further punishment: 'tis want of judgement. All places are distant from heaven alike, the sun shines happily as warm in one city as in another, and to a wise man there is no difference of climes; friends are every where to him that behaves himself well, and a prophet is not esteemed in his own country.

*Against Repulse, Abuses, Injuries, Contempts,  
Disgraces, Contumelies, Slanders, Scoffs, etc.*

*Repulse.* I may not yet conclude, think to appease passions, or quiet the mind, till such time as I have likewise removed some other of their more eminent and ordinary causes, which produce so grievous tortures and discontents: to divert all, I cannot

hope ; to point alone at some few of the chiefest, is that which I aim at.

Repulse and disgrace are two main causes of discontent, but to an understanding man not so hardly to be taken. Cæsar himself hath been denied, and when two stand equal in fortune, birth, and all other qualities alike, one of necessity must lose. Why shouldst thou take it so grievously ? It hath a familiar thing for thee thyself to deny others. If every man might have what he would, we should all be deified, emperors, kings, princes ; if whatsoever vain hope suggests, insatiable appetite affects, our preposterous judgement thinks fit were granted, we should have another chaos in an instant, a mere confusion. It is some satisfaction to him that is repelled, that dignities, honours, offices, are not always given by desert or worth, but for love, affinity, friendship, affection, great men's letters, or as commonly they are bought and sold. But who can help it ? It is an ordinary thing in these days to see a base, impudent ass, illiterate, unworthy, insufficient, to be preferred before his betters, because he can put himself forward, because he looks big, can bustle in the world, hath a fair outside, can temporise, colloque, insinuate, or hath good store of friends or money ; whereas a more discreet, modest, and better deserving man shall lie hid or have a repulse. 'Twas so of old, and ever will be. Erasmus, Melancthon, Lipsius, Budæus, Cardan, lived and died poor. Gesner was a silly old man, amongst all those huffing cardinals, swelling bishops that flourished in his time, and rode on foot-clothes. It is not honesty, learning, worth, wisdom, that prefers men, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but as the wise man said, Chance, and sometimes a ridiculous chance. 'Tis fortune's doings as they say, which made Brutus now dying exclaim, "Believe it hereafter, O my friends ! virtue serves fortune."

Yet be not discouraged (O my well deserving spirits) with this which I have said, it may be otherwise, though seldom I confess, yet sometimes it is. But to your farther content, I'll tell you a tale. In Moronia pia, or Moronia felix, I know not whether, nor how long since, nor in what cathedral church, a fat prebend fell void. The carcass scarce cold, many suitors were up in an instant. The first had rich friends, a good purse, and he was resolved to outbid any man before he would lose it, every man supposed he should carry it. The second was my lord Bishop's chaplain (in whose gift it was), and he thought it his due to have it. The third was nobly born, and he meant to get it by his great parents, patrons, and allies. The fourth stood upon his worth, he had newly found out strange mysteries in chemistry, and other rare inventions, which he would detect to the public good. The fifth was a painful preacher, and he was commended by the whole parish where he dwelt, he had all their hands to his certificate. The sixth was the prebendary's son lately deceased, his father died in debt (for it, as they say), left a wife and many poor children. The seventh stood upon fair promises, which to him and his noble friends had been formerly made for the next place in his lordship's gift. The eighth pretended great losses, and what he had suffered for the church, what pains he had taken at home and abroad, and besides he brought noblemen's letters. The ninth had married a kinswoman, and he sent his wife to sue for him. The tenth was a foreign doctor, a late convert, and wanted means. The eleventh would exchange for another, he did not like the former's site, could not agree with his neighbours and fellows upon any terms, he would be gone. The twelfth and last was (a suitor in conceit) a right honest, civil, sober man, an excellent scholar, and such a one as lived private in the university, but he had neither

means nor money to compass it ; besides he hated all such courses, he could not speak for himself, neither had he any friends to solicit his cause, and therefore made no suit, could not expect, neither did he hope for, or look after it. The good bishop, amongst a jury of competitors thus perplexed, and not yet resolved what to do, or on whom to bestow it, at the last, of his own accord, mere motion and bountiful nature, gave it freely to the university student, altogether unknown to him but by fame ; and to be brief, the academical scholar had the prebend sent him for a present. The news was no sooner published abroad, but all good students rejoiced, and were much cheered up with it, though some would not believe it ; others, as men amazed, said it was a miracle ; but one amongst the rest thanked God for it. You have heard my tale : but alas it is but a tale, a mere fiction, 'twas never so, never like to be, and so let it rest. Well, be it so then, they have wealth and honour, fortune and preferment, every man (there's no remedy) must scramble as he may, and shift as he can. But why shouldest thou take thy neglect, thy canvas so to heart ? It may be thou art not fit ; but a child that puts on his father's shoes, hat, headpiece, breast-plate, breeches, or holds his spear, but is neither able to wield the one, or wear the other ; so wouldest thou do by such an office, place, or magistracy : thou art unfit : " And what is dignity to an unworthy man, but a gold ring in a swine's snout ? " Thou art a brute. Like a bad actor thou wouldest play a king's part, but actest a clown, speakest like an ass. Thou dost overween thyself ; thou art wise in thine own conceit, but in other more mature judgment altogether unfit to manage such a business. Or be it thou art more deserving than any of thy rank, God in his province hath reserved thee for some other fortunes. Thou art humble as thou art, it may be ;

hadst thou been preferred, thou wouldest have forgotten God and thyself, insulted over others, contemned thy friends, been a block, a tyrant, or a demi-god. "Therefore," saith Chrysostom, "good men do not always find grace and favour, lest they should be puffed up with turgent titles, grow insolent and proud."

Injuries, abuses, are very offensive, and so much the more in that they think by taking one they provoke another : but it is an erroneous opinion, for if that were true, there would be no end of abusing each other ; 'tis much better with patience to bear, or quietly to put it up. If an ass kick me, saith Socrates, shall I strike him again ? And when his wife Xantippe struck and misused him, to some friends that would have had him strike her again, he replied, that he would not make them sport, or that they should stand by and say, *Eia Socrates, eia Xantippe*, as we do when dogs fight, animate them the more by clapping of hands. Many men spend themselves, their goods, friends, fortunes, upon small quarrels, and sometimes at other men's procurements, with much vexation of spirit and anguish of mind, all which with good advice, or mediation of friends, might have been happily composed, or if patience had taken place. Patience in such cases is a most sovereign remedy.

I say the same of scoffs, slanders, contumelies, obloquies, defamations, detractions, pasquilling libels, and the like, which may tend any way to our disgrace : 'tis but opinion ; if we could neglect, condemn, or with patience digest them, they would reflect on them that offered them at first. A wise citizen, I know not whence, had a scold to his wife : when she brawled, he played on his drum, and by that means maddened her more, because she saw that he would not be moved. Diogenes in a crowd when one called him back, and told him how the boys laughed him to



scorn, took no notice of it. Socrates was brought upon the stage by Aristophanes, and misused to his face, but he laughed as if it concerned him not : and whatsoever good or bad accident or fortune befell him, going in or coming out, Socrates still kept the same countenance ; even so should a Christian do, march on through good and bad reports to immortality, not to be moved : for honesty is a sufficient reward, and in our times the sole recompence to do well, is, to do well : but naughtiness will punish itself at last.

Yes, but I am ashamed, disgraced, dishonoured, degraded, exploded : my notorious crimes and villainies are come to light, my filthy lust, abominable oppression and avarice lies open, my good name's lost, my fortune's gone. I have been stigmatised, whipt at post, arraigned and condemned, I am a common obloquy, I have lost my ears, odious, execrable, abhorred of God and men. Be content, 'tis but a nine days' wonder, and as one sorrow drives out another, one passion another, one cloud another, one rumour is expelled by another ; every day almost come new news unto our ears, as how the sun was eclipsed, meteors seen in the air, monsters born, prodigies, how the Turks were overthrown in Persia, an earthquake in Helvetia, Calabria, Japan, or China, an inundation in Holland, a great plague in Constantinople, a fire at Prague, a dearth in Germany, such a man is made a lord, a bishop, another hanged, deposed, pressed to death, for some murder, treason, rape, theft, oppression, all which we do hear at first with a kind of admiration, detestation, consternation, but by and by they are buried in silence : thy father's dead, thy brother robbed, wife runs mad, neighbour hath killed himself ; 'tis heavy, ghastly, fearful news at first, in every man's mouth, table talk ; but after a while who speaks or thinks of it ? It will be so with thee and thine offence, it

will be forgotten in an instant, be it theft, rape, sodomy, murder, incest, treason, etc.; thou art not the first offender, nor shalt not be the last, 'tis no wonder, every hour such malefactors are called in question, nothing so common. Comfort thyself, thou art not the sole man. If he that were guiltless himself should fling the first stone at thee, and he alone should accuse thee that were faultless, how many executioners, how many accusers wouldst thou have? If every man's sins were written in his forehead, and secret faults known, how many thousands would parallel, if not exceed thine offence? It may be the judge that gave sentence, the jury that condemned thee, the spectators that gazed on thee, deserved much more, and were far more guilty than thou thyself. But it is thine infelicity to be taken, to be made a public example of justice, to be a terror to the rest; yet should every man have his desert, thou wouldest peradventure be a saint in comparison; poor souls are punished; the great ones do twenty thousand times worse, and are not so much as spoken of. Be not dismayed then, we are all sinners, daily and hourly subject to temptations, the best of us is a hypocrite, a grievous offender in God's sight, Noah, Lot, David, Peter, etc., how many mortal sins do we commit? Let them contemn, defame, or undervalue, insult, oppress, scoff, slander, abuse, wrong, curse and swear, feign and lie, do thou comfort thyself with a good conscience, when they have all done, a good conscience is a continual feast, innocency will vindicate itself: and enjoy thyself, though all the world be set against thee, contemn, and say my posy is, not to be moved, that my palladium, my breastplate, my buckler, with which I ward all injuries, offences, lies, slanders; I lean upon that stake of modesty, so receive and break asunder all that foolish force of liver and spleen. And whosoever he is that shall observe these short instructions,

without all question he shall much ease and benefit himself.

In fine, if princes would do justice, judges be upright, clergymen truly devout, and so live as they teach, if great men would not be so insolent, if soldiers would quietly defend us, the poor would be patient, rich men would be liberal and humble, citizens honest, magistrates meek, superiors would give good example, subjects peaceable, young men would stand in awe: if parents would be kind to their children, and they again obedient to their parents, brethren agree amongst themselves, enemies be reconciled, servants trusty to their masters, virgins chaste, wives modest, husbands would be loving and less jealous: if we could imitate Christ and his apostles, live after God's laws, these mischiefs would not so frequently happen amongst us; but being most part so irreconcilable as we are, perverse, proud, insolent, factious, and malicious, prone to contention, anger and revenge, of such fiery spirits, so captious, impious, irreligious, so opposite to virtue, void of grace, how should it otherwise be? Many men are very testy by nature, apt to mistake, apt to quarrel, apt to provoke and misinterpret to the worst, every thing that is said or done, and there-upon heap unto themselves a great deal of trouble, and disquietness to others, smatterers in other men's matters, tale-bearers, whisperers, liars, they cannot speak in season, or hold their tongues when they should: they will speak more than comes to their shares, in all companies, and by those bad courses accumulate much evil to their own souls, their life is a perpetual brawl, they snarl like so many dogs, with their wives, children, servants, neighbours, and all the rest of their friends, they can agree with nobody. But to such as are judicious, meek, submissive, and quiet, these matters are easily remedied: they will forbear upon all such occasions, neglect,

contemn, or take no notice of them, dissemble, or wisely turn it off. If it be a natural impediment, as a red nose, squint eyes, crooked legs, or any such imperfection, infirmity, disgrace, reproach, the best way is to speak of it first thyself, and so thou shalt surely take away all occasions from others to jest at, or contemn, that they may perceive thee to be careless of it. Vatinius was wont to scoff at his own deformed feet, to prevent his enemies' obloquies and sarcasms in that kind; or else by prevention, as Cotys, king of Thrace, that brake a company of fine glasses presented to him, with his own hands, lest he should be overmuch moved when they were broken by chance. And sometimes again, so that it be discreetly and moderately done, it shall not be amiss to make resistance, to take down such a saucy companion, no better means to vindicate himself to purchase final peace: for he that suffers himself to be ridden, or through pusillanimity or sottishness will let every man baffle him, shall be a common laughing stock to flout at. As a cur that goes through a village, if he clap his tail between his legs, and run away, every cur will insult over him: but if he bristle up himself, and stand to it, give but a counter-snarl, there's not a dog dares meddle with him: much is in a man's courage and discreet carriage of himself. Many other grievances there are, which happen to mortals in this life, from friends, wives, children, servants, masters, companions, neighbours, our own defaults, ignorance, errors, intemperance, indiscretion, infirmities, etc., and many good remedies to mitigate and oppose them, many divine precepts to counterpoise our hearts, special antidotes both in Scripture and human authors, which, whoso will observe, shall purchase much ease and quietness unto himself: I will point out a few. Those propheticall, apostolical admonitions are well known to all; what Solomon, Siracides, our Saviour Christ himself hath

said tending to this purpose, as "Fear God : obey the prince : be sober and watch : pray continually : be angry but sin not : remember thy last : fashion not yourselves to this world, apply yourselves to the times : strive not with a mighty man : recompense good for evil, let nothing be done through contention or vain-glory, but with meekness of mind, every man esteeming of others better than himself : love one another ;" or that epitome of the law and the prophets, which our Saviour inculcates, "love God above all, thy neighbour as thyself ;" and "whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, so do unto them ;" which Alexander Severus writ in letters of gold, and used as a motto, Hierom commends to Celantia as an excellent way, amongst so many enticements and worldly provocations, to rectify her life. Out of human authors take these few cautions, "Know thyself. Be contented with thy lot. Trust not wealth, beauty, nor parasites, they will bring thee to destruction. Have peace with all men, war with vice. Be not idle. Look before you leap. Beware of, Had I wist. Honour thy parents, speak well of friends. Be temperate in four things, *lingua, locis, oculis, et poculis*. Watch thine eye. Moderate thine expenses. Hear much, speak little. If thou seest aught amiss in another, mend it in thyself. Keep thine own counsel, reveal not thy secrets, be silent in thine intentions. Give not ear to tale-tellers, babblers, be not scurrilous in conversation : jest without bitterness : give no man cause of offence : set thine house in order : take heed of suretyship. As a fox on the ice, take heed whom you trust. Live not beyond thy means. Give cheerfully. Pay thy dues willingly. Be not a slave to thy money ; omit not occasion, embrace opportunity, lose no time. Be humble to thy superiors, respective to thine equals, affable to all, but not

familiar. Flatter no man. Lie not, dissemble not. Keep thy word and promise, be constant in a good resolution. Speak truth. Be not opiniative, maintain no factions. Lay no wagers, make no comparisons. Find no faults, meddle not with other men's matters. Admire not thyself. Be not proud or popular. Insult not. Fear not that which cannot be avoided. Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled. Undervalue not thyself. Accuse no man, commend no man rashly. Go not to law without great cause. Strive not with a greater man. Cast not off an old friend, take heed of a reconciled enemy. If thou come as a guest stay not too long. Be not unthankful. Be meek, merciful, and patient. Do good to all. Be not fond of fair words. Be not a neuter in a faction; moderate thy passions. Think no place without a witness. Admonish thy friend in secret, commend him in public. Keep good company. Love others to be beloved thyself. Provide for a tempest. Do not prostitute thy soul for gain. Make not a fool of thyself to make others merry. Marry not an old crony or a fool for money. Be not over solicitous or curious. Seek that which may be found. Seem not greater than thou art. Take thy pleasure soberly. Live merrily as thou canst. Take heed by other men's examples. Go as thou wouldst be met, sit as thou wouldst be found, yield to the time, follow the stream. Wilt thou live free from fears and cares? Live innocently, keep thyself upright, thou needest no other keeper," etc. Look for more in Isocrates, Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, etc., and for defect, consult with cheese-trenchers and painted cloths.

### THIRD PARTITION

#### *LOVE MELANCHOLY*

##### I. LOVE, ITS OBJECTS, POWER AND EXTENT

THERE will not be wanting, I presume, one or other that will much discommend some part of this treatise of love-melancholy, and object that it is too light for a divine, too comical a subject to speak of love symptoms, too fantastical, and fit alone for a wanton poet, a feeling young love-sick gallant, an effeminate courtier, or some such idle person. And 'tis true they say : for by the naughtiness of men it is so come to pass, the very name of love is odious to chaster ears ; and therefore some again, out of an affected gravity, will dislike all for the name's sake before they read a word ; dissembling with him in Petronius, and seem to be angry that their ears are violated with such obscene speeches, that so they may be admired for grave philosophers and staid carriage. They cannot abide to hear talk of love toys, or amorous discourses, in their outward actions averse, and yet in their cogitations they are all out as bad, if not worse than others. But let these cavillers and counterfeit Catos know, that as the Lord John answered the queen in that Italian Guazzo, an old, a grave discreet man is fittest to discourse of love matters, because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgement, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better cautions, and more solid precepts, better

inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years sooner divert. Besides, there is nothing here to be excepted at ; love is a species of melancholy, and a necessary part of this my treatise, which I may not omit.

And thus much have I thought good to say by way of preface, lest any man should blame in me lightness, wantonness, rashness, in speaking of love's causes, enticements, symptoms, remedies, lawful and unlawful loves, and lust itself, I speak it only to tax and deter others from it, not to teach, but to show the vanities and fopperies of this heroical or herculean love, and to apply remedies unto it. I will treat of this with like liberty as of the rest. Condemn me not, good reader, then or censure me hardly, if some part of this treatise to thy thinking as yet be too light ; but consider better of it ; a naked man to a modest woman is no otherwise than a picture, and 'tis as 'tis taken. If in thy censure it be too light, I advise thee as Lipsius did his reader for some places of Plautus, if they like thee not, let them pass ; or oppose that which is good to that which is bad, and reject not therefore all. I say further, I have inserted some things more homely, light, or comical, which I would request every man to interpret to the best. I beseech thee, good reader, not to mistake me, or misconstrue what is here written. 'Tis a comical subject ; in sober sadness I crave pardon of what is amiss, and desire thee to suspend thy judgement, wink at small faults, or to be silent at least ; but if thou likest, speak well of it, and wish me good success.

Love's limits are ample and great, and a spacious walk it hath, beset with thorns, and for that cause, not lightly to be passed over. Lest I incur the same censure, I will examine all the kinds of love, his nature, beginning, difference, objects, how it is honest or dishonest, a virtue or vice, a natural passion, or



a disease, his power and effects, how far it extends : of which, although something has been said in the first partition, in those sections of perturbations (for love and hatred are the first and most common passions, from which all the rest arise), I will now more copiously dilate, through all his parts and several branches, that so it may better appear what love is, and how it varies with the objects, how in defect, or (which is most ordinary and common) immoderate, and in excess, causeth melancholy.

Love universally taken is defined to be a desire, as a word of more ample signification : and though Leon Hebreus, the most copious writer of this subject, in his third dialogue make no difference, yet in his first he distinguisheth them again, and defines love by desire. " Love is a voluntary affection, and desire to enjoy that which is good. Desire wisheth, love enjoys ; the end of the one is the beginning of the other ; that which we love is present ; that which we desire is absent." " It is worth the labour," saith Plotinus, " to consider well of love, whether it be a god or a devil, or passion of the mind, or partly god, partly devil, partly passion." He concludes love to participate of all three, to arise from desire of that which is beautiful and fair, and defines it to be " an action of the mind desiring that which is good." Plato calls it the great devil, for its vehemency, and sovereignty over all other passions, and defines it an appetite, " by which we desire some good to be present."

Beauty is the common object of all love, " as jet draws a straw, so doth beauty love : " virtue and honesty are great motives and give as fair a lustre as the rest, especially if they be sincere and right, not fucate, but proceeding from true form, and an incorrupt judgment ; those two Venus' twins, Eros and Anteros, are then most firm and fast. The true object of this honest love is virtue, wisdom,

honesty, real worth, and this love cannot deceive or be compelled, love itself is the most potent philtrum, virtue and wisdom, the sole and only grace, not counterfeit but open, honest, simple, naked. An orator steals away the hearts of men, and as another Orpheus, he pulls them to him by speech alone : a sweet voice causeth admiration ; and he that can utter himself in good words, in our ordinary phrase, is called a proper man, a divine spirit. For which cause belike, our old poets made Mercury the gentleman-usher to the Graces, captain of eloquence, and those charities to be Jupiter's and Eurymone's daughters descended from above. Though they be otherwise deformed, crooked, ugly to behold, those good parts of the mind denominate them fair. Plato commends the beauty of Socrates : yet who was more grim of countenance, stern, and ghastly to look upon ? So are and have been many great philosophers, deformed most part in that which is to be seen with the eyes, but most elegant in that which is not to be seen. The Stoics are of opinion that a wise man is only fair ; and Cato contends the same, that the lineaments of the mind are far fairer than those of the body, incomparably beyond them : wisdom and valour according to Xenophon, especially deserves the name of beauty. It is reported of Magdalene Queen of France, and wife of Lewis XI, a Scottish woman by birth, that walking forth in an evening with her ladies, she spied M. Alanus, one of the king's chaplains, a silly old, hard-favoured man fast asleep in a bower, and kissed him sweetly ; when the young ladies laughed at her for it, she replied, that it was not his person that she did embrace and reverence, but, with a platonic love, the divine beauty of his soul. Thus in all ages virtue hath been adored, admired, a singular lustre hath proceeded from it : and the more virtuous he is, the more gracious, the more admired. No man so much

followed upon earth as Christ himself ; and as the Psalmist saith, xlv. 2, " He was fairer than the sons of men."

There is yet another love which is charity, and includes piety, dilection, benevolence, friendship, even all those virtuous habits ; for love is the circle equant of all other affections. This is an all apprehending love, a deifying love, a refined, pure, divine love, the quintessence of all love, the true philosopher's stone. And therefore this is true love indeed, the cause of all good to mortal men, that reconciles all creatures, and glues them together in perpetual amity and firm league ; and can no more abide bitterness, hate, malice, than fair and foul weather, light and darkness, sterility and plenty may be together ; as the sun in the firmament (I say), so is love in the world ; and for this cause, 'tis love without an addition, love, love of God, and love of men.

" This love suffereth long, it is bountiful, envieth not, boasteth not itself, is not puffed up, it deceiveth not, it seeketh not his own things, is not provoked to anger, it thinketh not evil, it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but in truth." Angelical souls, how blessed, how happy should we be, so loving, how might we triumph over the devil, and have another heaven upon earth !

But this we cannot do : and which is the cause of all our woes, miseries, discontent, melancholy, want of this charity. We do contemn, consult, vex, torture, molest, and hold one another's noses to the grindstone hard, provoke, rail, scoff, calumniate, challenge, hate, abuse (hard-hearted, implacable, malicious, peevish, inexorable as we are), to satisfy our lust or private spleen, for toys, trifles, and impertinent occasions, spend ourselves, goods, friends, fortunes, to be revenged on our adversary, to ruin him and his. 'Tis all our study, practice, and business how to plot mischief, mine, countermine, defend and

offend, ward ourselves, injure others, hurt all ; as if we were born to do mischief, and that with such eagerness and bitterness, with such rancour, malice, rage, and fury, we prosecute our intended designs, that neither affinity or consanguinity, love or fear of God or men can contain us : miserable wretches, to fat and enrich ourselves, we care not how we get it, how many thousands we undo, whom we oppress, by whose ruin and downfall we arise, whom we injure, fatherless children, widows, common societies, to satisfy our own private lust. Though we have myriads, abundance of wealth and treasure (pitiless, merciless, remorseless, and uncharitable in the highest degree), and our poor brother in need, sickness, in great extremity, and now ready to be starved for want of food, we had rather, as the fox told the ape, his tail should sweep the ground still, than cover his buttocks ; rather spend it idly, consume it with dogs, hawks, hounds, unnecessary buildings, in riotous apparel, ingurgitate, or let it be lost, than he should have part of it ; rather take from him that little which he hath, than relieve him.

Like the dog in the manger, we neither use it ourselves, let others make use of or enjoy it ; part with nothing while we live : for want of disposing our household, and setting things in order, set all the world together by the ears after our death. Poor Lazarus lies howling at his gate for a few crumbs, he only seeks chippings, offals ; let him roar and howl, famish, and eat his own flesh, he respects him not. A poor decayed kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his jollity, and runs begging bareheaded by him, conjuring by those former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, etc., uncle, cousin, brother, father.

“ Show some pity for Christ’s sake, pity a sick man, an old man,” etc., he cares not, ride on : pretend sickness, inevitable loss of limbs, goods, plead surety-

ship, or shipwreck, fires, common calamities, show thy wants and imperfections.

Swear, protest, take God and all his angels to witness, thou art a counterfeit crank, a cheater, he is not touched with it, ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in the name of a thousand orphans, a hospital, a spittel, a prison, as he goes by, they cry out to him for aid, ride on, he cares not, let them eat stones, devour themselves with vermin, rot in their own dung, he cares not. Show him a decayed haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, etc., or some public work, ride on ; "good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your country's sake," ride on. But show him a roll wherein his name shall be registered in golden letters, and commended to all posterity, his arms set up, with his devices to be seen, then peradventure he will stay and contribute ; or if thou canst thunder upon him, as Papists do, with satisfactory and meritorious works, or persuade him by this means he shall save his soul out of hell, and free it from purgatory (if he be of any religion), then in all likelihood he will listen and stay ; or that he have no children, no near kinsman, heir, he cares for, at least, or cannot well tell otherwise how or where to bestow his possessions (for carry them with him he cannot), it may be then he will build some school or hospital in his life, or be induced to give liberally to pious uses after his death. For I dare boldly say, vain-glory, that opinion of merit, and this enforced necessity, when they know not otherwise how to leave, or what better to do with them, is the main cause of most of our good works. I will not urge this to derogate from any man's charitable devotion or bounty in this kind, to censure any good work ; no doubt there be many sanctified, heroical and worthy-minded men, that in true zeal, and for virtue's sake (divine spirits), that out of commiseration and pity extend their liberality, and

as much as in them lies do good to all men, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, comfort the sick and needy, relieve all, forget and forgive injuries, as true charity requires; yet most part there is a deal of hypocrisy in this kind, much default and defect. Such for the most part is the charity of our times, such our benefactors, Mecænates and patrons. Show me amongst so many myriads, a truly devout, a right, honest, upright, meek, humble, a patient, innocuous, innocent, a merciful, a loving, a charitable man! Show me a Caleb or a Joshua! Show a virtuous woman, a constant wife, a good neighbour, a trusty servant, an obedient child, a true friend. Crows in Africa are not so scant. He that shall examine this iron age wherein we live, where love is cold, justice fled with her assistants, virtue expelled, all goodness gone, where vice abounds, the devil is loose, and see one man vilify and insult over his brother, as if he were an innocent, or a block, oppress, tyrannise, prey upon, torture him, vex, gall, torment and crucify him, starve him, where is charity? He that shall see men swear and forswear, lie and bear false witness, to advantage themselves, prejudice others, hazard goods, lives, fortune, credit, all, to be revenged on their enemies, men so unspeakable in their lusts, unnatural in malice, such bloody designments, Italian blaspheming, Spanish renouncing, etc., may well ask, where is charity?

*Heroical Love causeth Melancholy*

In the preceding section mention was made, amongst other pleasant subjects, of this comeliness and beauty which proceeds from women, that causeth heroical, or love-melancholy, is more eminent above the rest, and properly called love. The part affected in men is the liver, and therefore called heroical,

because commonly gallants, noblemen, and most generous spirits are possessed with it. His pedigree is very ancient, derived from the beginning of the world, as Phædrus contends, and his parentage of such antiquity, that no poet could ever find it out. Hesiod makes Terra and Chaos to be Love's parents, before the gods were born. Some think it is the self-same fire Prometheus fetched from heaven. Plutarch will have Love to be the son of Iris and Favonius ; but Socrates in that pleasant dialogue of Plato, when it came to his turn to speak of love in a poetical strain, telleth this tale : when Venus was born, all the Gods were invited to a banquet, and amongst the rest, Porus the god of bounty and wealth ; Penia or Poverty came a begging to the door ; Porus well whittled with nectar (for there was no wine in those days) walking in Jupiter's garden, in a bower met with Penia, and in his drink got her with child, of whom was born Love ; and because he was begotten on Venus's birthday, Venus still attends upon him. The reason why love was still painted young, is because young men are most apt to love ; soft, fair, and fat, because such folks are soonest taken : naked, because all true affection is simple and open ; he smiles, because merry and given to delights : hath a quiver, to show his power, none can escape : is blind, because he sees not where he strikes, whom he hits. He is more than quarter-master with the gods, and hath not so much possession as dominion. Jupiter himself was turned into a satyr, shepherd, a bull, a swan, a golden shower, and what not, for love ; that as Lucian's Juno right well objected to him, " thou art Cupid's whirligig " : how did he insult over all the other gods, Mars, Neptune, Pan, Mercury, Bacchus, and the rest ? Lucian brings in Jupiter complaining of Cupid that he could not be quiet for him ; and the moon lamenting that she was so impotently besotted on Endymion, even Venus her-

self confessing as much, how rudely and in what sort her own son Cupid had used her being his mother, "now drawing her to Mount Ida, for the love of that Trojan Anchises, now to Libanus for that Assyrian youth's sake. And although she threatened to break his bow and arrows, to clip his wings, and whipped him besides on the bare buttocks with her phantopile, yet all would not serve, he was too headstrong and unruly."

## 2. CAUSES OF LOVE MELANCHOLY

The most familiar and usual cause of love is that which comes by sight, which conveys those admirable rays of beauty and pleasing graces to the heart. 'Tis beauty in all things which pleaseth and allureth us, a fair hawk, a fine garment, a goodly building, a fair house. Whiteness in the lily, red in the rose, purple in the violet, a lustre in all things without life, the clear light of the moon, the bright beams of the sun, splendour of gold, purple, sparkling diamond, the excellent feature of the horse, the majesty of the lion, the colour of birds, peacocks' tails, the silver scales of fish, we behold with singular delight and admiration. "And which is rich in plants, delightful in flowers, wonderful in beasts, but most glorious in men," doth make us affect and earnestly desire it, as when we hear any sweet harmony, an eloquent tongue, see any excellent quality, curious work of man, elaborate art, or aught that is exquisite, there ariseth instantly in us a longing for the same. We love such men, but most part for comeliness of person; we call them gods and goddesses divine, serene, happy, etc. And of all mortal man they alone are free from calumny; we backbite, wrong, hate renowned, rich, and happy men, we repine at their felicity, they are undeserving, we think, fortune is a step-mother to us, a parent to them. We envy wise, just, honest



milion colour, in which love lodgeth ; a coral lip, a sweet-smelling flower, from which bees may gather honey ; a white and round neck, dimple in the chin, black eye-brows, sweet breath, white and even teeth, which some call the sale-piece, a fine soft round pap, gives an excellent grace, to make a pleasant valley between two chalky hills. A flaxen hair ; golden hair was ever in great account, for which Virgil commends Dido. Synesius holds every effeminate fellow or adulterer is fair haired : and Apuleius adds that Venus herself goddess of love, cannot delight, " though she come accompanied with the graces, and all Cupid's train to attend upon her, girt with her own girdle, and smell of cinnamon and balm, yet if she be bald or bad-haired, she cannot please her Vulcan." Which belike makes our Venetian ladies at this day to counterfeit yellow hair so much, great women to calamistrate and curl it up, to adorn their heads with spangles, pearls, and made-flowers ; and all courtiers to effect a pleasing grace in this kind. In a word, " the hairs are Cupid's nets, to catch all comers, a brushy wood, in which Cupid builds his nest, and under whose shadow all loves a thousand several ways sport themselves."

A little soft hand, pretty little mouth, small, fine, long fingers, 'tis that which Apollo did admire in Daphne, a straight and slender body, a small foot, and well proportioned leg, hath an excellent lustre. Clearchus vowed to his friend Amyander in Aristænetus, that the most attractive part in his mistress, to make him love and like her first, was her pretty leg and foot : a soft and white skin, etc., have their peculiar graces. Though in men these parts are not so much respected ; a grim Saracen sometimes, a martial hirsute face pleaseth best ; a black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye, and is as acceptable as lame Vulcan was to Venus ; for he being a sweaty fuliginous blacksmith, was dearly

beloved of her, when fair Apollo, nimble Mercury, were rejected, and the rest of the sweet-faced gods forsaken. Many women (as many men are more moved with kitchen wenches, and a poor market maid, than all these illustrious court and city dames) will sooner dote upon a slave, a servant, a dirt dauber, a brontes, a cook, a player, if they see his naked legs or arms, like that huntsman Meleager in Philostratus, though he be all in rags, obscene and dirty, besmeared like a ruddleman, a gipsy, or a chimney-sweeper, than upon a noble gallant, Nireus, Ephestion, Alcibiades, or those embroidered courtiers full of silk and gold. Faustina the empress doted on a fencer.

Not one in a thousand falls in love, but there is some peculiar part or other which pleaseth most, and inflames him above the rest. Yet this notwithstanding I do easily grant, all parts are attractive, but especially the eyes, which are love's fowlers; the shoeing horns, the hooks of love, the guides, touchstone, judges, that in a moment cure mad men and make sound folks mad, the watchmen of the body; what do they not? How vex they not? All this is true, and they are the chief seats of love. Philostratus Lemnius cries out on his mistress's basilisk eyes, those two burning glasses, they had so inflamed his soul, that no water could quench it. "What a tyranny (saith he), what a penetration of bodies is this! thou drawest with violence, and swallowest me up, as Charybdis doth sailors with thy rocky eyes: he that falls into this gulf of love, can never get out." Let this be the corollary then, the strongest beams of beauty are still darted from the eyes. And as men catch dotterels by putting out a leg or an arm, with those mutual glances of the eyes they first inveigle one another. Of all eyes (by the way) black are most amiable, enticing and fairer, which the poet observes in commending of his mistress.

Homer useth that epithet of ox-eyed, in describing Juno, because a round black eye is the best, the son of beauty, and farthest from black the worse : which Polydore Virgil taxeth in our nation ; we have gray eyes for the most part.

Now last of all, I will show you by what means beauty doth fascinate, bewitch, as some hold, and work upon the soul of a man by the eye. For certainly I am of the poet's mind, love doth bewitch and strangely change us. The manner of the fascination is thus : Mortal men are then especially bewitched, when as by often gazing one on the other they direct sight to sight, join eye to eye, and so drink and suck in love between them ; for the beginning of this disease is the eye. And therefore he that hath a clear eye, though he be otherwise deformed, by often looking upon him, will make one mad, and tie him fast to him by the eye. The rays, as some think, sent from the eyes, carry certain spiritual vapours with them, and so infect the other party, and that in a moment. Ficinus illustrates this with a familiar example of that Marrhusian Phædrus and Theban Lycias, " Lycias he stares on Phædrus' face, and Phædrus fastens the balls of his eyes upon Lycias, and with those sparkling rays sends out his spirits. The beams of Phædrus' eyes are easily mingled with the beams of Lycias', and spirits are joined to spirits. This vapour begot in Phædrus' heart, enters into Lycias' bowels : and that which is a greater wonder, Phædrus' blood is in Lycias' heart, and thence come those ordinary love-speeches, my sweetheart Phædrus, and mine own self, my dear bowels. And Phædrus again to Lycias, O my light, my joy, my soul, my life. Phædrus follows Lycias, because his heart would have his spirits, and Lycias follows Phædrus, because he loves the seat of his spirits ; both follow ; but Lycias the earnestest of the two ; the river hath more need of the fountain, than the fountain of the

river ; as iron is drawn to that which is touched with a loadstone, but draws not it again ; so Lycias draws Phædrus." But how comes it to pass then, that the blind man loves that never saw ? We read in the Lives of the Fathers, a story of a child that was brought up in the wilderness, from his infancy, by an old hermit : now come to man's estate, he saw by chance two comely women wandering in the woods ; he asked the old man what creatures they were, he told him fairies ; after a while talking *obiter*, the hermit demanded of him, which was the pleasantest sight that ever he saw in his life ? He readily replied the two fairies he spied in the wilderness. So that, without doubt, there is some secret loadstone in a beautiful woman, a magnetic power, a natural inbred affection, which moves our concupiscence, and as he sings,

" Methinks I have a mistress yet to come,  
And still I seek, I love, I know not whom."

### *Artificial Allurements of Love*

Natural beauty is a stronger loadstone of itself, as you have heard, a great temptation, and pierceth to the very heart ; but much more when those artificial enticements and provocations of gestures, clothes, jewels, pigments, exornations, shall be annexed unto it ; those other circumstances, opportunity of time and place shall concur, which of themselves alone were all sufficient, each one in particular to produce this effect. It is a question much controverted by some wise men, whether natural or artificial objects be more powerful ? but not decided : for my part I am of opinion, that though beauty itself be a great motive, and give an excellent lustre in beggary, as a jewel on a dunghill will shine and cast

its rays, yet as it is used, artificial is of more force, and much to be preferred. It is true that those fair sparkling eyes, white neck, coral lips, turgent paps, rose-coloured cheeks, etc., of themselves are potent enticers ; but when a comely, artificial, well-composed look, pleasing gesture, an affected carriage shall be added, it must needs be far more forcible than it was, when those curious needleworks, variety of colours, purest dyes, jewels, spangles, pendants, lawn, lace, tiffanies, fair and fine linen, embroideries, calamistrations, ointments, etc., shall be added, they shall make the veriest dowdy otherwise, a goddess, when nature shall be furthered by art. I may say the same of smiling, gait, nakedness of parts, plausible gestures, etc. To laugh is the proper passion of a man, an ordinary thing to smile ; but those counterfeit, composed, affected, artificial and reciprocal, those counter-smiles are the dumb shows and prognostics of greater matters, which they most part use, to inveigle and deceive ; though many fond lovers again are so frequently mistaken, and led into a fool's paradise. When art shall be annexed to beauty, when wiles and guiles shall concur ; for to speak as it is, love is a kind of legerdemain ; mere juggling, a fascination ; when they show their fair hand, fine foot and leg withal, they set us a longing, and so when they pull up their petticoats and outward garments, as usually they do to show their fine stockings, and those of purest silken dye, gold fringes, laces, embroiderings (it shall go hard but when they go to church, or to any other place, all shall be seen), 'tis but a springe to catch woodcocks ; and as Chrysostom telleth them downright, "though they say nothing with their mouths, they speak in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies."

When you have all done, the greatest provocations

of lust are from our apparel ; God makes, they say, man shapes, and there is no motive like unto it ; a filthy knave, a deformed quean, a crooked carcase, a maukin, a witch, a rotten post, a hedgestake may be so set out and tricked up, that it shall make as fair a show, as much enamour as the rest : many a silly fellow is so taken. Not that comeliness of clothes is therefore to be condemned, and those usual ornaments : there is a decency and decorum in this as well as in other things, fit to be used, becoming several persons, and befitting their estates ; he is only fantastical that is not in fashion, and like an old image in arras hangings, when a manner of attire is generally received ; but when they are so new-fangled, so unstaidd, so prodigious in their attires, beyond their means and fortunes, unbefitting their age, place, quality, condition, what should we otherwise think of them ? Why do they adorn themselves with so many colours of herbs, fictitious flowers, curious needleworks, quaint devices, sweet-smelling odours, with those inestimable riches of precious stones, pearls, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, etc. ? Why do they crown themselves with gold and silver, use coronets and tires of several fashions, deck themselves with pendants, bracelets, ear-rings, chains, girdles, rings, pins, spangles, embroideries, shadows, rebatoes, versicolour ribands ? why do they make such glorious shows, with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold, silver tissue ? with colours of heavens, stars, planets : the strength of metals, stones, odours, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africa, Asia, America, sea, land and industry of man can afford ? Why do they use and covet such novelty of inventions ; such new-fangled tires, and spend such inestimable sums on them ? “ To what end are those crisped, false hairs, painted faces,” as the satirist observes, “ such

a composed gait, not a step awry? " Why are they like so many Sybarites, or Nero's Poppæ, Ahasuerus' concubines, so costly, so long a dressing, as Cæsar was marshalling his army, or a hawk in pruning? a gardener takes not so much delight or pains in his garden, a horseman to dress his horse, scour his armour, a mariner about his ship, a merchant his shop and shop-book, as they do about their faces, and all those other parts: such setting up with corks, straightening with whalebones; why is it, but as a daynet catcheth larks, to make young men stoop unto them? They had more need some of them be tied in bedlam with iron chains, have a whip for a fan, and hair-cloths next to their skins, and instead of wrought smocks, have their cheeks stigmatised with a hot-iron; I say, some of our Jezebels, instead of painting, if they were well served. But why is all this labour, all this cost, preparation, riding, running, far-fetched, and dear bought stuff? Because forsooth they would be fair and fine, and where nature is defective, supply it by art. And to that purpose they anoint and paint their faces, to make Helen of Hecuba. To this intent they crush in their feet and bodies, hurt and crucify themselves, sometimes in lax clothes, a hundred yards I think in a gown, a sleeve, and sometimes again so close, *ut nudos exprimant artus*. Now long tails and trains, and then short, up, down, high, low, thick, thin, etc.; now little or no bands, then as big as cart wheels; now loose bodies, then great fardingales and close girt, etc. Why is all this, but with the whore in the Proverbs, to intoxicate some or other? Let them take heed of Isaiah's prophecy, that their slippers and attires be not taken from them, sweet balls, bracelets, ear-rings, veils, wimples, crisping-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods, lawns, and sweet savours, they become not bald, burned, and stink upon a sudden.

*Importunity and Opportunity of Time, Place, Conference, Discourse, Singing, Dancing, Music, Amorous Tales, Objects, Kissing, Familiarity, Tokens, Presents, Bribes, Promises, Protestations, Tears, etc.*

All these allurements hitherto are afar off, and at a distance; I will come nearer to those other degrees of love, which are conference, kissing, dalliance, discourse, singing, dancing, amorous tales, objects, presents, etc., which as so many Syrens steal away the hearts of men and women. For, as Tacitus observes, "It is no sufficient trial of a maid's affection by her eyes alone, but you must say something that shall be more available, and use such other forcible engines; therefore take her by the hand, wring her fingers hard, and sigh withal; if she accept this in good part, and seem not to be much averse, then call her mistress, take her about the neck and kiss her," etc. Many silly gentlewomen are fetched over in like sort, by a company of gulls and swaggering companions, that frequently belie noblemen's favours, rhyming Coribantiasmi, Thrasonean Rhodomantes, or Bombomachides that have nothing in them but a few player's ends and compliments, vain braggadocians, impudent intruders, that can discourse at table of knights and lords' combats, like Lucian's Leontiscus, of other men's travels, brave adventures, and such common trivial news, ride, dance, sing old ballad tunes, and wear their clothes in fashion, with a good grace; a fine sweet gentleman, a proper man, who could not love him! She will have him though all her friends say no, though she beg with him. Some again are incensed by reading amorous toys, Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin de Oliva, the Knight of the Sun, etc., or hearing such tales of lovers. At Abdera in Thrace (Andromeda one of Euripides' tragedies being played) the



spectators were so much moved with the object, and those pathetical love speeches of Perseus, amongst the rest, "O Cupid, Prince of Gods and men," etc., that every man almost a good while after spake pure iambics, and raved still on Perseus' speech, "O Cupid, Prince of Gods and men." As carmen, boys and apprentices, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets, they continually acted that tragical part of Perseus, and in every man's mouth was "O Cupid," in every street, "O Cupid," in every house almost, "O Cupid, Prince of Gods and men," pronouncing still like stage-players, "O Cupid:" they were so possessed all with that rapture, and thought of that pathetical love speech, they could not a long time after forget, or drive it out of their minds, but "O Cupid, Prince of Gods and men," was ever in their mouths.

To kiss and be kissed, which amongst other lascivious provocations, is as a burden in a song, and a most forcible battery, as infectious as the poison of a spider. And although these kisses be delightful and pleasant, Ambrosial kisses, sweeter than nectar, balsam, honey, love-dropping kisses; for

"The gilliflower, the rose is not so sweet,  
As sugared kisses be when lovers meet."

Yet they leave an irksome impression, like that of aloes or gall. They are deceitful kisses, they are destructive, and the more the worse: they are the bane of these miserable lovers. There be honest kisses, I deny not, friendly kisses, modest kisses, vestal-virgin kisses, officious and ceremonial kisses, etc. Kissing and embracing are proper gifts of Nature to a man; but these are too lascivious kisses, too continue and too violent, they cling like ivy, close as an oyster, bill as doves, meretricious kisses. But what have I to do with this?

Yet were it so, that these of which I have hitherto spoken, and such like enticing baits, be not sufficient, there be many others, which will of themselves intend this passion of burning lust, amongst which, dancing is none of the least ; and it is an engine of such force, I may not omit it. "A circle of which the devil himself is the centre. Many women that use it, have come dishonest home, most indifferent, none better." Another terms it, "the companion of all filthy delights and enticements, and 'tis not easily told what inconveniences come by it, what scurrile talk, obscene actions," and many times such monstrous gestures, such lascivious motions, such wanton tunes, meretricious kisses, homely embracings, that it will make the spectators mad. A thing nevertheless frequently used, and part of a gentlewoman's bringing up, to sing, dance, and play on the lute, or some such instrument, before she can say her paternoster, or ten commandments. 'Tis the next way their parents think to get them husbands ; 'tis a great allurements as it is often used, and many are undone by it. Speusippas, a noble gallant in that Greek Aristænetus, seeing Panareta a fair young gentlewoman dancing by accident, was so far in love with her, that for a long time after he could think of nothing but Panareta : he came raving home full of Panareta : "Who would not admire her, who would not love her, that should but see her dance as I did ? O admirable, O divine Panareta ! I have seen old and new Rome, many fair cities, many proper women, but never any like to Panareta, they are dross, drowdies all to Panareta ! O how she danced, how she tripped, how she turned, with what a grace ! happy is that man that shall enjoy her. O most incomparable, only, Panareta !" Gregory Nazianzen that eloquent divine, when a noble friend of his solemnly invited him with other bishops, to his daughter Olympia's wedding, refused to come :

"For it is absurd to see an old gouty bishop sit amongst dancers;" he held it unfit to be a spectator, much less an actor. Tully writes, "he is not a sober man that danceth;" for some such reason (belike) Domitian forbade the Roman senators to dance, and for that fact removed many of them from the senate. But these, you will say, are lascivious and Pagan dances, 'tis the abuse that causeth such inconvenience, and I do not well therefore to condemn, speak against, or "innocently to accuse the best and pleasantest thing that belongs to mortal men." You misinterpret, I condemn it not; I hold it notwithstanding an honest disport, a lawful recreation, if it be opportune, moderately and soberly used: I am of Plutarch's mind, "that which respects pleasure alone, honest recreation, or bodily exercise, ought not to be rejected and contemned." I subscribe to Lucian, "tis an elegant thing, which cheereth up the mind, exerciseth the body, delights the spectators, which teacheth many comely gestures, equally affecting the ears, eyes, and soul itself." Many will not allow men and women to dance together, because it is a provocation to lust: they may as well, with Lycurgus and Mahomet, cut down all vines, forbid the drinking of wines, for that it makes some men drunk. Let them take their pleasures then, and as he said of old, "young men and maids flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired, and of comely carriage, dancing a Greek galliard, and as their dance required, kept their time, now turning now tracing, now apart, now altogether, now a courtesy, then a caper," etc., and it was a pleasant sight to see those pretty knots, and swimming figures. The sun and moon (some say) dance about the earth, the three upper planets about the sun as their centre, now stationary, now direct, now retrograde, and all belike to the music of the spheres. There is a mean in all things: this is my censure in

brief ; dancing is a pleasant recreation of body and mind, if sober and modest (such as our Christian dances are), if tempestively used ; a furious motive to burning lust, if as by Pagans heretofore, unchastely abused. But I proceed.

If these allurements do not take place, the more effectually to move others, and satisfy their lust, they will swear and lie, promise, protest, forge, counterfeit, brag, bribe, flatter and dissemble of all sides. Many men to fetch over a young woman, widows, or whom they love, will not stick to crack, forge and feign any thing comes next, bid his boy fetch his cloak, rapier, gloves, jewels, etc., in such a chest, scarlet-golden-tissue breeches, etc., when there is no such matter ; or make any scruple to give out, as he did in Petronius, that he was master of a ship, kept so many servants, and to personate their part the better, take upon them to be gentlemen of good houses, well descended and allied, hire apparel at brokers', some scavenger or prick-louse tailors to attend upon them for the time, swear they have great possessions, bribe, lie, cog, and foist how dearly they love, how bravely they will maintain her, like any lady, countess, duchess, or queen ; they shall have gowns, tiers, jewels, coaches, and caroches, choice diet,

“ The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,  
The brains of peacocks, and of ostriches,  
Their bath shall be the juice of gilliflowers,  
Spirit of roses and of violets,  
The milk of unicorns,”

as old Volpone courted Cœlia in the comedy, when as they are no such men, not worth a groat, but mere sharkers, to make a fortune, to get their desire, or else pretend love to spend their idle hours, to be more welcome, and for better entertainment. When nothing else will serve, the last refuge is their tears. Women are not far behind them in this kind. To

these crocodile's tears they will add sobs, fiery sighs, and sorrowful countenance, pale colour, leanness and if you do but stir abroad, these fiends are ready to meet you at every turn, with such a sluttish neglected habit, dejected look, as if they were now ready to die for your sake ; and how shall a young novice thus beset, escape ? But believe them not. Nothing so common to this sex as oaths, vows, and protestations, and as I have already said, tears, which they have at command, for they can so weep, that one would think their very hearts were dissolved within them, and would come out in tears ; their eyes are like rocks, which still drop water, they wipe away their tears like sweat, weep with one eye, laugh with the other ; or as children weep and cry, they can both together. And as much pity is to be taken of a woman weeping, as of a goose going bare-foot. A thousand years, as Castilio conceives, "will scarce serve to reckon up those allurements and guiles, that men and women use to deceive one another with."

The last battering engines are philters, amulets, spells, charms, images, and such unlawful means : if they cannot prevail of themselves by the help of bawds, panders, and their adherents, they will fly for succour to the devil himself.

As for herbs and philters, I could never skill of them. The sole philter that ever I used was kissing and embracing. Others are of opinion that these feats, which most suppose to be done by charms and philters, are merely affected by natural causes, as by man's blood chemically prepared, (so huntsmen make their dogs love them, and farmers their pullen), 'tis an excellent philter, but not fit to be made common and so be mandrake roots, mandrake apples, precious stones, dead men's clothes, candles, *mala Bacchica*, *panis porcinus*, *Hippomanes*, a certain hair in a wolf's tail, These above-named remedies have

happily as much power as that bath of Aix, or Venus' enchanted girdle, in which, saith Natales Comes, "Love toys and dalliance, pleasantness, sweetness, persuasions, subtleties, gentle speeches, and all witchcraft to enforce love was contained.

### 3. SYMPTOMS OF LOVE MELANCHOLY

'Twas Antiphanes the comedian's observation of old, Love and drunkenness cannot be concealed, words, looks, gestures, all will betray them. Phædria trembled at the sight of Thais, others sweat, blow short, are troubled with palpitation of heart upon the like occasion, their heart is at their mouth, leaps, these burn and freeze (for love is fire, ice, hot, cold, itch, fever, frenzy, pleurisy, what not), they look pale, red, and commonly blush at their first congress; and sometimes through violent agitation of spirits bleed at nose, or when she is talked of; which very sign Eustathius makes an argument of Ismene's affection, that when she met her sweetheart by chance, she changed her countenance to a maiden-blush. But the best conjectures are taken from such symptoms as appear when they are both present; all their speeches, amorous glances, actions, lascivious gestures will betray them; they cannot contain themselves, but that they will be still kissing. Stratocles, the physician, upon his wedding-day, when he was at dinner, could not eat his meat for kissing the bride, etc. First a word, and then a kiss, then some other compliment, and then a kiss, then an idle question, then a kiss, and when he had pumped his wits dry, can say no more, kissing and colling are never out of season, 'tis never at an end, another kiss, and then another, another, and another. Come kiss me, Corinna.

If it be so they cannot come near to dally, have not

that opportunity, familiarity, or acquaintance to confer and talk together ; yet if they be in presence, their eye will betray them : " where I look I like, and where I like I love ; " but they will lose themselves in her looks. " They cannot look off whom they love," they will *impregnare eam ipsis oculis*, deflower her with their eyes, be still gazing, staring, stealing faces, smiling, glancing at her, as Apollo on Leucothoe, the moon on her Endymion, when she stood still in Caria, and at Latmos caused her chariot to be stayed. They must all stand and admire, or if she go by, look after her as long as they can see her, they cannot go by her door or window, but, as an adamant, she draws their eyes to it ; though she be not there present, they must needs glance that way, and look back to it. 'Tis common to every lover, 'tis all his felicity to be with her, to talk with her ; he is never well but in her company, and will walk " seven or eight times a-day through the street where she dwells, and make sleeveless errands to see her ; " plotting still where, when and how to visit her. And when he is gone, he thinks every minute an hour, every hour as long as a day, ten days a whole year, till he see her again. And if thou be in love, thou wilt say so too, " farewell sweetheart, farewell, my dear Argenis, once more farewell, farewell." And though he is to meet her by compact, and that very shortly, perchance to-morrow, yet loth to depart, he'll take his leave again and again, and then come back again, look after, and shake his hand, wave his hat afar off. Now gone, he thinks it long till he see her again, and she him, the clocks are surely set back, the hour's past. She looks out at window still to see whether he come, and by report Phillis went nine times to the sea-side that day, to see if her Demophoon were approaching, and Troilus to the city gates to look for his Cresseide. She is ill at ease, and sick till she see him again,

peevish in the meantime ; discontent, heavy, sad, and why comes he not ? where is he ? why breaks he promise ? why tarries he so long ? sure he is not well ; sure he hath some mischance ; sure he forgets himself and me ; with infinite such. And then confident again, up she gets, out she looks, listens and inquires, hearkens, kens ; every man afar off is sure he, every stirring in the street, now he is there, that's he, the longest day that ever was, so she raves, restless and impatient ; for love brooks no delays : the time's quickly gone that's spent in her company, the miles short, the way pleasant ; all weather is good whilst he goes to her house, heat or cold ; though his teeth chatter in his head, he moves not ; wet or dry, 'tis all one ; wet to the skin, he feels it not, cares not at least for it, but will easily endure it and much more, because it is done with alacrity, and for his mistress's sweet sake ; let the burden be never so heavy, love makes it light. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and it was quickly gone because he loved her. None so merry ; if he may happily enjoy her company, he is in heaven for a time ; and if he may not, dejected in an instant, solitary, silent, he departs weeping, lamenting, sighing, complaining.

But the symptoms of the mind in lovers are almost infinite, and so diverse, that no art can comprehend them ; though they be merry sometimes, and rapt beyond themselves for joy : yet most part love is a plague, a torture, a hell, a bitter-sweet passion at last. Like a summer fly or sphinx's wings, or a rainbow of all colours, fair, foul, and full of variation, though most part irksome and bad. For in a word, the Spanish Inquisition is not comparable to it ; " a torment " and " execution " as it is, as he calls it in the poet, an unquenchable fire, and what not ? From it arise " biting cares, perturbations, passions, sorrows, fears, suspicions, discontents, contentions,



discords, wars, treacheries, enmities, flattery, cozening, riot, impudence, cruelty, knavery." These be the companions of lovers, and the ordinary symptoms.

Every poet is full of such catalogues of love symptoms ; but fear and sorrow may justly challenge the chief place. Though Hercules de Saxonia will exclude fear from love melancholy, yet I am otherwise persuaded. 'Tis full of fear, anxiety, doubt, care, peevishness, suspicion ; it turns a man into a woman, which made Hesiod belike put Fear and Paleness Venus' daughters, because fear and love are still linked together. Moreover they are apt to mistake, amplify, too credulous sometimes, too full of hope and confidence, and then again very jealous, unapt to believe or entertain any good news. Shall I say, most part of a lover's life is full of agony, anxiety, fear and grief, complaints, sighs, suspicions, and cares (heigh-ho my heart is wo), full of silence and irksome solitariness ? except at such times that he hath *lucida intervalla*, pleasant gales, or sudden alterations, as if his mistress smile upon him, give him a good look, a kiss, or that some comfortable message be brought him, his service is accepted, etc.

He is then too confident and rapt beyond himself, as if he had heard the nightingale in the spring before the cuckoo, or as Calisto was at Melebeas' presence ; who ever saw no glorious a sight, what man ever enjoyed such delight ? More content cannot be given of the gods, wished, had or hoped of any mortal man. There is no happiness in the world comparable to his, no content, no joy to this, no life to love, he is in paradise. "If he hear ill news, have bad success in his suit, she frown upon him, or that his mistress in his presence respect another more, he is instantly tormented, none so dejected as he is," utterly undone, a castaway, a dead man, the scorn of fortune, a monster of fortune, worse than nought, the loss of a

kingdom had been less. Aretine's Lucretia made very good proof of this, as she relates it herself. "For when I made some of my suitors believe I would betake myself to a nunnery, they took on, as if they had lost father and mother, because they were for ever after to want my company." All other labour was light : but this might not be endured. "For I cannot be without thy company," mournful Amyntas, painful Amyntas, careful Amyntas ; better a metropolitan city were sacked, a royal army overcome, an invincible armada sunk, and twenty thousand kings should perish, than her little finger ache, so zealous are they, and so tender of her good. They would all turn friars for my sake (as she follows it), in hope by that means to meet, or see me again, as my confessors, at stool-ball, or at barley-break : And so afterwards when an importunate suitor came, "If I had bid my maid say that I was not at leisure, not within, busy, could not speak with him he was instantly astonished, and stood like a pillar of marble ; another went swearing, chafing, cursing, foaming. The voice of a mandrake had been sweeter music : "but he to whom I gave entertainment, was in the Elysian fields, ravished for joy, quite beyond himself." 'Tis the general humour of all lovers, she is their stern, pole-star, and guide. As a tulipant to the sun (which our herbalists call Narcissus) when it shines, is a glorious flower exposing itself ; but when the sun sets, or a tempest comes, it hides itself, pines away, and hath no pleasure left, do all inamorates to their mistress ; she is their sun, their *Primum mobile*, or *anima informans* ; this one hath elegantly expressed by a windmill, still moved by the wind, which otherwise hath no motion of itself. Howsoever his present state be pleasing or displeasing, 'tis continueate so long as he loves, he can do nothing, think of nothing but her ; desire hath no rest, she is his cynosure, hesperus and vesper, his morning and evening star,

his goddess, his mistress, his life, his soul, his everything ; dreaming, waking, she is always in his mouth ; his heart, his eyes, ears, and all his thoughts are full of her.

Undoubtedly this may be pronounced of them all, they are very slaves, drudges for the time, madmen, fools, dizzards, beside themselves, and as blind as beetles. Their dotage is most eminent, Jupiter himself cannot love and be wise both together ; the very best of them, if once they be overtaken with this passion, the most staid, discreet, grave, generous and wise, otherwise able to govern themselves, in this commit many absurdities, many indecorums, unbecfitting their gravity and persons.

Their blindness is all out as great, as manifest as their weakness and dotage, or rather an inseparable companion, an ordinary sign of it, love is blind, as the saying is, Cupid's blind, and so are all his followers. Every lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed of herself, ill-favoured, wrinkled, pimpled, pale, red, yellow, tanned, tallow-faced, have a swollen juggler's platter face, or a thin, lean, chitty face, have clouds in her face, be crooked, dry, bald, goggle-eyed, blear-eyed, or with staring eyes, she looks like a squis'd cat, hold her head still awry, heavy, dull, hollow-eyed, black or yellow about the eyes, or squint-eyed, sparrow-mouthed, Persian hook-nosed, have a sharp fox nose, a red nose, China flat, great nose, a nose like a promontory, gubber-tushed, rotten teeth, black, uneven, brown teeth, beetle browed, a witch's beard, her breath stink all over the room, her nose drop in winter and summer, with a Bavarian poke under her chin, a sharp chin, lave eared, with a long crane's neck, which stands awry too, " her dugs like two double jugs," or else no dugs, in that other extreme, bloody fallen fingers, she have filthy, long unpared nails, scabbed hands or wrists, a tanned skin, a rotten carcass, crooked back, she stoops,

is lame, splea-footed, "as slender in the middle as a cow in the waist," gouty legs, her ankles hang over her shoes, her feet stink, she breed lice, a mere changeling, a very monster, an oaf imperfect, her whole complexion savours, a harsh voice, incondite gestures, vile gait, a vast virago, or an ugly tit, a slug, a fat fustylugs, a truss, a long lean rawbone, a skeleton, a sneaker, and to thy judgment looks like a mard in a lantern, whom thou couldst not fancy for a world, but hatest, loathest, and wouldst have spit in her face, or blow thy nose in her bosom, *remedium amoris* to another man, a dowdy, a slut, a scold, a nasty, rank, rammy, filthy, beastly quean, dishonest per-adventure, obscene, base, beggarly, rude, foolish, untaught, peevish, Irus' daughter, Thersites' sister, Grobians' scholar, if he love her once, he admires her for all this, he takes no notice of any such errors, or imperfections of body and mind. He had rather have her than any woman in the world. If he were a king, she alone should be his queen, his empress. O that he had but the wealth and treasure of both the Indies to endow her with, a carrack of diamonds, a chain of pearl, a cascanet of jewels (a pair of calfskin gloves of four-pence a pair were fitter), or some such toy, to send her for a token, she should have it with all his heart; he would spend myriads of crowns for her sake. Stars, sun, moons, metals, sweet-smelling flowers, odours, perfumes, colours, gold, silver, ivory, pearls, precious stones, snow, painted birds, doves, honey sugar, spice, cannot express her, so soft, so tender, so radiant, sweet, so fair is she.

Women do as much by men; nay more, far fonder, weaker, and that by many parasangs. "Come to me, my dear Lycias, come quickly, sweetheart, all other men are satyrs, mere clowns, blockheads to thee, nobody to thee." Now tell me what greater dotage or blindness can there be than

this in both sexes? and yet their "slavery" is more eminent, a greater sign of their folly than the rest.

'Tis the common humour of them all, to contemn death, to wish for death, to confront death in this case. Our knights errant, and the Sir Lancelots of these days, I hope will adventure as much for ladies' favours, as the Squire of Dames, Knight of the Sun, Sir Bevis of Southampton, he is a very dastard, a coward, a block and a beast, that will not do as much, but they will sure, they will; for it is an ordinary thing for these inamoratos of our time to say and do more, to stab their arms, carouse in blood, or as that Thessalian Thero, that bit off his own thumb, to make his co-rival do as much. 'Tis frequent with them to challenge the field for their lady and mistress's sake, to run a tilt, and then up and to it again, and in her quarrel, to fight so long "till their head-piece, bucklers be all broken, and swords hacked like so many saws," for they must not see her abused in any sort, 'tis blasphemy to speak against her, a dishonour without all good respect to name her. 'Tis common with these creatures, to drink healths upon their bare knees, though it were a mile to the bottom, no matter of what mixture, off it comes. If she bid them they will go barefoot to Jerusalem, to the great Cham's court, to the East Indies to fetch her a bird to wear in her hat: and with Drake and Cavendish sail round about the world for her sweet sake, serve twice seven years as Jacob did for Rachel; do as much as Gesmunda, the daughter of Tancredus, prince of Salerna, did for Guisardus, her true love, eat his heart when he died; or as Artemesia drank her husband's bones beaten to powder, and so bury him in herself, and endure more torments than Theseus or Paris.

'Tis the common humour of all suitors to trick up themselves, to be prodigal in apparel, neat, combed,

and curled, with powdered hair, with a long love-lock, a flower in his ear, perfumed gloves, rings, scarfs, feathers, points, etc., as if he were a prince's Ganymede, with every day new suits, as the fashion varies; going as if he trod upon eggs, and if once he be besotten on a wench, he must lie awake at nights, renounce his book, sigh and lament, now and then weep for his hard hap, and mark above all things what hats, bands, doublets, breeches, are in fashion, how to cut his beard, and wear his locks, to turn up his mustachios, and curl his head, prune his pickitivant, or if he wear it abroad, that the east side be correspondent to the west: he may be scoffed at otherwise, as Julian that apostate emperor was for wearing a long hirsute goatish beard, fit to make ropes with, as in his Mysopogone, or that apologetical oration he made at Antioch to excuse himself, he doth ironically confess it hindered his kissing, but he did not much esteem it, as it seems by the sequel, yet (to follow mine author) it may much concern a young lover, he must be more respectful in his behalf, "he must be in league with an excellent tailor, barber, have neat shoe-ties, points, garters, speak in print, walk in print, eat and drink in print, and that which is all in all, he must be mad in print."

Amongst other good qualities an amorous fellow is endowed with, he must learn to sing and dance, play upon some instrument or other, as without all doubt he will, if he be truly touched with this load-stone of love. 'Tis their chiefest study to sing, dance; and without question, so many gentlemen and gentlewomen would not be so well qualified in this kind, if love did not incite them. "Who," saith Castilio, "would learn to play, or give his mind to music, learn to dance, or make so many rhymes, love-songs, as most do, but for women's sake, because they hope by that means to purchase their good wills,

and win their favour? ” We see this daily verified in our young women and wives, they that being maids took so much pains to sing, play, and dance, with such cost and charge to their parents, to get those graceful qualities, now being married will scarce touch an instrument, they care not for it. Young lasses are never better pleased than when as upon a holiday, after evensong, they may meet their sweethearts, and dance about a maypole, or in a town-green under a shady elm. Nothing so familiar in France, as for citizens’ wives and maids to dance a round in the streets, and often too, for want of better instruments, to make good music of their own voices, and dance after it. Yea many times this love will make old men and women that have more toes than teeth, dance,— “ John, come kiss me now,” mask and mum ; for Comus and Hymen love masks, and all such merriments above measure, will allow men to put on women’s apparel in some cases, and promiscuously to dance, young and old, rich and poor, generous and base, of all sorts. Paulus Jovius taxeth Augustine Niphus the philosopher, “ for that being an old man and a public professor, a father of many children, he was so mad for the love of a young maid (that which many of his friends were ashamed to see), an old gouty fellow, yet would dance after fiddlers.” Many laughed him to scorn for it, but this omnipotent love would have it so. And ’tis no news this, no indecorum ; for why ? a good reason may be given of it. Cupid and Death meet both in an inn ; and being merrily disposed, they did exchange some arrows from either quiver ; ever since young men die, and oftentimes old men dote. And who can then withstand it ? If once we be in love, young or old, though our teeth shake in our heads like virginal jacks, or stand parallel asunder like the arches of a bridge, there is no remedy, we must dance trenchmore for a need, over

tables, chairs, and stools, etc. And Princum Prancum is a fine dance.

But above all the other symptoms of lovers, this is not lightly to be over-passed, that likely of what condition soever, if once they be in love, they turn to their ability, rhymers, ballad-makers and poets. For as Plutarch saith, "They will be witnesses and trumpeters of their paramours' good parts, bedecking them with verses and commendatory songs, as we do statues with gold, that they may be remembered and admired of all." Ancient men will dote in this kind sometimes as well as the rest; the heat of love will thaw their frozen affections, dissolve the ice of age, and so far enable them, though they be sixty years of age above the girdle, to be scarce thirty beneath. They will be still singing amorous songs and ditties (if young especially), and cannot abstain though it be when they go to, or should be at church. We have a pretty story to this purpose in West-monasteriensis an old writer of ours (if you will believe it) An. Dom. 1012, at Colewiz in Saxony, on Christmas eve a company of young men and maids, whilst the priest was at mass in the church, were singing catches and love songs in the churchyard, he sent to them to make less noise, but they sung on still: and if you will, you shall have the very song itself.

"A fellow rid by the greenwood side,  
And fair Meswinde was his bride,  
Why stand we so, and do not go?"

This they sung, he chaft, till at length, impatient as he was, he prayed to St. Magnus, patron of the church, they might all three sing and dance till that time twelvemonth, and so they did without meat and drink, wearisomeness or giving over, till at year's end, they ceased singing, and were absolved by Herebertus archbishop of Cologne.



All our tilts and tournaments, orders of the garter, golden fleece, etc., owe their beginnings to love, and many of our histories. All our Greek and Latin epigrammatists, love writers, with the rest of those facetious modern poets, have written in this kind, are but as so many symptoms of love. Their whole books are a synopsis or breviary of love, the portuous of love, legends of lovers' lives and deaths, and of their memorable adventures, nay more, there never was any excellent poet that invented good fables, or made laudable verses, which was not in love himself; had he not taken a quill from Cupid's wings, he could never have written so amorously as he did. The very rustics and hog-rubbers, Menalcas and Corydon, those fulsome knaves, if once they taste of this love-liquor, are inspired in an instant. Instead of those accurate emblems, curious impresses, gaudy masques, tilts, tournaments, etc., they have their wakes, Whitsun-ales, shepherd's feasts, meetings on holidays, country dances, roundelays, writing their names on trees, true lover's knots, pretty gifts. Choosing lords, ladies, kings, queens, and valentines, etc., they go by couples,

Corydon's Phillis, Nysa and Mopsus,  
With dainty Dousibel and Sir Tophus.

Instead of odes, epigrams and elegies, etc., they have their ballads, country tunes, "O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom," ditties and songs, "Bess a belle, she doth excel,"—they must write likewise and indite all in rhyme. But I conclude there is no end of love's symptoms, 'tis a bottomless pit. Love is subject to no dimensions; not to be surveyed by any art or engine: and besides, I am of Hædus' mind, "no man can discourse of love matters, or judge of them aright, that hath not made trial in his own person, or hath not a little doted, been mad

or love-sick himself." I confess I am but a novice, a contemplator only. I have a tincture; for why should I lie, dissemble or excuse it, yet *homo sum*, etc., not altogether inexpert in this subject, and what I say is merely reading by mine own observation, and others' relation.

#### 4. CURE OF LOVE MELANCHOLY

*Cure of Love Melancholy, by Labour, Diet, Physic, Fasting, etc.*

Although it be controverted by some, whether love melancholy may be cured, because it is so irresistible and violent a passion; yet without question, if it be taken in time, it may be helped, and by many good remedies amended. The first rule to be observed in this stubborn and unbridled passion, is exercise and diet. As an idle sedentary life, liberal feeding, are great causes of it, so the opposite, labour, slender and sparing diet, with continual business, are the best and most ordinary means to prevent it. No better physic than to be always occupied, seriously intent.

"Why, dost thou ask, poor folks are often free  
And dainty places still molested be?"

Because poor people fare coarsely, work hard, go wolward and bare. Guianerius therefore prescribes his patient "to go with hair-cloth next his skin, to go bare-footed, and bare-legged in cold weather, to whip himself now and then, as monks do, but above all to fast. Not with sweet wine, mutton and pottage, as many of those tender-bellies do, howsoever they put on Lenten faces, and whatsoever they pretend, but from all manner of meat. Fasting is

an all-sufficient remedy of itself ; for, as Jason Pratensis holds, the bodies of such persons that feed liberally, and live at ease, "are full of bad spirits and devils, devilish thoughts ; no better physic for such parties, than to fast." Hildesheim to this of hunger, adds, "often baths, much exercise and sweat," but hunger and fasting he prescribes before the rest. By this means those Indian Brahmins kept themselves continent : they lay upon the ground covered with skins, as the red-shanks do on heather, and dieted themselves sparingly on one dish, which Guianerius would have all young men put in practice, and if that will not serve, Gordonius "would have them soundly whipped, or, to cool their courage, kept in prison," and there fed with bread and water till they acknowledge their error, and become of another mind. If imprisonment and hunger will not take them down, according to the directions of that Theban Crates, "time must wear it out ; if time will not, the last refuge is a halter." But this, you will say, is comically spoken.

*By Counsel and Persuasion, Men's, Women's Faults, etc.*

As there be divers causes of this burning lust, or heroical love, so there be many good remedies to ease and help ; amongst which, good counsel and persuasion, which I should have handled in the first place, are of great moment, and not to be omitted. Many are of opinion, that in this blind headstrong passion counsel can do no good. — "*Quis enim modus adsit amori ?*" But, without question, good counsel and advice must needs be of great force, especially if it shall proceed from a wise, fatherly, reverent, discreet person, a man of authority, whom the parties do respect, stand in awe of, or from a judicious friend, of itself alone it is able to divert

and suffice. Gordonius, the physician, attributes so much to it, that he would have it by all means used in the first place. He would have some discreet men\* to dissuade them, after the fury of passion is a little spent, or by absence allayed; for it is as intempestive at first to give counsel, as to comfort parents when their children are in that instant departed; to no purpose to prescribe narcotics, cordials, nectarines, potions, Homer's nepenthes, or Helen's bowl, etc. She will lament and howl for a season: let passion have his course a while, and then he may proceed, by foreshowing the miserable events and dangers which will surely happen, the pains of hell, joys of Paradise, and the like, which by their preposterous courses they shall forfeit or incur; and 'tis a fit method, a very good means, for what Seneca said of vice, I say of love, 'tis learned of itself, but hardly left without a tutor. 'Tis not amiss therefore to have some such overseer, to expostulate and show them such absurdities, inconveniences, imperfections, discontents, as usually follow, which their blindness, fury, madness, cannot apply unto themselves, or will not apprehend through weakness; and good for them to disclose themselves, to give ear to friendly admonitions. "Tell me, sweetheart (saith Tryphena to a love-sick Charmides in Lucian), what is it that troubles thee? peradventure I can ease thy mind, and further thee in thy suit;" and so, without question, she might, and so mayest thou, if the patient be capable of good counsel, and will hear at least what may be said.

Put case she be equal in years, birth, fortunes, and other qualities correspondent, he doth desire to be coupled in marriage, which is an honourable estate, but for what respects? Her beauty belike, and comeliness of person, that is commonly the main object, she is a most absolute form in his eye at least; but do other men affirm as much? or is it

an error in his judgment? "Our eyes and other senses will commonly deceive us;" it may be, to thee thyself upon a more serious examination, or after a little absence, she is not so fair as she seems. *Quædam videntur et non sunt*; compare her to another standing by, 'tis a touchstone to try, confer hand to hand, body to body, face to face, eye to eye, nose to nose, neck to neck, etc., examine every part by itself, then altogether in all postures, several sites, and tell me how thou likest her. It may be not she that is so fair, but her coats, or put another in her clothes, and she will seem all out as fair; as the poet then prescribes, separate her from her clothes: suppose thou saw her in a base beggar's weed, or else dressed in some old hirsute attires out of fashion, foul linen, coarse raiment, besmeared with soot, colly, perfumed with opoponax, sagapenum, assafoetida, or some such filthy gums. Suppose thou beheldest her in a frosty morning, in cold weather, in some passion or perturbation of mind, weeping, chafing, etc., riveled and ill-favoured to behold. She many times that in a composed look seems so amiable and delicious, if she do but laugh or smile, makes an ugly sparrow-mouthed face, and shows a pair of uneven loathsome, rotten, foul teeth: she hath a black skin, gouty legs, a deformed crooked carcass under a fine coat. It may be for all her costly tires she is bald, and though she seem so fair by dark, by candle-light, or afar off at such a distance, as Callicratides observed in Lucian, "If thou should see her near, or in a morning, she would appear more ugly than a beast." Follow my counsel, see her undressed, see her, if it be possible, out of her attires, it may be she is like Æsop's jay, or Pliny's cantharides, she will be loathsome, ridiculous, thou wilt not endure her sight. Beautiful Nireus, by that Homer so much admired, once dead, is more deformed than Thersites, and Solomon deceased as ugly as Marcolphus: thy lovely

mistress that was erst dearer to thee than thine eyes, once sick or departed, is worse than any dirt or dunghill. Her embraces were not so acceptable, as now her looks be terrible : thou hadst better behold a Gorgon's head, than Helen's carcass.

Yea, but you will affirm your mistress is complete, of a most absolute form in all men's opinions, no exceptions can be taken at her, nothing may be added to her person, nothing detracted, she is the mirror of women for her beauty, comeliness and pleasant grace, inimitable, she is a mere magazine of natural perfections, she hath all the Veneres and Graces, in each part absolute, and complete, to be admired for her person, a most incomparable, unmatchable piece, a Phoenix, a nymph, a fairy, like Venus herself when she was a maid, *nulli secunda*, a mere quintessence : put case she be, how long will she continue ? "Every day detracts from her person," and this beauty is a mere flash, a Venice glass, quickly broken, it will not last. As that fair flower Adonis, which we call an anemone, flourisheth but one month, this gracious all-commanding beauty fades in an instant. It is a jewel soon lost, the painter's goddess, a mere picture. "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vanity," If she be fair, as the saying is, she is commonly a fool : if proud, scornful, or dishonest, "can she be fair and honest too ?" Aristo, the son of Agasicles, married a Spartan lass, the fairest lady in all Greece next to Helen, but for her conditions the most abominable and beastly creature of the world. So that I would wish thee to respect, with Seneca, not her person but qualities. "Will you say that's a good blade which hath a gilded scabbard, embroidered with gold and jewels ? No, but that which hath a good edge and point, well tempered metal, able to resist." This beauty is of the body alone, and what is that, but as Gregory Nazianzen telleth us, "a mock of time

and sickness ? ” or as Boethius, “ as mutable as a flower, and ’tis not nature so makes us, but most part the infirmity of the beholder.” For ask another, he sees no such matter : “ I pray thee tell me how thou likest my sweetheart,” as she asked her sister in Aristænetus, “ whom I so much admire, methinks he is the sweetest gentleman, the properest man, that ever I saw : but I am in love, I confess, and cannot therefore well judge.” But be she fair indeed, golden-haired, as Anacreon his Bathillus (to examine particulars), she have a pure sanguine complexion, little mouth, coral lips, white teeth, soft and plump neck, body, hands, feet, all fair and lovely to behold, composed of all graces, elegancies, an absolute-piece. Let her head be from Prague, paps out of Austria, belly from France, back from Brabant, hands out of England, feet from Rhine, buttocks from Switzerland, let her have the Spanish gait, the Venetian tire, Italian compliment and endowments. Let her be such a one throughout, as Lucian deciphers in his *Imagines*, as Euphanor of old painted Venus, Aristænetus describes *Lais*, another *Helena*, *Chariclea*, *Leucippe*, *Lucretia*, *Pandora* ; let her have a box of beauty to repair herself still, such a one as Venus gave Phaon, when he carried her over the ford ; let her use all helps art and nature can yield ; be like her, and her, and whom thou wilt, or all these in one ; a little sickness, a fever, small-pox, wound, scar, loss of an eye, a limb, a violent passion, a dis-temperature of heat or cold, mars all in an instant, disfigures all ; child-bearing, old age, that tyrant time will turn Venus to *Erinnys* ; raging time, care, rivels her upon a sudden ; after she hath been married a small while, and the black ox hath trodden on her toe, she will be so much altered, and wax out of favour, thou wilt not know her. One grows too fat, another too lean, etc., modest *Matilda*, pretty pleasing *Peg*, sweet-singing *Susan*, mincing merry

Moll, dainty dancing Doll, neat Nancy, jolly Joan, nimble Nell, kissing Kate, bouncing Bess, with black eyes, fair Phillis, with fine white hands, fiddling Frank, tall Tib, slender Sib, etc., will quickly lose their grace, grow fulsome, stale, sad, heavy, dull, sour, and all at last out of fashion. Those fair sparkling eyes will look dull, her soft coral lips will be pale, dry, cold, rough, and blue, her skin rugged, that soft and tender superficies will be hard and harsh, her whole complexion change in a moment, and as Matilda writ to King John,

“ I am not now as when thou saw'st me last,  
That favour soon is vanished and past :  
That rosy blush lapt in a lilly vale,  
Now is with morpew overgrown and pale.”

To conclude with Chrysostom, “ When thou seest a fair and beautiful person, a brave Bonaroba, a bella donna, a comely woman, having bright eyes, a merry countenance, a shining lustre in her look, a pleasant grace, wringing thy soul, and increasing thy concupiscence ; bethink with thyself that it is but earth thou lovest, a mere excrement, which so vexeth thee, that thou so admirest, and thy raging soul will be at rest. Take her skin from her face, and thou shalt see all loathsomeness under it, that beauty is a superficial skin and bones, nerves, sinews : suppose her sick, now riveled, hoary-headed, hollow-cheeked, old ; within she is full of filthy phlegm, stinking, putrid, excremental stuff : snot and snivel in her nostrils, spittle in her mouth, water in her eyes, what filth in her brains,” etc. Or take her at best, and look narrowly upon her in the light, stand near her, nearer yet, thou shalt perceive almost as much, and love less, as Cardan well writes, though Scaliger deride him for it : if he see her near, or look exactly at such a posture, whosoever he is, according



to the true rules of symmetry and proportion, those I mean of Albertus Durer, Lomatius and Tasnier, examine him of her. If he be *elegans formarum spectator*, he shall find many faults in physiognomy, and ill colour : if form, one side of the face likely bigger than the other, or crooked nose, bad eyes prominent veins, concavities about the eyes, wrinkles, pimples, red streaks, freckles, hairs, warts, neves, inequalities, roughness, scabredity, paleness, yellowness, and as many colours as are in a turkeycock's neck, many indecorums in their other parts ; one leers, another frowns, a third gapes, squints, etc. And 'tis true that he saith, seldom shall you find an absolute face without a fault, as I have often observed ; not in the face alone is this defect or disproportion to be found, but in all the other parts, of body and mind ; she is fair, indeed, but foolish ; pretty, comely, and decent, of a majestical presence, but, peradventure, imperious, dishonest, self-willed : she is rich, but deformed ; hath a sweet face, but bad carriage, no bringing up, a rude and wanton flirt ; a neat body she hath, but it is a nasty quean otherwise, a very slut of a bad kind. As flowers in a garden have colour some, but no smell, others have a fragrant smell, but are unseemly to the eye ; one is unsavoury to the taste as rue, as bitter as wormwood, and yet a most medicinal cordial flower, most acceptable to the stomach ; so are men and women ; one is well qualified, but of ill proportion, poor and base : a good eye she hath, but a bad hand and foot, a fine leg, bad teeth, a vast body, etc. Examine all parts of body and mind, I advise thee to inquire of all. See her angry, merry, laugh, weep, hot, cold, sick, sullen, dressed, undressed in all attires, sites, gestures, passions, eat her meals, etc., and in some of these you will surely dislike. Yea, not her only let him observe, but her parents how they carry themselves : for what deformities, defects, incum-

branches of body or mind be in them at such an age, they will likely be subject to, be molested in like manner, they will *patrizare* or *matrizare*. And withal let him take notice of her companions, whom she converseth with. According to Thucydides, she is commonly the best, that is least talked of abroad. For if she be a noted reveller, a gadder, a singer, a pranker, or dancer, then take heed of her.

When Leander was drowned, the inhabitants of Sestos consecrated Hero's lantern to Anteros, and he that had good success in his love should light the candle : but never any man was found to light it ; which I can refer to nought, but the inconstancy and lightness of women. I am not willing, you see, to prosecute the cause against them, and therefore take heed you mistake me not, I honour the sex, with all good men, and as I ought to do, rather than displease them, I will voluntarily take the oath which Mercurius Britannicus took. Let Simonides, Mantuan, Platina, Pet. Aretine, and such women-haters bear the blame, if aught be said amiss ; I have not writ a tenth of that which might be urged out of them and others. And that which I have said (to speak truth) no more concerns them than men, though women be more frequently named in this tract (to apologise once for all) ; I am neither partial against them, or therefore bitter ; what is said of the one, *mutato nomine*, may most part be understood of the other. My words are like Passus' picture in Lucian, of whom, when a good fellow had bespoke a horse to be painted with his heels upwards, tumbling on his back, he made him passant : now when the fellow came for his piece, he was very angry, and said, it was quite opposite to his mind ; but Passus instantly turned the picture upside down, showed him the horse at that site which he requested, and so gave him satisfaction. If any man take exception at my words, let him alter the name, read him for her, and 'tis all one in effect.

But to my purpose : If women in general be so bad (and men worse than they) what a hazard is it to marry ? where shall a man find a good wife ? or a woman a good husband ? A woman a man may eschew, but not a wife : wedding is undoing (some say), marrying marring, wooing woeing : " a wife is a fever hectic," as Scaliger calls her, " and not to be cured but by death," as out of Menander, Athenæus adds,

" Thou wadest into a sea itself of woes ;  
In Libyc and Ægean each man knows  
Of thirty not three ships are cast away,  
But on this rock not one escapes, I say."

The worldly cares, miseries, discontents, that accompany marriage, I pray you learn of them that have experience, for I have none. Many married men exclaim at the miseries of it, and rail at wives downright ; I never tried, but as I hear some of them say, an Irish sea is not so turbulent and raging as a litigious wife. Which made the devil belike, as most interpreters hold, when he had taken away Job's goods, health, children, friends, to persecute him the more, leave his wicked wife to vex and gall him worse than all the fiends in hell, as knowing the conditions of a bad woman. " Better dwell with a dragon or a lion, than keep house with a wicked wife," Ecclus. xxv. 18. " Better dwell in a wilderness," Prov. xxi. 19. " No wickedness like to her," Ecclus. xxv. 22. " She makes a sorry heart, an heavy countenance, a wounded mind, weak hands, and feeble knees," vers. 25. " A woman and death are the two bitterest things in the world." And yet for all this we bachelors desire to be married ; with that vestal virgin, we long for it, *Felices nuptæ ! morar, nisi nubere dulce est.* 'Tis the sweetest thing in the world, I would I had a wife, saith he,

" For fain would I leave a single life,  
If I could get me a good wife."

Heigh-ho for a husband, cries she, a bad husband, nay, the worst that ever was is better than none : O blissful marriage, O most welcome marriage, and happy are they that are so coupled : we do earnestly seek it, and are never well till we have effected it. But with what fate ? like those birds in the Emblem, that fed about a cage, so long as they could fly away at their pleasure, liked well of it ; but when they were taken and might not get loose, though they had the same meat, pined away for sullenness, and would not eat. So we commend marriage. " So long as we are wooers, may kiss and coll at our pleasure, nothing is so sweet, we are in heaven as we think ; but when we are once tied, and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell," " give me my yellow hose again : " a mouse in a trap lives as merrily, we are in a purgatory some of us, if not hell itself. As the proverb is, 'tis fine talking of war, and marriage sweet in contemplation, till it be tried ; and then as wars are most dangerous, irksome, every minute at death's door, so is, etc. When those wild Irish peers, saith Stanihurst, were feasted by King Henry the Second (at what time he kept his Christmas at Dublin) and had tasted of his prince-like cheer, generous wines, dainty fare, had seen his massy plate of silver, gold, enamelled, beset with jewels, golden candlesticks, goodly rich hangings, brave furniture, heard his trumpets sound, fifes, drums, and his exquisite music in all kinds ; when they had observed his majestic presence as he sat in purple robes, crowned, with his sceptre, etc., in his royal seat, the poor men were so amazed, enamoured, and taken with the object, that they were as weary and ashamed of their own sordidity and manner of life. They would all be English forthwith ; who but English ! but when they had now submitted themselves, and lost their former liberty, they began to rebel some of them, others repent of what they had done, when it was too

late. 'Tis so with us bachelors, when we see and behold those sweet faces, those gaudy shows that women make, observe their pleasant gestures and graces, give ear to their syren tunes, see them dance, etc., we think their conditions are as fine as their faces, we are taken with dumb signs, we rave, we burn, and would fain be married. But when we feel the miseries, cares, woes, that accompany it, we make our moan many of us, cry out at length and cannot be released. If this be true now, as some out of experience will inform us, farewell wiving for my part, and as the comical poet merrily saith,

“Foul fall him that brought the second match to pass,  
The first I wish no harm, poor man, alas !  
He knew not what he did, nor what it was.”

What shall I say to him that marries again and again ? I pity him not, for the first time he must do as he may, bear it sometimes by the head and shoulders, and let his next neighbour ride, or else run away, or as that Syracusan in a tempest, when all ponderous things were to be exonerated out of the ship, *quia maximum pondus erat*, fling his wife into the sea. But this I confess is comically spoken, and so I pray you take it. In sober sadness, marriage is a bondage, a thralldom, a yoke, a hindrance to all good enterprises (“he hath married a wife, and cannot come”), a stop to all preferments, a rock on which many are saved, many impinge and are cast away : not that the thing is evil in itself or troublesome, but full of contentment and happiness, one of the three things which please God, “when a man and his wife agree together,” an honourable and happy estate, who knows it not ?

If you marry a maid, it is uncertain how she proves. If young she is likely wanton and untaught ;

a heavy burden thou shalt undertake, how hard a task thou art tied to, and how continue, what squalor attends it, what irksomeness, what charges, for wife and children are a perpetual bill of charges ; besides a myriad of cares, miseries, and troubles ; for as that comical Plautus merrily and truly said, he that wants trouble, must get to be master of a ship, or marry a wife ; and as another seconds him, wife and children have undone me ; so many and such infinite incumbrances accompany this kind of life. All gifts and invitations cease, no friend will esteem thee, and thou shalt be compelled to lament thy misery, and make thy moan with Bartholomæus Scheræus, that famous poet laureate, and professor to Hebrew in Wittenberg : I had finished this work long since, but that *inter alia dura et tristia quæ misero mihi pene tergum fregerunt* (I use his own words), amongst many miseries which almost broke my back, a shrew to my wife tormented my mind above measure and beyond the rest. So shalt thou be compelled to complain, and to cry out at last, with Phoroneus the lawyer, " How happy had I been, if I had wanted a wife ! "

*The last and best Cure of Love Melancholy, is to let them have their Desire*

The last refuge and surest remedy, to be put in practice in the utmost place, when no other means will take effect, is to let them go together, and enjoy one another. Æsculapius himself to this malady cannot invent a better remedy, than that a lover have his desire. Arculanus holds it the speediest and the best cure, 'tis Savanarola's last precept, a principal infallible remedy, the last, sole, and safest refuge. When you have all done, saith Avicenna, " there is no speedier or safer course, than to join

the parties together according to their desires and wishes, the custom and form of law ; and so we have seen him quickly restored to his former health, that was languished away to skin and bones ; after his desire was satisfied, his discontent ceased, and we thought it strange ; our opinion is therefore that in such cases nature is to be obeyed." What remains then but to join them in marriage ? " They may then kiss and coll, lie and look babies into one another's eyes," as their sires before them did, they may then satiate themselves with love's pleasures, which they have so long wished and expected.

Yea, but *hic labor, hoc opus*, this cannot conveniently be done, by reason of many and several impediments. Sometimes both parties themselves are not agreed : parents, tutors, masters, guardians, will not give consent : laws, customs, statutes, hinder : poverty, superstition, fear and suspicion : many men dote on one woman, *semel et simul* : she dotes as much on him, or them, and in modesty must not, cannot woo, as unwilling to confess as willing to love : she dare not make it known, show her affection, or speak her mind. " And hard 's the choice (as it is in Euphues) when one is compelled either by silence to die with grief, or by speaking to live with shame." In this case almost was the fair Lady Elizabeth, Edward the Fourth his daughter, when she was enamoured on Henry the Seventh, that noble young prince, and new saluted king, when she broke forth into that passionate speech, " O that I were worthy of that comely prince ! but my father being dead, I want friends to motion such a matter ? What shall I say ? I am all alone, and dare not open my mind to any. What if I acquaint my mother with it ? bashfulness forbids. What if some of the lords ? audacity wants. O that I might but confer with him, perhaps in discourse I might let

slip such a word that might discover mine intention ! ” How many modest maids may this concern, I am a poor servant, what shall I do ? I am a fatherless child, and want means, I am blithe and buxom, young and lusty, but I have never a suitor, as she said, A company of silly fellows look belike that I should woo them and speak first : fain they would and cannot woo ; being merely passive they may not make suit, with many such lets and inconveniences, which I know not ; what shall we do in such a case ? sing “ Fortune my foe ” ?

Some are so curious in this behalf, as those old Romans, our modern Venetians, Dutch and French, that if two parties dearly love, the one noble, the other ignoble, they may not by their laws match, though equal otherwise in years, fortunes, education, and all good affection. In Germany, except they can prove their gentility by three descents, they scorn to match with them. A nobleman must marry a noblewoman : a baron, a baron’s daughter ; a knight a knight’s ; a gentleman a gentleman’s : as slaters sort their slates, do they degrees and families. If she be never so rich, fair, well qualified otherwise, they will make him forsake her. The Spaniards abhor all widows ; the Turks repute them old women, if past five-and-twenty. But these are too severe laws, and strict customs, we are all the sons of Adam, ’tis opposite to nature, it ought not to be so. Again : he loves her most impotently, she loves not him, and so *e contra*. “ Pan loved Echo ; Echo, Satyrus ; Satyrus, Lyda. “ They love and loathe of all sorts, he loves her, she hates him ; and is loathed of him on whom she dotes.” Cupid hath two darts, one to force love, all of gold, and that sharp ; another blunt, of lead, and that to hinder ; “ this dispels, that creates love.” This we see too often verified in our common experience. Choresus dearly loved



that virgin Callyrrhoe ; but the more he loved her, the more she hated him. CEnone loved Paris, but he rejected her : they are stiff of all sides, as if beauty were therefore created to undo, or be undone. I give her all attendance, all observance, I pray and intreat, fair mistress, pity me, I spend myself, my time, friends and fortunes to win her favour, I lament, sigh, weep, and make my moan to her, " but she is hard as flint," as fair and hard as a diamond, she will not respect or hear me. What shall I do ? I give, I bribe, I send presents, but they are refused. I protest, I swear, I weep. " She neglects me for all this, she derides me," contemns me, she hates me, " Phillida flouts me ;" stiff, churlish, rocky still.

And 'tis most true, many gentlewomen are so nice, they scorn all suitors, crucify their poor paramours, and think nobody good enough for them, as dainty to please as Daphne herself. One while they will not marry, as they say at least (when as they intend nothing less), another while not yet, when 'tis their only desire, they rave upon it. She will marry at last, but not him : he is a proper man indeed, and well qualified, but he wants means : another of her suitors hath good means, but he wants wit ; one is too old, another too young, too deformed, she likes not his carriage : a third too loosely given, he is rich, but base born : she will be a gentlewoman, a lady, as her sister is, as her mother is : she is all out as fair, as well brought up, hath as good a portion, and she looks for as good a match, as Matilda or Dorinda : if not, she is resolved as yet to tarry, so apt are young maids to boggle at every object, so soon won or lost with every toy, so quickly diverted, so hard to be pleased. In the meantime, one suitor pines away, languisheth in love, another sighs and grieves, she cares not. They take a pride to prank up themselves, to make young men

enamoured, to dote on them, and to run mad for their sakes,

“ Whilst niggardly their favours they discover,  
They love to be beloved, yet scorn the lover.”

All suit and service is too little for them, presents too base. As Atalanta they must be overrun, or not won. Many young men are as obstinate, and as curious in their choice, as tyrannically proud, insulting, deceitful, false-hearted, as irrefragable and peevish on the other side, Narcissus-like. Echo wept and wooed him by all means above the rest, Love me for pity, or pity me for love, but he was obstinate, “ he would rather die than give consent.” Psyche ran whining after Cupid, but he rejected her nevertheless. Thus many lovers do hold out so long, doting on themselves, stand in their own light, till in the end they come to be scorned and rejected, as Narcissus was himself,

———“ Who despising many,  
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.”

They begin to be contemned themselves of others, as he was of his shadow, and take up with a poor curate, or an old serving-man at last, that might have had their choice of right good matches in their youth. Yet this is a common humour, will not be left, and cannot be helped.

“ I love a maid, she loves me not : full fain  
She would have me, but I not her again ;  
So love to crucify men’s souls is bent :  
But seldom doth it please or give content.”

“ Their love danceth in a ring, and Cupid hunts them round about ; he dotes, is doted on again.” Their affection cannot be reconciled. Oftentimes they

may and will not, 'tis their own foolish proceedings that mar all, they are too distrustful of themselves, too soon dejected : say she be rich, thou poor : she young, thou old ; she lovely and fair, thou most-ill-favoured and deformed ; she noble, thou base : she spruce and fine, but thou an ugly clown : *nil desperandum*, there's hope enough yet. Put thyself forward once more, as unlikely matches have been and are daily made, see what will be the event. Many leave roses and gather thistles, loathe honey and love verjuice : our likings are as various as our palates. But commonly they omit opportunities, they neglect the usual means and times.

“ He that will not when he may,  
When he will he shall have nay.”

They look to be wooed, sought after, and sued to. Most part they will and cannot, either for the above-named reasons, or for that there is a multitude of suitors equally enamoured, doting all alike ; and where one alone must speed, what shall become of the rest ? Hero was beloved of many, but one did enjoy her ; Penelope had a company of suitors, yet all missed of their aim. In such cases he or they must wisely and warily unwind themselves, unsettle his affections by those rules above prescribed, divert his cogitations, or else bravely bear it out, as Turnus did, when he could not get her, with a kind of heroical scorn he bid Æneas take her, or with a milder farewell, let her go. “ Take her to you, God give you joy, sir.” The fox in the emblem would eat no grapes, but why ? because he could not get them ; care not then for that which may not be had.

Many such inconveniences, lets, and hindrances there are, which cross their projects, and crucify poor lovers, which sometimes may, sometimes again cannot be so easily removed. But put case they be

reconciled all, agreed hitherto, suppose this love or good liking be between two alone, both parties well pleased, there is mutual love and great affection : yet their parents, guardians, tutors, cannot agree, thence all is dashed, the match is unequal : one rich, another poor ; a hard-hearted, unnatural, a covetous father will not marry his son, except he have so much money, as Chrysostom notes, nor join his daughter in marriage, to save her dowry, or for that he cannot spare her for the service she doth him, and is resolved to part with nothing whilst he lives, not a penny, though he may peradventure well give it, he will not till he dies, and then as a pot of money broke, it is divided amongst them that gaped after it so earnestly. Or else he wants means to set her out, he hath no money, and though it be to the manifest prejudice of her body and soul's health, he cares not, he will take no notice of it, she must and shall tarry. Many slack and careless parents measure their children's affections by their own, they are now cold and decrepit themselves, past all such youthful conceits, and they will therefore starve their children's genius, they must not marry, they will stifle nature, their young bloods must not participate of youthful pleasures, but be as they are themselves old on a sudden. And 'tis a general fault amongst most parents in bestowing of their children, the father wholly respects wealth, when through his folly, riot, indiscretion, he hath embezzled his estate, to recover himself, he confines and prostitutes his eldest son's love and affection to some fool, or ancient, or deformed piece for money, and though his son utterly dislike, with Clitipho in the comedy, *Non possum pater* : if she be rich, (he replies), he must and shall have her, she is fair enough, young enough, if he look or hope to inherit his lands, he shall marry, not when or whom he loves, but whom his father commands, when and where he likes, his

affection must dance attention upon him. His daughter is in the same predicament forsooth, as an empty boat she must carry what, where, when, and whom her father will. So that in these businesses the father is still for the best advantage ; now the mother respects good kindred, must part the son a proper woman. Plato holds that in their contracts "young men should never avoid the affinity of poor folks or seek after rich." Poverty and base parentage may be sufficiently recompensed by many other good qualities, modesty, virtue, religion, and choice bringing up, "I am poor, I confess, but am I therefore contemptible, and an object? Love itself is naked, the graces ; the stars, and Hercules clad in a lion's skin." Give something to virtue, love, wisdom, favour, beauty, person ; be not all for money. Besides, you must consider that love cannot be compelled, they must affect as they may : as the saying is, marriage and hanging goes by destiny, matches are made in heaven. Let's all love, while we are in the flower of years, fit for love matters, and while time serves : for time past cannot be recalled. But we need no such exhortation, we are all commonly too forward : yet if there be any escape, and all be not as it should, as Diogenes struck the father when the son swore, because he taught him no better, if a maid or a young man miscarry, I think their parents oftentimes, guardians, overseers, governors, are in as much fault, and as severely to be punished as their children, in providing for them no sooner.

Now for such as have free liberty to bestow themselves, if they would care less for wealth, we should have much more content and quietness in a commonwealth. Beauty, good bringing up, methinks, is a sufficient portion of itself, "her beauty is a maiden's dower," and he doth well that will accept of such a wife. Acontius coming to Delos, to sacrifice to Diana, fell in love with Cydippe, a noble lass, and

wanting means to get her love, flung a golden apple into her lap, with this inscription upon it,

"I swear by all the rites of Diana,  
I'll come and be thy husband if I may."

She considered of it, and upon small enquiry of his person and estate, was married unto him.

"Blessed is the wooing,  
That is not long a doing,"

as the saying is ; when the parties are sufficiently known to each other, what needs such scrupulosity, so many circumstances ? dost thou know her conditions, her bringing up, like her person ? let her means be what they will, take her without any more ado. Dido and Æneas were accidentally driven by a storm both into one cave, they made a match upon it. If thou lovest the party, do as much : good education and beauty is a competent dowry, stand not upon money. In the golden world men did so (in the reign of Ogyges belike, before staggering Ninus began to domineer), if all be true that is reported : and some few now-a-days will do as much, here and there one ; 'tis well done methinks, and all happiness befall them for so doing. Rodophe was the fairest lady in her days in all Egypt ; she went to wash her, and by chance (her maids meanwhile looking but carelessly to her clothes), an eagle stole away one of her shoes, and laid it in Psammeticus the King of Egypt's lap at Memphis : he wondered at the excellency of the shoe and pretty foot, but more *Aquila factum*, at the manner of the bringing of it : and caused forthwith proclamation to be made, that she that owned that shoe should come presently to his court ; the virgin came, and was forthwith married to the king. I say this was heroically done, and like

a prince : I commend him for it, and all such as have means, that will either do (as he did) themselves, or so for love, etc., marry their children. Danaus of Lacedæmon had a many daughters to bestow, and means enough for them all, he never stood inquiring after great matches as others used to do, but sent for a company of brave young gallants home to his house, and bid his daughters choose every one one, whom she liked best, and take him for her husband, without any more ado. This act of his was much approved in those times. But in this iron age of ours, we respect riches alone (for a maid must buy her husband now with a great dowry if she will have him), covetousness and filthy lucre mars all good matches, or some such by respects.

Another let or hindrance is strict and severe discipline, laws and rigorous customs, that forbid men to marry at set times, and in some places ; as apprentices, servants, collegiates, states of lives in copyholds, or in some base inferior offices. They see but as prisoners through a grate, they covet and catch, but their love is lost, and vain it is in such an estate to attempt. 'Tis a greivous thing to love and not enjoy. They may, indeed, I deny not, marry if they will, and have free choice, some of them ; but in the meantime their case is desperate, they hold a wolf by the ears, they may either burn or starve. 'Tis hard to resolve, if they marry they forfeit their estates, they are undone, and starve themselves through beggary and want : if they do not marry, in this heroical passion they furiously rage, are tormented, and torn in pieces by their predominate affections. Every man hath not the gift of continence, let him pray for it then, because God hath so called him to a single life, in taking away the means of marriage.

Of like nature is superstition, those rash vows of monks and friars, and such as live in religious orders,

but far more tyrannical and much worse. Nature, youth and his furious passion forcibly inclines, and rageth on the one side; but their order and vow checks them on the other. What merits and indulgences they heap upon themselves by it, what commodities, I know not; but I am sure, from such rash vows, and inhuman manner of life, proceed many inconveniences, many diseases, many vices. Many laymen repine still at priests' marriages above the rest, and not at clergymen only, but of all the meaner sort and condition, they would have none marry but such as are rich and able to maintain wives, because their parish belike shall be pestered with orphans, and the world full of beggars: but these are hard-hearted, unnatural, monsters of men, shallow politicians, they do not consider that a great part of the world is not yet inhabited as it ought, how many colonies into America, Terra Australis, Africa, may be sent? Let them consult with Sir William Alexander's Book of Colonies, Orpheus Junior's Golden Fleece, Captain Whitburne, Mr. Hagthorpe, etc., and they shall surely be otherwise informed. Those politic Romans were of another mind, they thought their city and country could never be too populous. Adrian the emperor said he had rather have men than money. Augustus Cæsar made an oration in Rome *ad cælibes*, to persuade them to marry; some countries compelled them to marry of old, as Jews, Turks, Indians, Chinese, amongst the rest in these days, who much wonder at our discipline to suffer so many idle persons to live in monasteries, and often marvel how they can live honest.

Yet notwithstanding, many with us are of the opposite part, they are married themselves, and for others let them burn, fire and flame, they care not, so they be not troubled with them. Some are too curious, and some are too covetous, they may marry



when they will both for ability and means, but so nice, that except as Theophilus the emperor was presented, by his mother Euprosune, with all the rarest beauties of the empire in the great chamber of his palace at once, and bid to give a golden apple to her he liked best—if they might so take and choose whom they list out of all the fair maids their nation affords, they could happily condescend to marry: otherwise, etc., why should a man marry, saith another epicurean rout, what's matrimony but a matter of money? why should free nature be entrenched on, confined or obliged, to this or that man or woman, with these manacles of body and goods? etc. There are those too that dearly love, admire and follow women all their lives long, never well but in their company, wistly gazing on their beauties, observing close, hanging after them, dallying still with them, and yet dare not, will not marry. Many poor people, and of the meaner sort, are too distrustful of God's providence, "they will not, dare not for such worldly respects," fear of want, woes, miseries, or that they shall light on a scold, a slut, or a bad wife. And therefore they are resolved to live single, as Epaminondas did. Some make a doubt, whether a scholar should marry, if she be fair she will bring him back from his grammar to his horn book, or else with kissing and dalliance she will hinder his study; if foul with scolding, he cannot well intend to both as Philippus Beroaldus, that great Bononian doctor, once writ, but he recanted at last, and in a solemn sort with true conceived words he did ask the world and all women forgiveness. But you shall have the story as he relates himself, in his Commentaries on the sixth of Apuleius. For a long time I lived a single life. I could not abide marriage, but as a Rambler, I took a snatch where I could get it; nay more, I railed at marriage downright, and in a public auditory, when I did interpret that Sixth

Satire of Juvenal, out of Plutarch and Seneca, I did heap up all the dicteries I could against women ; but now recant with Stesichorus, I approve of marriage, I am glad I am a married man, I am heartily glad I have a wife, so sweet a wife, so noble a wife, so young, so chaste a wife, so loving a wife, and I do wish and desire all other men to marry ; and especially scholars, that as of old Martia did by Hortensius, Trentia by Tullius, Calphurnia to Plinius, Pudentilla to Apuleius, hold the candle whilst their husbands did meditate and write, so theirs may do them, and as my dear Camilla doth to me. Let other men be averse, rail then and scoff at women, and say what they can to the contrary, a single man is a happy man, etc., but this is a toy. As there be many bad, there be some good wives ; as some be vicious, some be virtuous. There is no joy, no comfort, no sweetness, no pleasure in the world like to that of a good wife. She is still the same in sickness and in health, his eye, his hand, his bosom friend, his partner at all times, his other self, not to be separated by any calamity, but ready to share all sorrow, discontent, and as the Indian women do, live and die with him, nay more, to die presently for him. Admetus, king of Thessaly, when he lay upon his death-bed, was told by Apollo's Oracle, that if he could get anybody to die for him, he should live longer yet, but when all refused, his parents *etsi decrepiti*, friends and followers forsook him, Alcestis, his wife, though young, most willingly undertook it ; what more can be desired or expected ? And although on the other side there be an infinite number of bad husbands (I should rail downright against some of them), able to discourage any woman ; yet there be some good ones again, and those most observant of marriage rites. An honest country fellow (as Fulgus relates it) in the kingdom of Naples, at plough by the sea-side, saw his wife carried away

by Mauritanian pirates, he ran after in all haste, up to the chin first, and when he could wade no longer, swam calling to the governor of the ship to deliver his wife, or if he must not have her restored, to let him follow as a prisoner, for he was resolved to be a galley-slave, his drudge, willing to endure any misery, so that he might but enjoy his dear wife. The Moors seeing the man's constancy, and relating the whole matter to their governors at Tunis, set them both free, and gave them an honest pension to maintain themselves during their lives. I could tell many stories to this effect; but put case it often prove otherwise, because marriage is troublesome, wholly therefore to avoid it, is no argument; "He that will avoid trouble must avoid the world." Some trouble there is in marriage I deny not, yet there be many things to sweeten it, a pleasant wife, pretty children, the chief delight of the sons of men, And howsoever though it were all troubles, it must willingly be undergone for public good's sake, *Malum est mulier, sed necessarium malum*. For to what end is a man born? why lives he, but to increase the world? and how shall he do that well, if he do not marry? Matrimony makes us immortal, and 'tis the sole and chief prop of an empire. Necessity therefore compels us to marry.

But what do I trouble myself to find arguments to persuade to, or commend marriage? behold a brief abstract of all that which I have said, and much more succinctly, pithily, pathetically, perspicuously, and elegantly delivered in twelve motions to mitigate the miseries of marriage, by Jacobus de Voragine.

1. Hast thou means? thou hast one to keep and increase it.—2. Hast none? thou hast one to help to get it.—3. Art in prosperity? thine happiness is doubled.—3. Art in adversity? she'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden to make it more tolerable.—5. Art at home? she'll drive away melan-

choly.—6. Art abroad? she looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.—7. There's nothing delightful without society, no society so sweet as matrimony.—8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.—9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth, the number of parents is doubled, of brothers, sisters, nephews.—10. Thou art made a father by a fair and happy issue.—11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony, how much more a single life?—12. If nature escape not punishment, surely thy will shall not avoid it.

All this is true, say you, and who knows it not? but how easy a matter it is to answer these motives, and to make an *Antiparodia* quite opposite unto it? To exercise myself I will essay:

1. Hast thou means? thou hast one to spend it.—2. Hast none? thy beggary is increased.—3. Art in prosperity? thy happiness is ended.—4. Art in adversity? like Job's wife she'll aggravate thy misery, vex thy soul, make thy burden intolerable.—5. Art at home; she'll scold thee out of doors.—6. Art abroad? If thou be wise keep thee so, she'll perhaps graft horns in thine absence, scowl on thee coming home.—7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness, no solitariness like this of a single life.—8. The band of marriage is adamantine, no hope of loosing it, thou art undone.—9. Thy number increaseth, thou shalt be devoured by thy wife's friends.—10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife, and shalt bring up other folk's children, instead of thine own.—11. Paul commends marriage, yet he prefers a single life.—12. Is marriage honourable? What an immortal crown belongs to virginity?

So Siracides himself speaks as much as may be for and against women, so doth almost every philosopher plead *pro* and *con*, every poet thus argues the case: (though what cares *vulgus hominum* what they say?)

so can I conceive peradventure, and so canst thou : when all is said, yet since some be good, some bad, let's put it to the venture. "Why dost thou lie alone, let thy youth and best days to pass away?" Marry whilst thou mayest, whilst thou art yet able, yet lusty, make thy choice, and that freely forthwith, make no delay, but take thy fortune as it falls. 'Tis true, 'tis a hazard both ways, I confess, to live single or to marry, it may be bad, it may be good, as it is a cross and calamity on the one side, so 'tis a sweet delight, an incomparable happiness, a blessed estate, a most unspeakable benefit, a sole content, on the other, 'tis all in the proof. Be not then so wayward, so covetous, so distrustful, so curious and nice, but let's all marry. "Take me to thee, and thee to me," to-morrow is St. Valentine's day, let's keep it holiday for Cupid's sake, for that great god Love's sake, for Hymen's sake, and celebrate Venus' vigil with our ancestors for company together, singing as they did,

"Let those love now who never loved before,  
And those who always loved now love the more ;  
Sweet loves are born with every opening spring ;  
Birds from the tender boughs their pledges sing."

Since then this of marriage is the last and best refuge, and cure of heroical love, and all doubts are cleared, and impediments removed ; I say again, what remains, but that according to both their desires, they be happily joined, since it cannot otherwise be helped ? God send us all good wives, every man his wish in this kind, and me mine !



## SOME NOTABLE PARAGRAPHS

*(not included in continuous text)*

### *The Book's Title*

If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days, to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold ; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece.

### *Why Burton wrote*

When I first took this task in hand, this I aimed at ; to ease my mind by writing ; for I had a kind of imposthume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of, and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this. Besides, I might not well refrain, for one must needs scratch where it itches.

### *His Manner of Writing*

Pancrates in Lucian, wanting a servant as he went from Memphis to Coptus in Egypt, took a door bar, and after some superstitious words pronounced (Eucrates the relator was then present) made it stand

up like a serving man, fetch him water, turn the spit, serve in supper, and what work he would besides ; and when he had done that service he desired, turned his man to a stick again. I have no such skill\* to make new men at my pleasure, or means to hire them ; no whistle to call like the master of a ship, and bid them run. I have no such authority, no such benefactors, as that noble Ambrosius was to Origen, allowing him six or seven amanuenses to write out his dictates ; I must for that cause do my business myself, and was therefore enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump ; I had no time to lick it into form, as she doth her young ones, but even so to publish it, as it was first written in an extemporean style, as I do commonly all other exercises, out of a confused company of notes, and writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms, tropes, strong lines, that like Acesta's arrows caught fire as they flew, strains of wit, brave heats, eulogies, hyperbolical exornations, elegancies, etc., which many so much affect. I am *aquæ potor*, drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits, a loose, plain, rude writer, and as free, as loose, I call a spade a spade, I respect matter not words.

### *An Apology*

And for those other faults of barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dung-hills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgement, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, fantastical, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull, and dry ; I confess



all ('tis partly affected), thou canst not think worse of me than I do myself.

### *Some Terrestrial Devils*

A bigger kind there is of them called with us hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work. They would mend old irons in those Æolian isles of Lipari, in former ages, and have been often seen and heard. Tholosanus calls them Trullos and Getulos, and saith, that in his days they were common in many places of France. Dithmarus Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, reports for a certainty, that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits ; and Fœlix Malleolus affirms as much, that these Trolli or Telchines are very common in Norway, and seem to do drudgery work ; to draw water, dress meat, or any such thing. Another sort of these there are, which frequent forlorn houses, which the Italians call foliots, most part innoxious ; They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, stools, chests, sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, etc.

### *The Earth a Moon*

Copernicus, Atlas his successor, is of opinion, the earth is a planet, moves and shines to others, as the moon doth to us. Digges, Gilbert, Keplerus, Origanus, and others, defend this hypothesis of his in sober sadness, and that the moon is inhabited :

if it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we also giddy, vertiginous and lunatic within this sublunary maze.

*Cure of Head-Melancholy*

Cauteries and hot irons are to be used in the suture of the crown, and the seared or ulcerated place suffered to run a good while. 'Tis not amiss to bore the skull with an instrument, to let out the fuliginous vapours. Sallust. Salvianus, because this humour hardly yields to other physic, would have the leg cauterised, or the left leg, below the knee, and the head bored in two or three places, for that it much avails to the exhalation of the vapours: "I saw (saith he) a melancholy man at Rome, that by no remedies could be healed, but when by chance he was wounded in the head, and the skull broken, he was excellently cured." Another, to the admiration of the beholders, "breaking his head with a fall from on high, was instantly recovered of his dotage." Gordonius would have these cauteries tried last, when no other physic will serve. "The head to be shaved and bored to let out fumes, which without doubt will do much good. I saw a melancholy man wounded in the head with a sword, his brain-pan broken; so long as the wound was open, he was well, but when his wound was healed, his dotage returned again." But Alexander Messaria, a professor in Padua, will allow no cauteries at all, 'tis too stiff a humour and too thick as he holds, to be so evaporated.

Guianerius cured a nobleman in Savoy, by boring alone, "leaving the hole open a month together," by means of which, after two years' melancholy and madness, he was delivered. All approve of this remedy in the suture of the crown; but Arculanus would have the cautery to be made with gold.

*Coffee*

The Turks have a drink called coffee (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as black as soot, and as bitter (like the black drink which was in use amongst the Lacedæmonians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warm as they can suffer ; they spend much time in those coffee-houses, which are somewhat like our alehouses or taverns, and there they sit chatting and drinking to drive away the time, and to be merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink, so used, helpeth digestion, and procureth alacrity. Some of them take opium to this purpose.

*Tobacco*

Tobacco, divine, rare, superexcellent tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases. A good vomit, I confess, a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified, opportunely taken, and medicinally used ; but as it is commonly abused by most men, which take it as tinkers do ale, 'tis a plague, a mischief, a violent purger of goods, lands, health, hellish, devilish and damned tobacco, the ruin and overthrow of body and soul.

*Simples Purging Downward*

Stœchas, fumitory, dodder, herb, mercury, roots of capers, genista or broom, pennyroyal and half-boiled cabbage, I find in this catalogue of purgers of ~~black~~ choler, organ, featherfew, ammoniac salt, saltpetre. But these are very gentle ; alyppus, dragon root,

centaury, dittany, colutea, which Fuchsius and others take for senna, but most distinguish. . Senna is in the middle of violent and gentle purgers downward, hot in the second degree, dry in the first. Bras-sivola calls it " a wonderful herb against melancholy, it scours the blood, lightens the spirits, shakes off sorrow, a most profitable medicine," as Dodonæus terms it, invented by the Arabians, and not heard of before. It is taken diverse ways, in powder, infusion, but most commonly in the infusion, with ginger, or some cordial flowers added to correct it. Actuarius commends it sodden in broth, with an old cock, or in whey, which is the common conveyer of all such things as purge black choler ; or steeped in wine, which Heurnius accounts sufficient without any farther correction.

### *To Procure Sleep*

Sacks of wormwood, mandrake, henbane, roses made like pillows and laid under the patient's head, are mentioned by Cardan and Mizaldus, " to anoint the soles of the feet with the fat of a dormouse, the teeth with ear wax of a dog, swine's gall, hare's ears : " charms, etc.

Frontlets are well known to every good wife, rosewater and vinegar, with a little woman's milk, and nutmegs grated upon a rose-cake applied to both temples.

### *Freedom of Women*

Leo Afer telleth incredible things almost, of the lust and jealousy of his countrymen of Africa, and especially such as live about Carthage, and so doth every geographer of them in Asia, Turkey, Spaniards, Italians. Germany hath not so many drunkards,

England tobaccoists, France dancers, Holland mariners, as Italy alone hath jealous husbands. In Germany, France, Britain, Scandia, Poland, Muscovy, they are not so troubled with this feral malady. In Friesland the women kiss them they drink to, and are kissed again of those they pledge. The virgins in Holland go hand in hand with young men from home, glide on the ice, such is their harmless liberty, and lodge together abroad without suspicion, which rash Sansovinus an Italian makes a great sign of unchastity. In France, upon small acquaintance, it is usual to court other men's wives, to come to their houses, and accompany them arm in arm in the streets, without imputation. The Italians could never endure this, or a Spaniard, the very conceit of it would make him mad : and for that cause they lock up their women, and will not suffer them to be near men, so much as in the church, but with a partition between. But we are far from any such strange conceits, and will permit our wives and daughters to go to the tavern with a friend, and suspect nothing, to kiss coming and going, which they cannot endure. England is a paradise for women, and hell for horses : Italy is a paradise for horses, hell for women, as the proverb goes.

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